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Collier's

OCTOBER 4, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

A NEW BIBLE for the 20th CENTURY

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"Time to say CORBY'S"

In the field, at home, or over a table in a friendly tavern—wherever men gather in friendship, it's time to say Corby's. You'll like its light body and fine aroma, its deeply pleasing taste. No wonder it's one of America's largest-selling brands. Next time, won't you say Corby's?

CORBY'S

One of the largest-selling whiskey brands in America

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Special Offer

SET OF 8 BEAUTIFUL COCKTAIL PICKS

Send for these gay, original cocktail picks with a jaunty, lifelike parrot perched on each. Wonderful for cocktails, appetizers, marking drinks. Cleverest party novelty you ever saw. Send for full set of 8 picks in bright plastic colors. Mail name and address plus 25c in coin to Corby's, Box 2, Peoria, Ill. (Offer void outside U.S. and where prohibited by state regulations.)

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THE TELEPHONE CENTER at Camp Gordon, Georgia. This is one of more than a hundred such centers at the principal military camps and naval bases throughout the United States. They are provided by the telephone companies to assist service men and women with their Long Distance calls.

They're Home Again by Telephone

"Hello, Mom! I'm OK." These are precious, priceless words—spoken thousands of times a day by our men in uniform.

Wherever they go or whatever they do, the telephone is their link with home. Over it go the voices of loved ones, the cry of a baby, the news that all is well.

That's why providing attractive, comfortable telephone centers at army camps and naval bases is such an important and heart-warming part of the work of the Bell System.

We like to have soldiers say, as one did recently—"It makes a guy feel good to know he can call home and be treated nice while doing it."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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50 seconds' brisk massage with tingling Vitalis Hair Tonic and you FEEL the invigorating difference in your scalp. Vitalis not only prevents dryness, but refreshes your scalp as no other leading hair tonic can. What's more . . .

10 seconds to comb and you SEE the difference in your hair. It's far handsomer, healthier looking—and it *stays in place longer.* (Vitalis contains new grooming discovery.) Use Vitalis Hair Tonic—you'll FEEL and SEE the difference!

PROOF: VITALIS ALSO KILLS DANDRUFF GERMS
Laboratory tests prove Vitalis kills germs associated with infectious dandruff on contact, as no mere oil dressing can.

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HAIR TONIC
and the
"60-Second Workout"

A Product of Bristol-Myers

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October 4, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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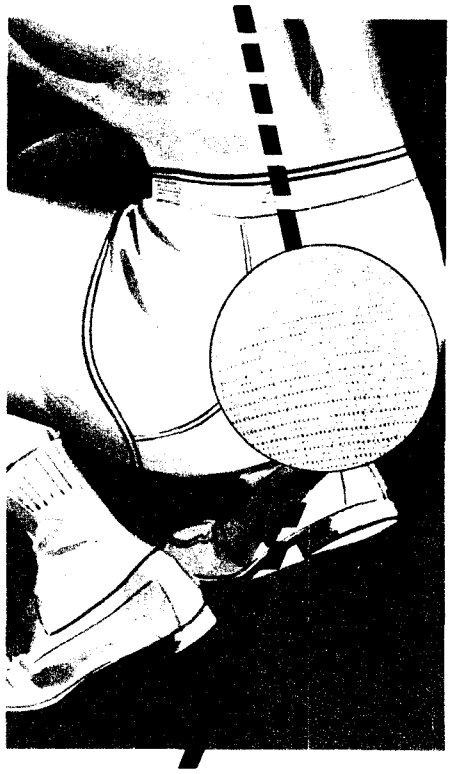
EXCLUSIVE COMFORT!

Munsingwear
stretchy-seat
Briefs



The seat panel stretches up and down as you bend!

The comfort of Munsingwear knit Stretchy-Seat Briefs is best described by saying you'll find they're as easy to wear as your skin! You see, (1) The *horizontal* rib seat stretches up and down as you bend. (2) The pouch assures positive no-chafe comfort. (3) The no-gap vertical fly is self-adjusting. Best way for you to prove it is to buy a pair and wear 'em . . . today!

$1

Munsingwear®

FOR COMFORT AND FIT IT MUST BE KNIT

At better stores or write Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.
Manufactured and sold in Canada by Stanfield's Limited.

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OLD THOMPSON BRAND

THE Triple A Blend

A WED·IN·THE·WOOD

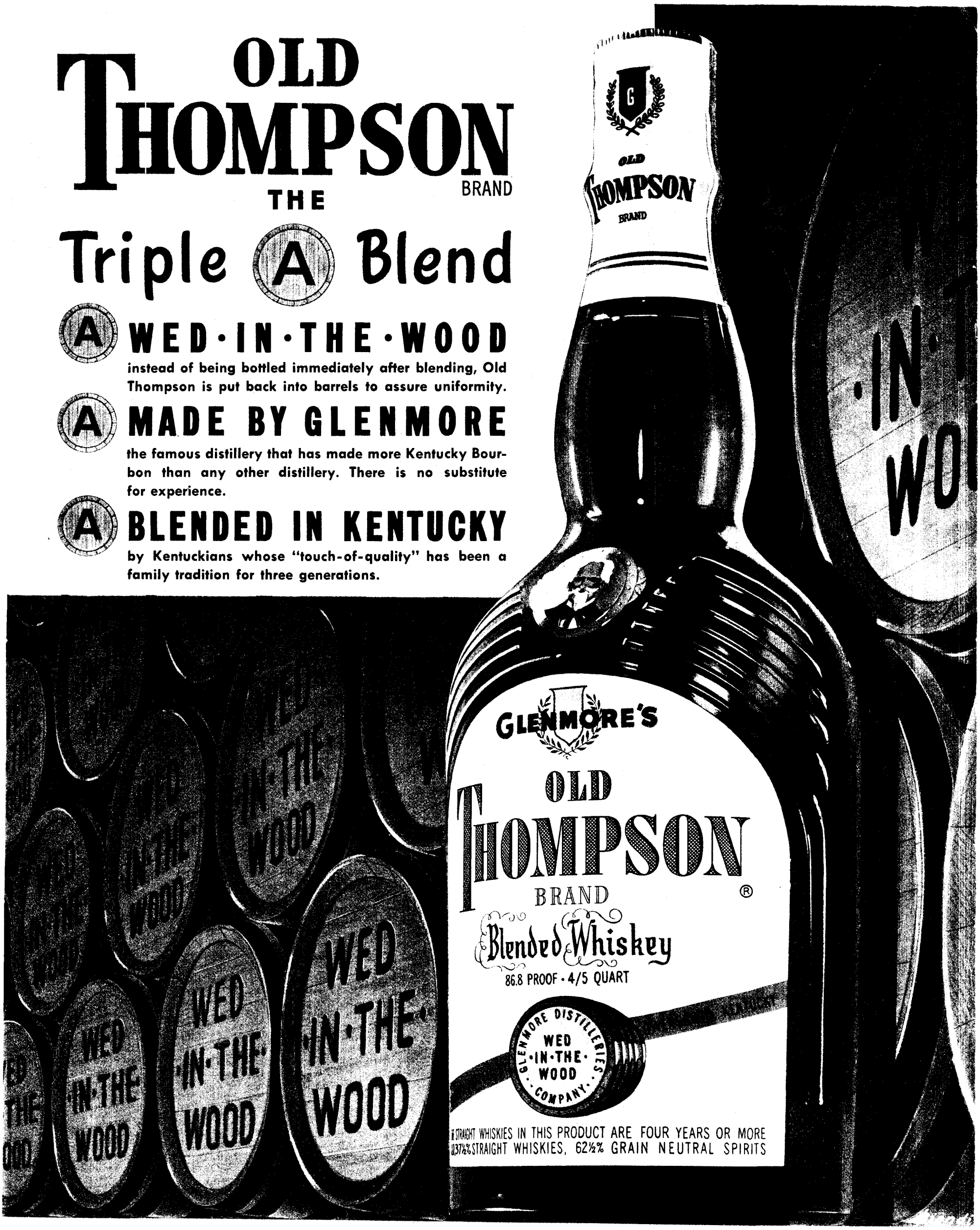
instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

A MADE BY GLENMORE

the famous distillery that has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. There is no substitute for experience.

A BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.


OLD THOMPSON BRAND
GLENMORE'S
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF · 4/5 QUART
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
WED·IN·THE·WOOD
WED IN THE WOOD
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WED·IN·THE·

Guide-Step means Measured Fit in 19 places

The Contourgraph—exclusive precision instrument that assures better fit—more comfort.

What determines the matchless fit of Johnsonian Guide-Steps? The wooden last (or form) over which they're made. Then what determines the shape and accuracy of Guide-Step lasts?

Measurement. But not the hand and tape measure method used on ordinary lasts. Instead, Guide-Step lasts are checked on the Contourgraph for 1/100 of an inch accuracy in *19* places, not just 4!

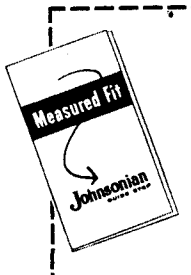
Such accuracy is the reason why today you can enjoy wearing these shoes that are based on 24 years of research, that are the *only* shoes designed to fit the feet in action, that give more comfort from the moment you try them on until the time (much later) when you need another pair.

Learn how better fit in Johnsonian Guide-Steps helps to reduce foot fatigue. Write for free illustrated booklet and the name of your nearest dealer today.

$9.95 AND UP

A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

Johnsonian GUIDE-STEP



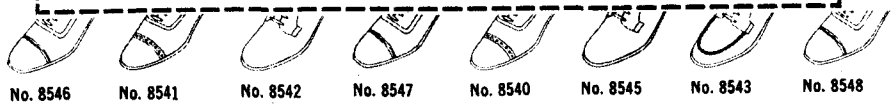
ENDICOTT JOHNSON CORPORATION
Department C
Endicott, New York

Please send me the free, illustrated booklet on Johnsonian Guide-Steps, plus the name of my nearest shoe store or shoe department.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....COUNTY.....STATE.....



No. 8546 No. 8541 No. 8542 No. 8547 No. 8540 No. 8545 No. 8543 No. 8548

The Cover

Photographer Peter Dimitri poses models Alice Wallace and Mike Garrett in a situation that faces every husband at one time or another. Problem: to mark an even hem about 15 inches from the floor. The pretty wife seems to be looking at you, but actually she's more interested in what a full-length mirror reveals to her. Many another gal might envy the similarity in size between the lady and her dressmakers' dummy. This curvaceous figure, after a suitable period of time, usually winds up in the attic, a reminder of svelte lines that used to be.

Week's Mail

Canadian Notes

EDITOR: John Lear's Canada Today (Aug. 9th) is outstanding, particularly in its enthusiasm and grasp of the Canadian way of life. His slightly tongue-in-cheek coverage of Alberta's Manning and Tanner includes the phrase "fantastic honesty." This, presumably, means complete honesty. In Alberta, Mr. Lear, a man is either completely honest or he is dishonest—there are no fine gradations of the quality.

G. B. DURNIN, Summerside, P.E.I.

Mr. Lear definitely was not tongue-in-cheek. The phrase "fantastic honesty" was not his but that of persons he quoted.

. . . As a native of Edmonton, Alberta, I was very much interested in what John Lear had to say about the development in western Canada. I note, however, that he made the statement that the city of Houston, Texas, is older than Edmonton. From what I can find in reference books, Houston was founded in 1836. Edmonton was built as a Hudson's Bay Company fort in 1795 several miles from the present site of the city. It was destroyed and rebuilt on the present site in 1808. Also the Liard River became "Laird" somewhere along the line.

These are minor errors in what is otherwise a most interesting issue.

MISS LESLEY M. HEATHCOTE, Bozeman, Mont.

Edmonton is older than Houston as a city. What was meant is that Edmonton is relatively youthful as an oil and gas center.

. . . In John Lear's generally excellent article Canada Today, he refers to our attitude toward American visitors as being highly unfriendly, even, perhaps, envious. I wonder if Mr. Lear is aware of the attitude of many Americans toward Canadians visiting their country? It is not exactly friendly either, certainly no better than our supposedly "hostile" attitude toward American visitors.

I am a Canadian visiting America. I may be wrong about this but I do think that if we are to be more friendly toward Americans, you should try, equally hard, to be really friendly toward us.

CAROLINE NELLES, Annisquam, Mass.

. . . Congratulations on John Lear's comprehensive article. It's the most informative piece I have read on our neighbor to the north. The pictures accompanying the feature are also very fine. Port Radium on Great Bear Lake, where Gilbert Labine discovered pitchblende back in 1930, looks considerably different from July, 1934, when I visited the area for newspaper stories and pictures.

Instead of a causeway of ore from the mainland over to Discovery Island, Mr. Labine and several of us traveled over to take pictures of Discovery Veins No. 1 and No. 2 by freight canoe. We also trolled for trout from his canoe.

BERT STOLL, East Tawas, Mich.

. . . The article by John Lear presents a very comprehensive and glowing picture of Canada and its prospects, and its place in world affairs. Canadians generally will fully appreciate the thought and study behind this fine contribution to world knowledge.

It is somewhat unfortunate, therefore, that erroneous information was given concerning the prosperity of the province of Quebec in relation to the other provinces. Mr. Lear states that "there are proportionately more motorcars, telephones, radio sets and electrified homes in Quebec than anywhere else in the land."

Here are some figures from the Canada Year Book 1951:

Population of Quebec—3,976,000
Population of Ontario—4,512,000
Telephones (1948) per 100 of population
Quebec—15.9
Ontario—25.5
Private radio receiving licenses issued (1950)
Quebec—616,200
Ontario—715;290
Passenger motorcar registrations (1949)
Quebec—267,097
Ontario—771,709

A writer in one of our daily papers not long ago claimed that there are more motorcars licensed in the Toronto metropolitan area than in the entire province of Quebec.

CHARLES EDWARDS, Toronto, Canada

There are several ways of interpreting the statement Mr. Edwards complains about. One is to take it as a comparison between Quebec and some other province of Canada. The other is to take it as a comparison between Quebec and all other parts of Canada. The latter is the one intended, as indicated by the context. In the passage from which the questioned statement is lifted Mr. Lear was making the point that Quebec, once the backward rural area of Canada, is no longer in that position.

About Doris Day

EDITOR: Please accept my thanks and appreciation for gracing your August 9th cover with such a swell actress and nice person both on and off the screen—Doris Day. Being a fan of hers, I was indeed pleased with the cover and the article All Eyes on Doris Day. Doris Day has become one of the top motion-picture and recording stars of today because she is a real person, and she brightens the hearts of millions through her typically sincere and sparkling American-girl personality.

GEORGE M. COLE, Albany, N.Y.

. . . Your picture on the August 9th cover is in my opinion ruined by permitting the artist to run in the pictures of not one but six worthless French poodles.

The French poodle comes near the bottom in the list of worthless dog varieties. Suitable only for the Idle Rich to parade with. By far the greater portion of your readers are not of the Idle Rich class. I hope that such a cover page will not be repeated.

OWEN HAMERSLY, South English, Ia.

The editors of Collier's, all dog lovers and none Idle Rich, dissent vigorously from Mr. Hamersly's opinion.

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CHESTERFIELD

FIRST PREMIUM QUALITY CIGARETTE

TO OFFER BOTH REGULAR & KING-SIZE

BOTH regular and king-size Chesterfields are premium quality cigarettes and come in the smart white pack.

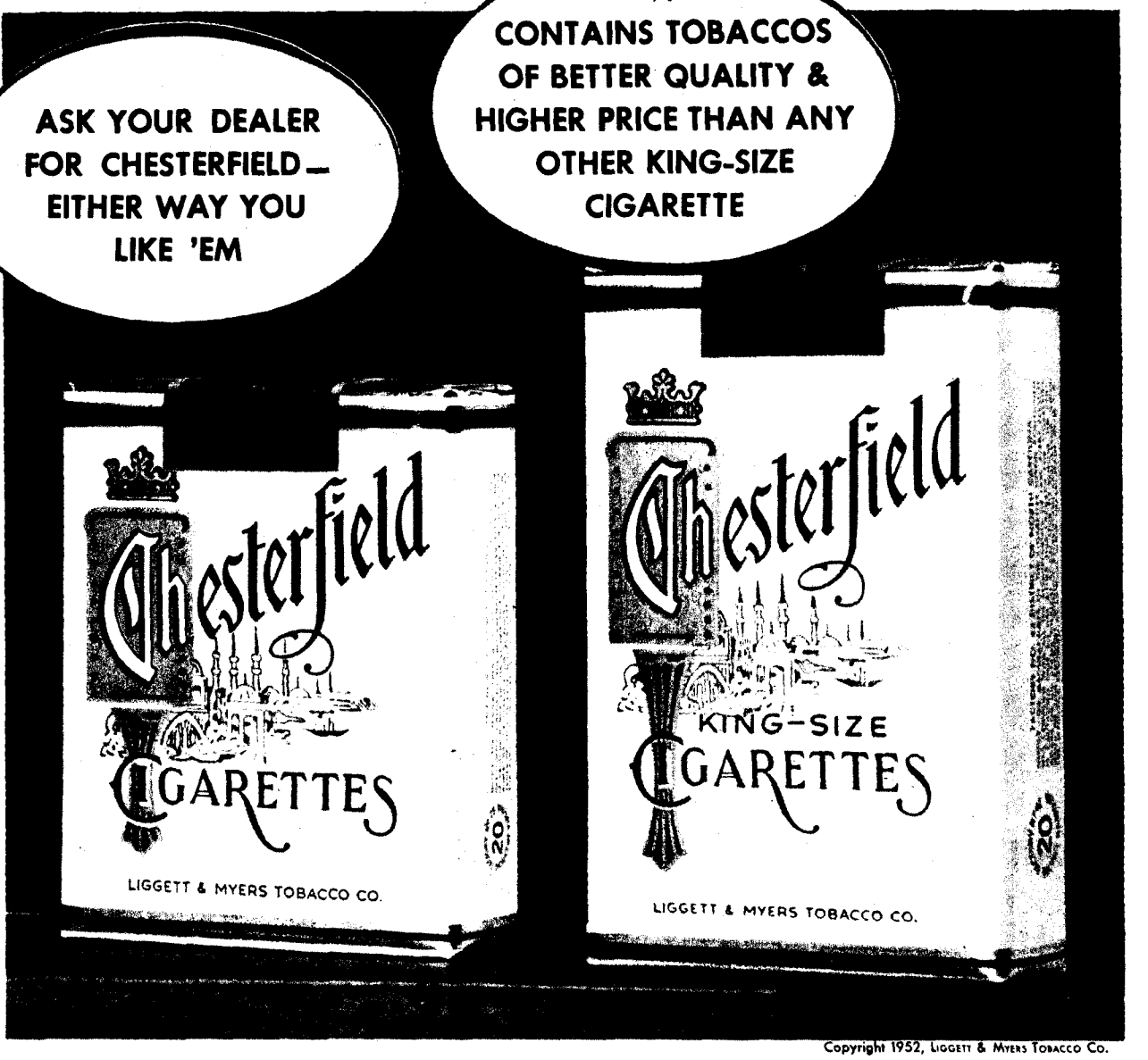
BOTH contain only those proven ingredients that make Chesterfield the best possible smoke: the world's best tobaccos, pure, more costly moistening agents (to keep them tasty and fresh), the best cigarette paper that money can buy—nothing else.

BOTH are much milder with an extraordinarily good taste and, from the report of a well-known research organization — no unpleasant after-taste.

BOTH are exactly the same in all respects. There is absolutely no difference except that king-size Chesterfield is larger—contains considerably more of the same tobaccos—enough more to give you a 21% longer smoke, yet costs little more.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CHESTERFIELD— EITHER WAY YOU LIKE 'EM

★ CONTAINS TOBACCOS OF BETTER QUALITY & HIGHER PRICE THAN ANY OTHER KING-SIZE CIGARETTE



Copyright 1952, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Buy CHESTERFIELD—Much Milder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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oh-oh! DRY SCALP!

OH, BROTHER! THIS GUY WOULD REALLY BE HANDSOME IF HE'D TAKE CARE OF THAT DRY SCALP. WONDER WHETHER I COULD GET TOM TO TIP HIM OFF TO 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC...

P.S. TOM DID!

What an improvement a few drops a day can make! Check Dry Scalp and you check dull, lifeless-looking hair . . . itchy scalp and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is double care for scalp and hair . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. You'll like it!

Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Sorry to report that the old 48 poll is not yet prepared to give you completely dependable information on how the campaign is going. We're having trouble with the Eisencrats and Adlaireps. They won't stay put. Governor Stevenson rings the bell with a nice new promise and Eisencrats become Adlaireps. The general breaks par with a new tax reduction and Adlaireps decide they're Eisencrats. This poll business is tough.

★ ★ ★

In Van Nuys, California, Mr. John O. McIntosh was understandably worried. He had advertised: "Five Excellent Rebuilt Refrigerators For Sale." But no takers. He conferred with a friend, a piano dealer. Then he changed his ad:

IRWIN CAPLAN

"The Refrigerators I Have Left Are Not Much Good For Anything But Junk. But They'll Run." Crowds pounding on the doors next morning. Sold them for more than he'd asked in the first place. Piano merchant had told him that he'd sold a practically new but hitherto ignored instrument by advertising: "For Sale—Broken-Down Old Upright. Couple of Strings Broken and Out of Tune."

★ ★ ★

And homeward bound after a long tour, Mrs. E. Ohman of Grand Rapids, Michigan, slowed down to reread a sign at the entrance of a small town. Sign: "If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home Now." She was so convulsed she almost missed another sign, this one on an early 1930 crate that protestingly passed her: "Don't Laugh. It's Paid For."

★ ★ ★

A Chicago businessman called on his doctor. Said he was pretty low in the mind and wouldn't be surprised if he was teetering on the brink of a nervous bejumble. Doctor took a close look. Then stepped back shaking his head dolefully the way doctors do when they find you're right. He urged this businessman to ease up quite a bit. Ordered him to take a few weeks off from golf and relax at his desk.

★ ★ ★

It is the respected opinion of Captain Charles J. Gorman of the Buffalo, New York, police force that crime increases in the full of the moon. Let Luna turn her whole round face upon us and bathe us in all her cold candle power and more speeders speed, more muggers mug, more robbers rob, more assaulters assault, and so on, up and down the sinful scale. We took this up with a copper friend who said the captain was right but that there wasn't any mystery. Looking around the cell we work in, he said: "You might do better work too, and more of it if you turned on a light in this crib."

★ ★ ★

Like you, we'd got pretty tired of plumber-forgot-his-tools japes. Therefore, we've sent our thanks to Mr. Gilbert Love of the Pittsburgh Press. Mr. Love hired a plumber who, after mending a pipe leak in 20 minutes, told the lady of the house that he'd have to charge her for an hour's work and was there something else he could do with her 40 minutes. Yes, there were several drippy faucets. Twenty minutes later they were dripless. "Still got twenty minutes coming to you, ma'am," said he. Could he fix the lock on the front door? He could. He did. In 20 minutes flat.

★ ★ ★

Mixed up in all my rowdy mail was a pretty blue letter with an elegant smell. Heliotrope or something. Opened it in a hurry thinking maybe a cute cucumber was trying to date us. Wrong again. It was a request that we give a line or two to an important fashion note. So okay. It says here that there will be "fewer nuances in Paris undercurrents this fall." But doesn't say whether they'll be zippered or buttoned.

★ ★ ★

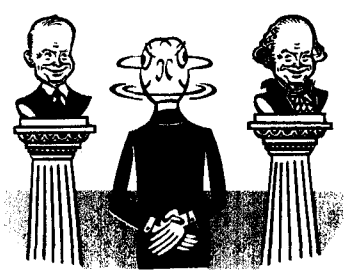
In Seeley, California, on U.S. Highway 80, 107 miles east of San Diego, the It's A Dirty Shame Café is doing a cleanup business.

★ ★ ★

Just as Mr. Ed Goldarm figures everything's pretty well under control and clicks on the radio, thinking maybe he'll be hit with a couple of notes of cheer, England threatens all over again to go bankrupt. From Walla Walla, Washington, Mr. Goldarm hereby notifies England that he's getting tired of it. "Did England pay any attention to me when I went broke a couple years ago?" demands Mr. Goldarm.

★ ★ ★

We're glad to see that the campaign is getting down within our intelligence range. Begins to look pleasantly familiar. Like its predecessors. Backers of candidates sticking their tongues out at each other. Their dust-raising whoopers-up dousing us with hot ballyhoo. Only an hour ago we received word from Springfield that Governor Stevenson is the most Lincolnesque statesman since Lincoln. And from Denver we're asked to recognize the astonishing likeness of General Eisenhower to George Washington. We were afraid for a while that the campaign was going to be a little too stylish for us.



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AMERICA'S NEWEST "PROFESSION" KEEPS 18 MILLION TV SETS HEALTHY!

EIGHTEEN MILLION new "patients" is a tremendous responsibility for the television service industry—an industry that had only 2,000 sets to take care of just five short years ago. The phenomenal growth of TV has challenged every resource of service shop and individual technician.

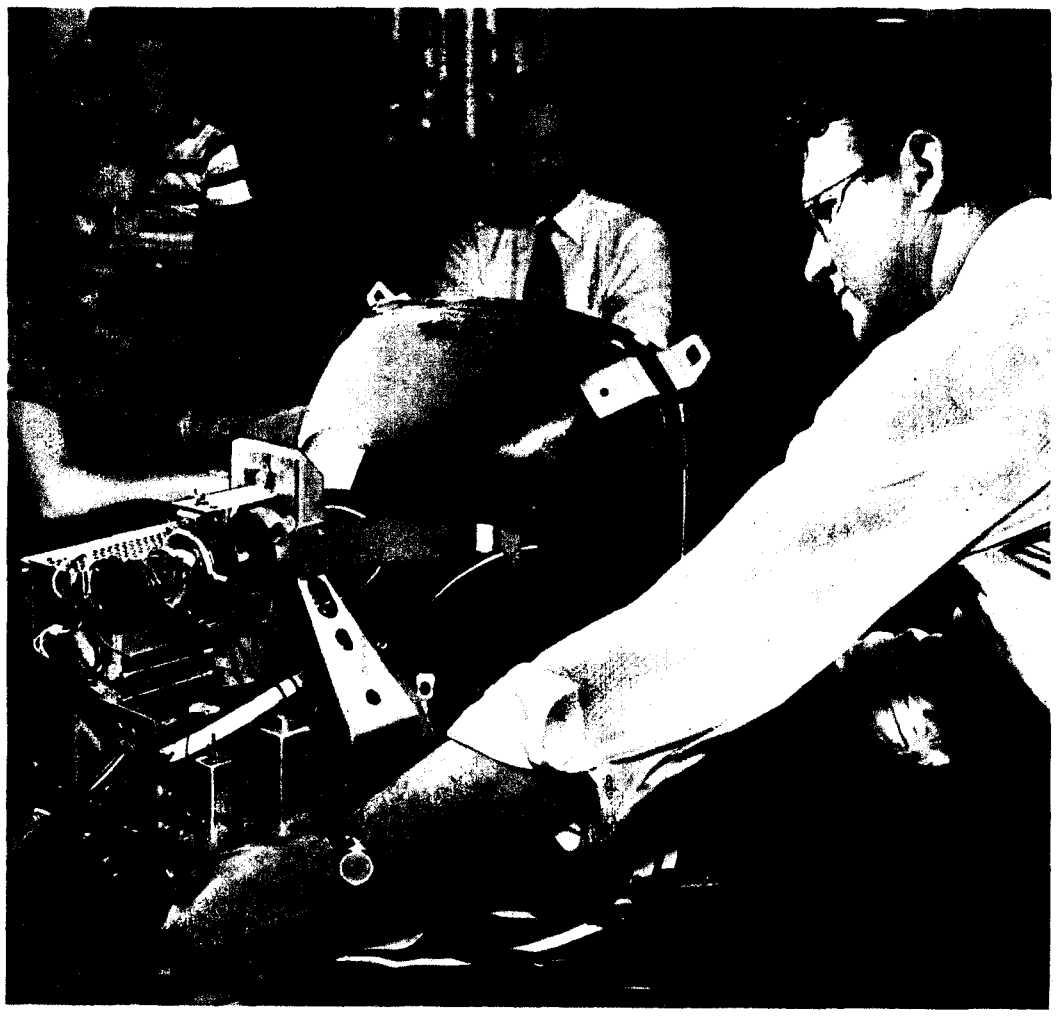
Television itself embodies new electronic principles which had to be learned by over 51,000 servicemen, most of whom were radio specialists. Manufacturers did everything they could to make it easy for these men to become the highly-qualified TV experts they are today. Schools and courses were established . . . new test equipment was developed . . . replacement tubes and parts were distributed to every TV area.

But the real responsibility for acquiring TV know-how rests with the serviceman. As a group, these technicians have done an unprecedented job of meeting the service needs of the "TV epidemic." They have built for themselves an important new industry based on one ideal: to safeguard a billion-dollar owner investment in TV.

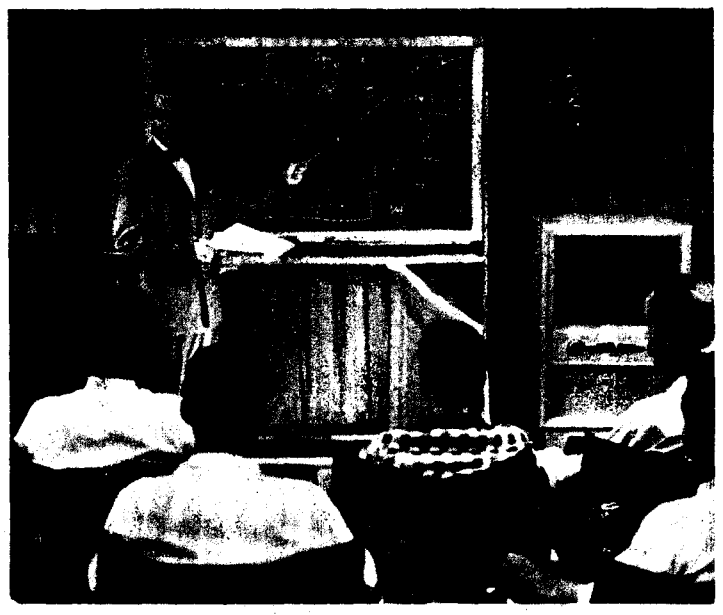
Your TV serviceman deserves your full respect and confidence. He has invested over $3,000 in special test and other equipment. He spends an average 12 hours a day in servicing sets. He is technically trained . . . experienced . . . familiar, by constant study, with latest television improvements. Call your favorite TV serviceman whenever you want your set put in top working order. He will always do his best to serve you promptly and at a fair, reasonable cost!

This advertisement is published as a tribute to the television servicemen of America by the Tube Department of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

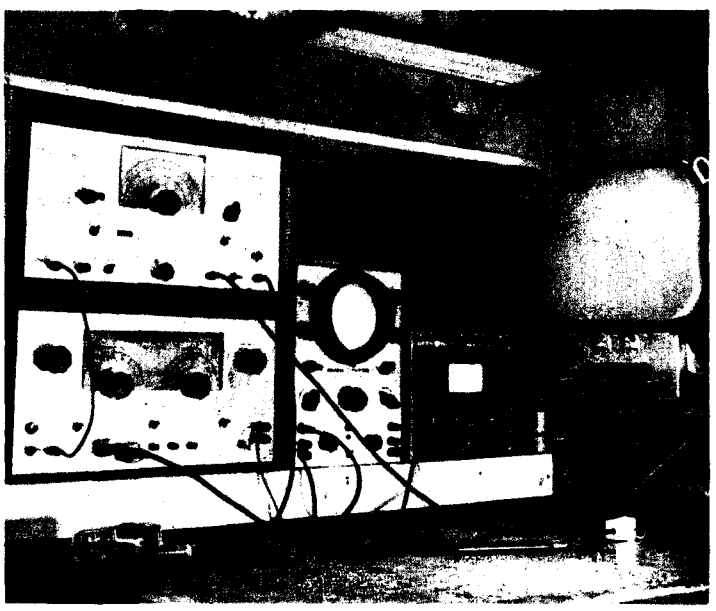
166-1A5



OPERATION TELEVISION—RIGHT IN THE HOME. When your TV serviceman removes your TV chassis from its cabinet, ask him to show you the myriad tubes, coils, and other parts, inter-connected by an "orderly maze" of wiring! Only highly-skilled hands can safely probe for faults, make repairs—usually on the spot—that restore the picture and sound to normal. His tools and equipment are as complete for their purpose as the contents of a doctor's kit. Aided by his specialized training, your serviceman diagnoses TV troubles, and restores your set to "health," in the least time and at the least cost to you.



LONG, TOUGH TRAINING—FOR EVERY TV TECHNICIAN. Months of study, and extensive practical experience, are only the start of your serviceman's training. He must know intimately the circuit of every make of TV. He must keep posted on all design changes. No professional man in any field is obliged to read and study more continuously.



TOOLS FOR THE JOB. The investment of your TV technician in equipment and tools alone, is seldom less than $3,000. Precision instruments for testing . . . special hand-tools . . . bench equipment for major TV shop repairs . . . these are plusses he must add to the customary businessman's investment in shop and trucking facilities.

ON CALL RIGHT THROUGH THE DAY. Morning, afternoon, or evening, a phone call finds your TV serviceman ready to respond. Serving a community that relies on him, he makes every possible effort to live up to this responsibility. His charges—which reflect the actual time he spends serving you plus any necessary tubes and replacement parts—are your best investment in television satisfaction.

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Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate Dental Cream Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate In the Mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Yes, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. And, no other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. In fact, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER OFFERS SUCH CONCLUSIVE PROOF!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

The Tardy Wife

By DON TOBIN

6:15 P.M.

6:30

6:40

6:50

7:00

7:15

7:15:10

7:15:20

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THE CIDER MILL

Everything looked the same and yet everything might have been so different . . .

SOMETIMES, on crisp fall days, you can notice the sweet, rich smell of russet apples a good hundred yards before you come to Bailey's Cider Mill down on the Old County Road. It drifts out of the presses and hangs low over the ground and reminds you of Halloween and Thanksgiving and all of the good things of autumn rolled into one.

It reminded Harry Mason, driving back from a business trip to a neighboring town, of all those things and something more—that it would be a wonderful idea to take home some apples and a jug of Bailey's famous cider.

A few moments later he eased his car off the road and pulled to a stop at the side of the mill. It was the first time he had been there for some years, and after he got out of his car he stood and looked around him for a moment, refreshing his memory and trying to see if there were any signs of change.

Everything looked the same. The mill was as he had always remembered it. The apple orchards looked full and orderly, as they always had. And the old Bailey homestead still sat on top of the knoll tranquil among the giant elms that surrounded it.

Harry Mason nodded thoughtfully. The whole place had an air of peace and permanence—and that was good. It was good because that was what Tom Bailey had worked for and planned for right up to the time of his death. Peace and permanence. Security for his wife Nora and his son Roger.

Tom Bailey had had a taste of insecurity in his own younger days, Harry remembered. His father had left the orchards and the mill to him so burdened with debts and mortgages and taxes that for several years it was touch and go whether Tom could keep the place at all. It took a lot of work—with a little luck thrown in—for him to get "out from under" and put the orchards on a paying basis.

Harry glanced up again at the old house on the hill, recalling how he and Tom Bailey had sat there evenings making plans so the Baileys' security would not be jeopardized again. Enough life insurance to pay for help to keep the place running without digging into Nora's income from it. A separate New York Life policy for Roger's schooling. Some extra life insurance to take care of estate taxes and other obligations that might otherwise cause some of the land to be sold . . . .

Yes, Harry thought, the old mill had an air of peace and permanence—and that was good. It was the thing Tom Bailey had sought for his family . . . and the thing Harry, as a New York Life agent, had helped others build for theirs. Harry smiled a little to himself as he turned and walked around to the broad doorway at the front of the mill.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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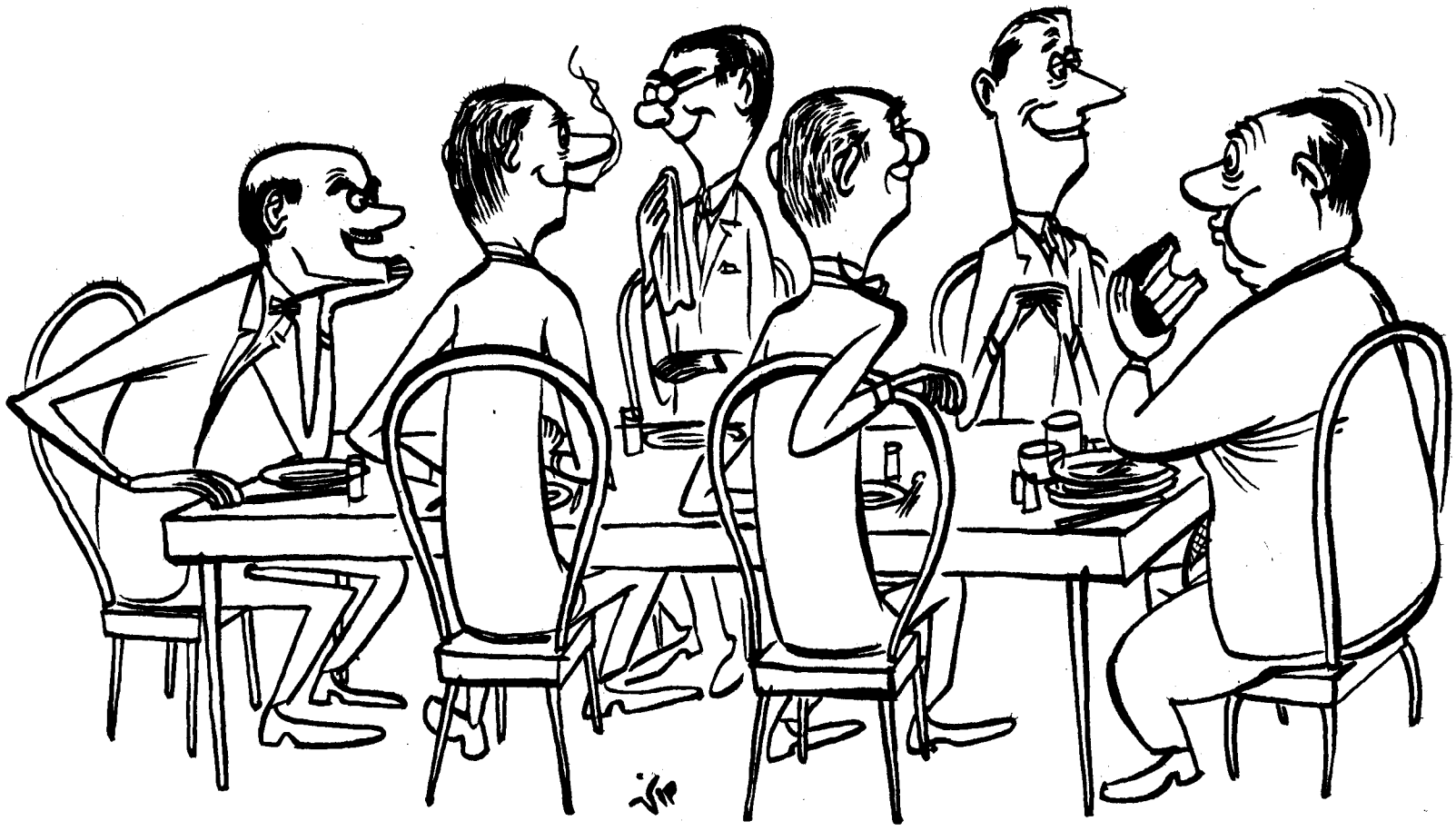

Some day I'm going to invite a Big Eater to dinner and tell him what I think

I EAT LIKE A BIRD

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

MOST of my friends spend half their time reading magazine articles and books on How to Banish Excess Bulk. They spend the other half of their time telling me about their battles with the bulge. That's okay by me, but will somebody please tell me why I am not permitted to sit through one simple meal without having to listen to a lot of personal remarks about *my* dietary habits? People point at me across the table and ask if I'm trying to lose weight, ha, ha. "You don't eat enough to keep a bird alive," they add. Other more polite people avoid pointing and merely state that I don't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

My impulse is to put down my fork gently and inform these fellow citizens that I am not on a diet, am not currently engaged in any such project as keeping a bird alive, that I eat for the sole purpose of keeping myself alive and that it has worked fine so far. But I do not obey this impulse; I just say, "Ummm."

The late radio comedian, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, once described me as a chubby skeleton, and good for good old Stoopnagle. I weighed 125 pounds when I voted for Calvin Coolidge in 1924 and I weighed 125 pounds as of this morning. Occasionally I used to tackle what my wife referred to—and hopefully insisted upon—as Operation Obese, or forced feeding. For weeks I'd stuff myself with everything on the agenda, including milk shakes enriched with heavy cream. I'd eat seven or eight meals a day. At the end of these sessions I'd step up on the scales and find I'd gained 13½ ounces. It always took me a week to get back to normal and I finally tore up the calorie charts.

I eat in many restaurants which shall be nameless (most of them are; I'm not fussy) and I've decided the standard size of any given dish is based on the nutritional needs of a seven-foot 314-pound patron who wrestles with a manually operated hay baler 10 hours a day. Before these behemoths and other normal customers have put away the last of huge caldrons, platters and kettles of various viands, I am fed up to here. And even on those rare occasions when I'm eating alone, there's always the hovering waiter who peers over my shoulder and says, "What'sa matter—no good?" I tell him it's fine and he goes away, probably to tell the chef there's a crank out front.

No matter where I order spaghetti and meat sauce, I always ask for half a portion—of which I eat half. If I could order a quarter of an order, I would, but I cause enough confusion as it is. The only time I get just the amount of food I want is in places that feature Widdle Kiddie Specials (Mary lamb chop with mashed pot.; Popeye spinach or Bugs Bunny carrots; Mickey Mouse ice cream; glass Moo Cow . . . 65 cents. Free balloons every Monday). For this I promise the waiter an extra half buck so he won't create a scene.

Socially, I am poison to hostesses who pride themselves (and rightfully so) on the tables they set but who never believe me when I say I want one string bean, please, and a slice of apple from that delicious pie. At most informal dinners, the host, despite my tactful protests, shovels enough food onto my plate to keep me fed for an entire week end. I dig manfully but unsuccessfully into this assignment, and as I am about to excuse myself for a breath of air, I'm asked if I wouldn't care for what sounds to me like another pound of meat or peck of peas. At this point the general conversation comes to a halt and the other guests glance with disapproval at my plate, which resembles a disheveled *smörgåsbord.*

Also, somewhere along about here, I am passed a great compartmented platter of relishes. "Do have some," the hostess urges. Since by now I'm not only terribly unfamished but squirming under the scrutiny of the assemblage, I half close my eyes and concentrate on imagining I'm on a balsa raft bound for a South Pacific atoll equipped with nothing but a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and several of the secretaries who have worked for me. This attempt to escape from reality is futile. Just as the girls are about to haul the raft onto the beach, the voice of my hostess brings me back with: ". . . and Grandmother Jessifer put up these preserves herself. You *must* try them."

"Uh—thank you," I say, helping myself to just enough to cover a lapel campaign button. I then continue my struggle until somebody comes along and removes what's left—*smörgåsbord,* Grandmother Jessifer, and all. This is the pleasantest time of the day for me. I don't have to eat anything, to please anybody, until tomorrow.

Kindly understand I have no quarrel with hearty eaters. I just wish they'd stop picking on me because I pick at my food. Actually, this overconsideration for internal welfare could work both ways. I've often thought it would be only fair if, some night, I invited one Big Eater and several skinny friends over to my house for a veritable Roman feast, at the conclusion of which I would solicitously ask the Big Eater if he wouldn't like another chocolate layer cake. "Golly," I'd tell him, "you eat enough to keep eight pigs alive."

I like almost everything to eat, but not at one sitting; so I eat like a bird. Do I have to hear about it *all* the time? ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH

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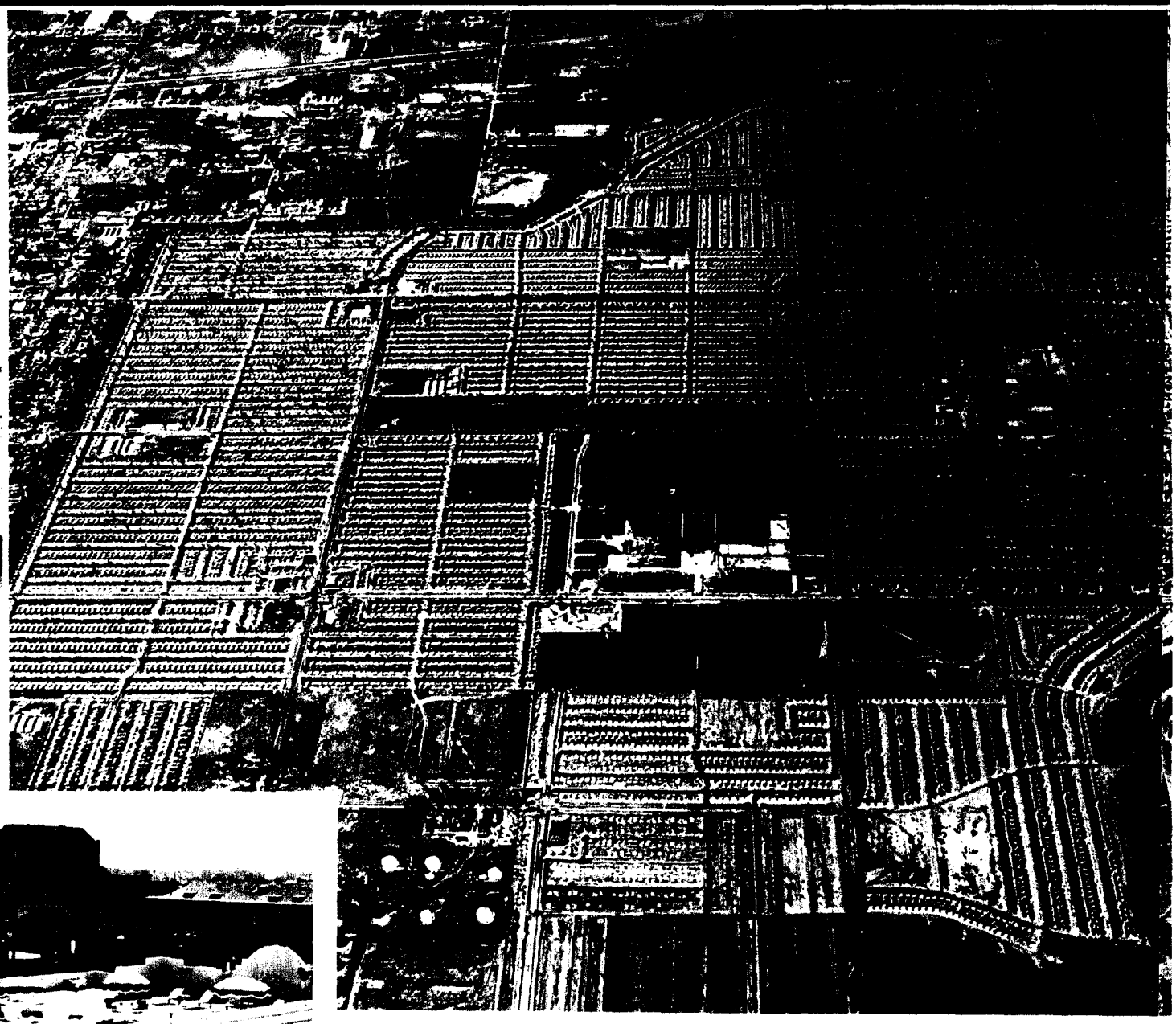
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

EVERYBODY LIKES stainless steel. One of its earliest household uses—for knives, forks and spoons—demonstrated so well the strength, durability, low cost and good looks of stainless steel that today hundreds of items for the home are made of "the miracle metal."



SIX STORIES UP! This Sky Patio pool, offering still another attraction to winter visitors in Phoenix, Arizona, is perched blithely on top of a midtown hotel. The all-steel pool, and its steel underbracing that extends clear down to the foundations of the building, were fabricated and erected by United States Steel.

FARMLAND IN 1950 . . . A CITY TODAY! This is Lakewood Park in southeast Los Angeles County, California, where 3500 acres of farmland have been miraculously transformed into a community of 7400 modern, attractive homes, complete and occupied, and 7500 more under construction. United States Steel helped to supply the steel for this project . . . steel used for everything from nails, reinforcing bars and pipe to stainless steel drainboards for kitchen sinks.

NEW FLOATING BRIDGE. Designed for quick erection and heavy load-bearing, this new floating bridge will carry any combat or supply vehicle used by an Army division. The bridge floor is of U·S·S I-Beam-Lok Steel Flooring. Only steel can do so many jobs so well!

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

More iron ore was produced last year in the United States than ever before in history. The total came to an estimated 130.4 million net tons, an increase of 19% over 1952.

Listen to . . . The Theatre Guild on the Air, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel. National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

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This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

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GUNNISON HOMES, INC. · UNION SUPPLY COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

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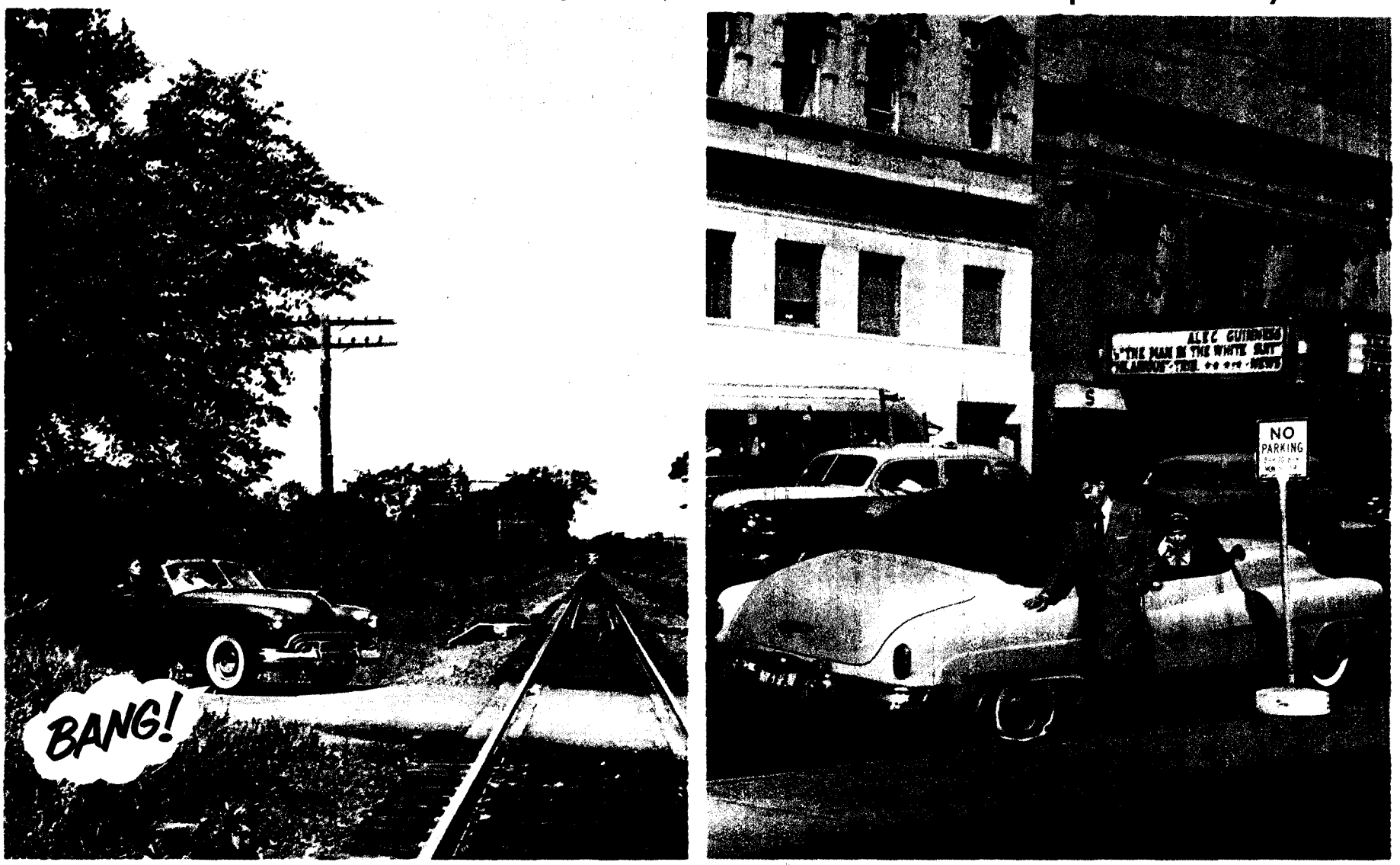
YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BLOWOUT OR PUNCTURE!

(1 out of 8 drivers had blowouts last year*)

(Half of all drivers had punctures last year*)



*From Crowell-Collier Sixth Annual Tire Survey

There's only one low-cost way to be safe against both!

Safe against *all* blowouts! *Any tire*—new or old—can blow out! *Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives you complete safety in every blowout emergency!*

If outer chamber blows out, the LifeGuard inner chamber still holds enough air to let you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop.

In 17 years, in millions of miles, we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout!

Seals its own punctures! Why spoil a trip by having to change a punctured tire? This tube mends its own punctures. If a nail or other object penetrates, the puncture-sealant automatically fills the hole, seals it up without loss of air pressure.

100,000-mile re-usable protection! *This is the only* blowout and puncture protection that doesn't wear out when your tires do!

You can re-use these tubes in at least 3 sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more. Thus you save 20% to 43% per wheel!

Get this double protection now *for the price of the tubes alone!* If your tires are still good, just have your Goodyear dealer equip them with a set of new LifeGuard Safety Tubes.

Put New LifeGuard Safety Tubes in Goodyear tires for the longest mileage, safest mileage, most comfortable ride on wheels. Remember more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES

by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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Collier's, October 4, 1952

A New BIBLE *for the 20th Century*

After 15 years of labor, scholars have given the English-speaking world a more accurate King James Bible. The text is easy-to-read, the language up to date, but the revision keeps the quality which made the translation a literary classic

By HERBERT YAHRAES

ONE day last March, a clergyman pressed a button in a New York printing plant and started the presses rolling on one of the most tremendous publishing jobs in history. The usual order for the first printing of a book is 5,000 or 10,000 copies, but this was to be for 300,000. Furthermore, two other big printing concerns—in Teterboro, New Jersey, and Cambridge, Massachusetts—had similar orders, and a set of plates was in Edinburgh, Scotland, for a simultaneous printing overseas.

The combined output of these four plants, approximately 1,000,000 copies, goes on sale throughout the English-speaking world this week, starting September 30th.

There is probably only one book on which a publisher would dare risk such a huge initial printing, and the book that the plants here and in Scotland have been turning out is that book—a new authorized version of the Bible, intended to replace the King James Version, which has been serving Protestants for three centuries.

Into the production of the new Bible—called the Revised Standard Version—have gone 10 tons of type metal, 2,000 gallons of ink, 1,000 tons of paper, 71 miles of 40-inch cloth, and enough 23-karat gold leaf, for stamping the name, to pave a road 24 feet wide and a mile long. The finished books, stacked in one pile, would reach higher than 100 Empire State Buildings.

The paper had to be made to order. The type face was chosen after consultation with 300 typographers, publishers and churchmen. The promotion campaign—based on the theory that people ought to be told about the Bible as well as about the products of industry—is being directed by a top advertising agency at a cost of $500,000.

Clearly, the publication of a new Bible is a big business: the real value of this first printing alone will be about $6,000,000. But there is no measure for the really important part of the job. A committee of 32 scholars worked 15 years to make sure that the new version would take advantage of recent archaeological discoveries, and that it would be more accurate and easier to understand than any in the past. The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., which holds the copyright to the new version, thinks the scholars have succeeded, and the publisher asserts that "now we have the Word of Life in living language for our time."

Certain improvements are noticed quickly. The type is fairly large. The text is broken up, not into verses of a few lines each, but into paragraphs, though the old verse numbers are kept. (The verse idea goes back to a sixteenth-century printer who wanted to key the text to a reference book he planned to publish.) What was poetry in the original Bible—and 40 per cent of the Old Testament was—is printed as poetry here. The archaic *thou, thee, thine* and *thy* are rarely used except when God is addressed, and the old verb endings *-est* and *-eth* are dropped. The "begats" are gone, too, replaced by "was the father of."

These and other changes give the Bible a fresh look. The Greatest Book now really seems to have been written for today, not just for a distant past.

The Revised Standard Version is the fifth authorized Bible to appear in 400 years—that is, the fifth English-language Bible approved by most Protestant church bodies. The first was printed in England in 1540, during the reign of King Henry\VIII, and carried the words, "appointed to be read in Churches." (It also had a title page picturing Jesus, two of Henry's associates, Henry himself, twice, and a crowd shouting both "God Save the King" and its Latin equivalent, "Vivat Rex.")

Actually, this so-called Great Bible (its pages were 15 inches by nine) was based on two earlier efforts. In 1525, the first English-language New Testament was printed in Germany and smuggled into England, where it was widely read despite the opposition of church officials (they were at odds with its translator, William Tyndale). Then, 10 years later, Myles Coverdale brought forth the first complete English Bible. Coverdale made use of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament and part of

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the Old; and when the Great Bible was ordered, it was Coverdale who did the new revision.

The second authorized version came during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1568. But although this "Bishops' Bible" (it was the work of a committee composed largely of Anglican bishops) was placed in the churches, it never became popular. The one to be found in the homes was a small volume first published in 1560 by English religious exiles in Geneva, Switzerland, and known both as the Geneva Bible and as the Breeches Bible because of the translation of *Genesis* iii.7: ". . . and they sewed figge tree leaves together and made them breeches . . ."; most other editions say "aprons."

Englishmen in exile prepared still another version—the Reims and Douai, translated from Latin (instead of the original Hebrew and Greek) by Roman Catholic scholars who had fled from Elizabeth. The English Bible which Catholics use today is essentially this version, but American Catholic scholars now are making a new translation from the original languages; the first eight books of the Old Testament are being placed on sale this week, which is Bible Week for Catholics and Christian Education Week for Protestants.

Origin of the King James Version

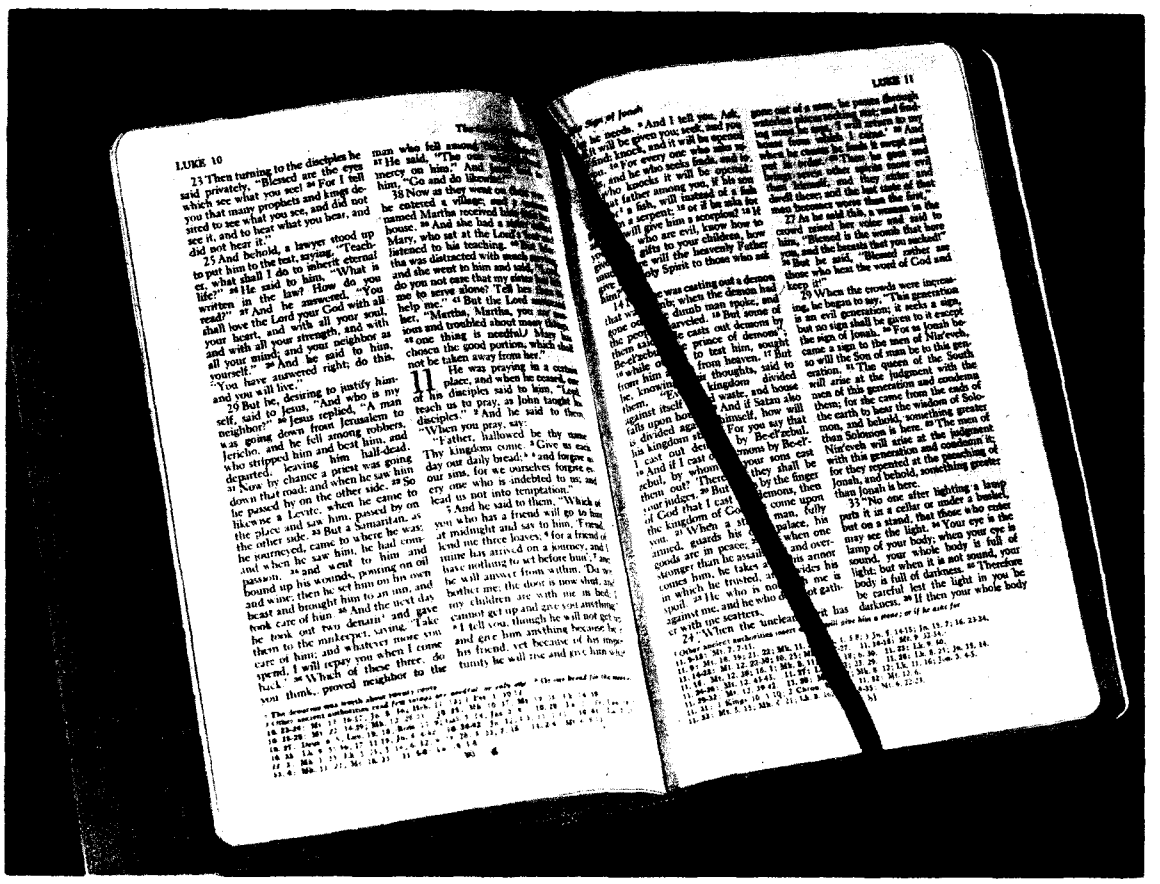
The famous King James Version of the Bible, the third authorized version, came about almost accidentally. In 1604, England's new king, James I, called a conference to consider the dispute between the Puritans and the Church of England. At one point during the long, fruitless debates, the Puritan leader suggested a new translation of the Bible. James seized on the idea and named 47 scholars to carry it out. This committee worked four years; then a sub-committee spent nine months reviewing the results. The printing, on hand presses that could take only one page at a time, required another two years. Two editions came out in 1611, but it was mid-century before the King James Bible really took hold.

Then, for more than 200 years, it was the only Bible most English-speaking people knew. Although English scholars produced a fourth, or English Revised, version in the late 1800s to correct numerous errors in the King James, and a slightly different American edition came out in 1901, neither version became popular. The reason, according to critics, was that the revisers had produced literal translations that spoke well for their knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, but poorly for their knowledge of English. Most people continued to read the King James for its beauty and force.

No revisions were attempted after that until the present one. In 1929, the International Council of Religious Education appointed a committee of scholars, headed by Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale University Divinity School, to explore two questions: Is there need for another revision? If so, what kind should it be? After two years of study, the committee reported that the time had come to revise, but that the King James Version should be followed except where it was wrong. They noted that modern scholarship had uncovered nearly 6,000 errors in the New Testament alone.

It was 1936 before the International Council of Religious Education—which represents 40 denominations in the United States and Canada, and is now the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches—could raise money for the project. Appeals to philanthropic foundations and denominational publishing houses, hit by the depression, had failed. Finally, Thomas Nelson & Sons, which has been publishing Bibles in the United States since 1896, agreed to publish the new work and co-operate in the financing. The revisers—grouped in two sections, Old and New Testament—began work on December 3, 1937, at Union Theological Seminary, New York. Each man was assigned certain chapters, which were distributed, as finished, to the rest of the section.

The sections also held a number of conferences at the Yale Divinity School, at which the revisers checked one another's work, verse by verse, in the light of the ancient texts. When, after full discussion, a point remained in dispute, a majority vote settled it. Corrected copies went to every member of the committee, and Dean Weigle collected the comments for discussion at subsequent meetings. In the end, rulings were by a two-thirds vote of all the revisers.



NICK LAZARNICK

REVISED STANDARD Bible, showing Lord's Prayer correctly translated

Various outside groups offered suggestions while the work was in progress. People interested in the temperance movement, for example, wanted the translators to point out that the wine in the New Testament was "unfermented grape juice." The committee decided against this change. A women's group complained that the King James revisers had produced a "masculine" version of the Bible by translating as "man" a Greek word that should have been translated as "one." For example, argued the women, *Matthew* xxi.3 ought to have read: "And if anyone (not any *man*) say aught unto you . . ." And *Revelation* iii.20 ought to have said: "If anyone (not any *man*) hear my voice . . ." This time the committee agreed.

But those were minor problems. A more difficult task was to ferret out words that in 300 years have changed in meaning. For instance, "anon," "presently," and "by and by" all meant "immediately" in Elizabethan times. The King James Version has it that when Peter's mother-in-law was sick, Jesus was told "anon." Actually, the Greek shows that he was told at once. And when Salome danced before Herod and was asked what she wanted, the King James Bible says that she wanted the head of John the Baptist "by and by." The Greek shows that she wanted it right away.

The seventeenth-century translators had God "apparently" appearing to Moses; reference to the Hebrew showed that He appeared "clearly"—which is what "apparently" used to mean.

To many readers, one of the strangest counsels of the New Testament is the admonition, "Take no thought for the morrow." The new translation clears up the difficulty. "Do not," it says, "be anxious about tomorrow." Actually there has been no change in meaning, just in the English usage.

The Epistle to the Hebrews urges them "to do good and to communicate"—a puzzling passage to anyone who does not know the seventeenth-century meaning of "communicate." The new version tells the readers "to do good and to share what you have."

There are 400 other examples. Esau is now a skillful hunter, not a cunning one. The Israelites weren't harnessed when they went out of Egypt; they were armed for battle. It wasn't outlandish women who caused Solomon to sin, but foreign ones. The persons hired by Abimelech were worthless, not vain.

The old version also had some definite mistranslations. Many a reader must have been puzzled by the statement in Ezekiel that "the ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market." Today's better knowledge of the ancient Hebrew makes it: "The ships of Tarshish traveled for you with your merchandise." Again, Josiah is reported to have "brought out the grove from the house of the Lord . . . and burned it." Actually what he brought out was the sacred tree or pole of the goddess Asherah.

When Bibles Were Copied by Hand

Up till the fifteenth century, copies of Biblical texts had to be made by hand, and once in a while, careful as the copyist might be, a few words were omitted. In Genesis, the King James Version says: "And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him." Ancient translations into Syriac, Greek, Latin and Samaritan all had what Cain said, and so has the new version, "And Cain said to Abel his brother, 'Let us go out to the field.' And when they were in the field," and so forth.

Sometimes, too, in the old version, something was added. The Lord's Prayer, as reported in Matthew, ends: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever." The new version, like the version used by Catholics, omits these words; a footnote explains that they did not appear in the original Greek.

New discoveries are behind other changes in the latest revision. One of the most recent finds occurred in 1947, when a Bedouin shepherd stumbled upon a cave near the Dead Sea, in Palestine, and found several big clay jars. Instead of the gold he and a companion expected, the jars contained ancient scrolls. These Bedouins eventually peddled in Jerusalem, and religious authorities identified them as copies of parts of the Old Testament, notably the book of Isaiah.

Archaeologists examined the jars and the script,

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knowledge we have really been recovering it . . . this new Bible is actually the oldest"

had the linen in which the scrolls were wrapped analyzed for its radiocarbon, and announced that here at last were Biblical texts dating back to about 100 B.C. In the case of Isaiah, this means that the text is 10 centuries older than any other Hebrew text known to have survived.

Thorough study of the Dead Sea scrolls led to a dozen minor changes. In *Isaiah* iii.24, for example, the King James Version has the phrase, ". . . there shall be burning instead of beauty . . ." The new version makes it read, ". . . instead of beauty, shame." *Isaiah* xiv.4 in the King James Version cites this "proverb" against the king of Babylon: "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!" In the new Bible, the "proverb" has become a "taunt" and it goes: "How the oppressor has ceased, the insolent fury ceased!"

Few Corrections Were Necessary

The most noteworthy point about this find, however, is that it has led to so few corrections. Here, in the case of one of the Bible's most important books, is a text that brings us 1,000 years closer to the original, yet is almost precisely the same as the texts with which scholars have been working since medieval times.

A host of other discoveries since the time of the last authorized version some 50 years ago have thrown new light on the Bible. Example: the word *hammân* occurs eight times in the Old Testament. Scholars knew it was the name of something used in the worship of idols, but didn't know just what. The King James Version translates it as "image" or "idol"; the 1901 American Standard Version as "sun-image." Then, a few years ago, in Palmyra, Syria, the word *hammân* was found inscribed on an altar used in ancient times for burning incense. So the word in the new version is translated, "incense altar."

Excavations, particularly since World War I, have increased our knowledge of the geography of ancient Palestine and thereby led to other interesting changes in the new Bible. For instance, in Ezekiel the Lord promises to lay waste to Egypt "from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia." But Syene, which is modern Aswan, was itself on the border of Ethiopia, so apparently the Lord wasn't going to lay wast very much. The Hebrew word for "tower," however, is *migdol* and Migdol, we now know, was a city in northern Egypt. The new version has the area to be laid waste running "from Migdol to Syene"—in other words, the whole land. Again, in II *Kings,* Jehu met the 42 brethren of Ahaziah at "the shearing house" and killed them. Actually, he killed them at a place known as Beth-eked, the modern Beit Qad. The literal translation of Beth-eked is "house of tying"—and tying evidentally was associated with shearing by the King James translators.

The Hebrew texts mention a desolate area known as the Negeb. The King James Version translates this as "the south" but modern scholars think the word means "dry" or "parched." In any event, the section, now in Israel, is still called the Negeb, so the new Bible picks up the Hebrew word.

Many other changes in the new version make it easier to understand the geography of Biblical times and to use maps in connection with Bible study. The city the King James Version calls Noph was better known as Memphis, and Chittim as Cyprus. The new version uses the more familiar names. Because of today's better knowledge of Biblical lands, it also says "the Nile" or "the Euphrates" instead of just "the river" or "the flood."

The most important archaeological discoveries of the last 75 years have been neither ancient texts nor objects mentioned in the Bible, but ordinary Greek writings, on papyrus. At one site in Egypt, workmen found a mummified crocodile and, splitting open the outer covering, disclosed papyri among the inner wrappings. Papyri have also been found among the wrappings of mummified human beings. An especially rich find was made in a sand-covered rubbish heap; somebody had started to burn a pile of legal records there 20 centuries ago, but the fire had gone out.

These papyri—letters, wills, contracts—have shown scholars that the everyday Greek language of New Testament times differed considerably from the classical Greek we know, which was in use several hundred years earlier. The difference was roughly like that between the language of today's newspaper and Shakespearean English. By the first century after Christ, Greek had become simpler, many words had picked up new meanings, and some old rules of grammar had been discarded.

The New Testament had been written in this common Greek, so a number of changes were needed. For instance, the King James Version has Peter referring to "sincere" milk. But the papyri show that the word meaning "sincere" when applied to persons meant "pure" if applied to food.

Again, the apostle Paul in his letter to the Romans says, "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." By New Testament times, however, the Greek word for "simplicity" had acquired a new meaning—"liberality." Paul was not telling the giver to give simply, but to give generously.

The parable of the sower lists "the deceitfulness of riches" as one of the things that choke out the word of God. This is a fine phrase, but the evidence of the papyri is that it should be "the delight in riches."

After nine years of evaluating both old and new research material, the members of the New Testament section of Dean Weigle's committee finished their work, and that part of the Bible was published in 1946. It received little publicity, but 1,000,000 copies were sold the first year and another 1,000,000 have been sold since.

In June, 1951, the scholars working on the Old Testament, which is more than three times as long as the New, held their final session. By that time, Dean Weigle's list of points to be discussed had grown to 909 mimeographed pages, but most of these had already been disposed of. On the twelfth day of this last session only one major point remained—how to translate the Hebrew word *chesed,* which appears many times in the Old Testament as an attribute of God. The King James Version speaks of God's mercy, and the American Standard Version of His loving-kindness. But recent research shows that *chesed* expresses something more than mercy—for which there are other Hebrew words—and more even than kindness.

Members of the committee, after many discussions, agreed that *chesed* meant "fidelity to the requirements of a particular personal relationship, a loyal devotion grounded in love which goes beyond legal obligation and can be depended upon to the utmost." The problem now was to select the English word or words that most nearly expressed this meaning. Almost unanimously, the scholars voted for "steadfast love." *Psalms* 136, for example, declares that it is the Lord's steadfast love that endures forever.

For most members of the committee, the decision on *chesed* on June 24th brought to an end 14 years of work. The publisher, having received the first four books of the Bible in April, 1951, had the complete manuscript by the following September. All last fall and winter, various people—the typesetters, the publishers, Dean Weigle, his assistant, members of the committee—looked for typographical errors in the proofs, the rough copies of the printed pages.

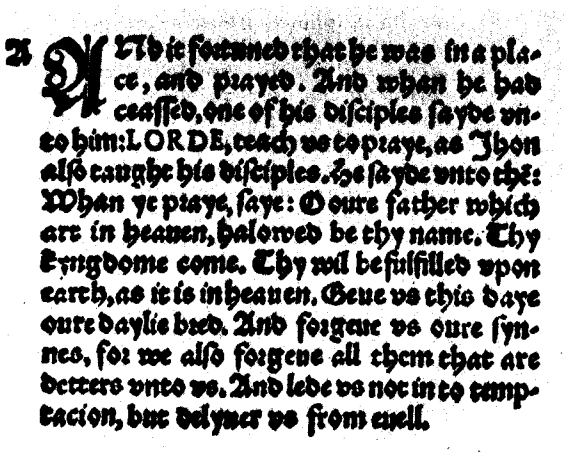
Amusing Scriptural Errors Recalled

The precautions taken against errors make it unlikely that the new version will contain any howling typographical boners like those which marked a few early editions of the Bible.

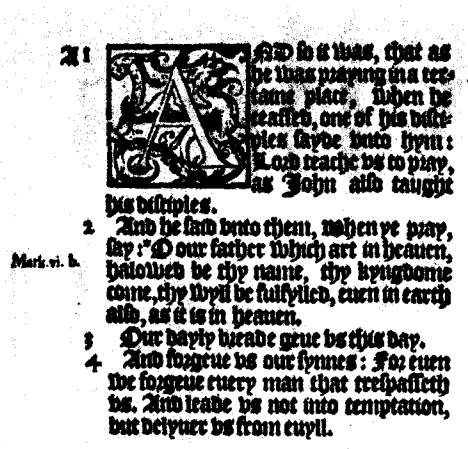
In a 1717 printing, for example, a headline over the parable of the vineyard read, "The Parable of the Vinegar." The 1653 edition says, in *Psalms* 119:161, "Printers have persecuted me without cause" (the word should have been "princes") The so-called Wicked Bible of 1631 makes the Seventh Commandment read: "Thou shalt commit adultery," a mistake that cost the printers a fine of 300 pounds.

When the first copies of the new Bible came off the press last month, the committee did find typographical errors—a few misplaced accent marks which only scholars are likely to spot. Also, the publisher found that one verse number had been dropped. These errors are being corrected in later press runs.

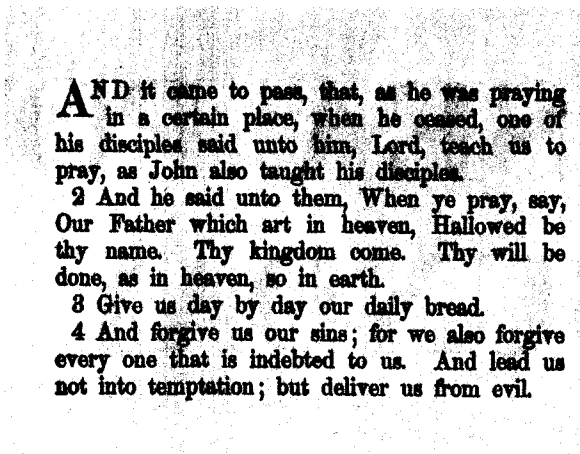
Already there have been a few complaints that the committee has tampered with the Bible. To these, Dean Weigle responds that the revisers were language scientists whose job was to determine the real meaning of the words in the old texts and then to express that meaning in English as exactly as possible. "We haven't been changing the Bible," he says. "With the aid of the oldest manuscripts yet known and with new knowledge of Greek and Hebrew vocabularies, we have really been recovering it. In that sense, this new Bible is actually the oldest." ▲▲▲


And it came to passe, that as he was praying in a certaine place, and prayed. And when he had ceassed, one of his disciples sayde vnto him: LORDE, teach vs to praye, as Jhon also taught his disciples. He sayde vnto the: When ye praye, saye: O oure father which art in heauen, halowed be thy name. Thy kyngdome come. Thy will be fulfilled vpon earth, as it is in heauen. Geue vs this daye oure daylie bred. And forgeue vs oure synnes, for we also forgeue all them that are debters vnto vs. And lede vs not in to temptacion, but delyuer vs from euell.

COVERDALE Bible, issued in 1535, was used as guide for the first authorized version


And it was, that as he was prayinge in a certayne place, when he ceassed, one of his disciples sayde vnto him: Lord teache vs to pray, as Jhon also taught his disciples.
2 And he sayd vnto them, when ye pray, say: O our father which art in heauen, hallowed be thy name, thy kyngdome come, thy will be fulfylled, euen in earth as it is in heauen.
Mark. vi. b.
3 Our dayly breade geue vs this day.
4 And forgeue vs our synnes: For euen we forgeue euery man that trespasseth vs. And leade vs not into temptation, but delyuer vs from euyll.

BISHOPS' Bible appeared during reign of Queen Elizabeth, but never was popular


AND it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.
2 And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.
3 Give us day by day our daily bread.
4 And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

KING JAMES Bible is three centuries old but is still a favorite. Note the changes in wording

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This first view of atomic-energy-powered carrier shows how U.S. Navy's "Sunday punch" will look in action, with new-type jet planes taking of

Tomorrow's Atom-Powered Carriers:

SEA POWER'S SUNDAY PUNCH

By the Hon. JOHN F. FLOBERG

Asst. Secretary of the Navy for Air

On July 31st a contract was given to the Westinghouse Electric Corporation to build a large-sized nuclear power plant, suitable for use in an aircraft carrier of the Forrestal type, a ship of more than 59,000 tons. Immediately speculation, fused with scraps and bits of facts, produced scores of stories which attempted to forecast what an atomic carrier would be like. The answer is on these four pages, in drawings made by Fred Freeman from contract plans of Forrestal-type carriers supplied to him by the Navy, and in the clear and definitive words of the Honorable John F. Floberg, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air. Mr. Floberg tells you here what such carriers are capable of doing and how they can protect our nation's future.

—THE EDITORS

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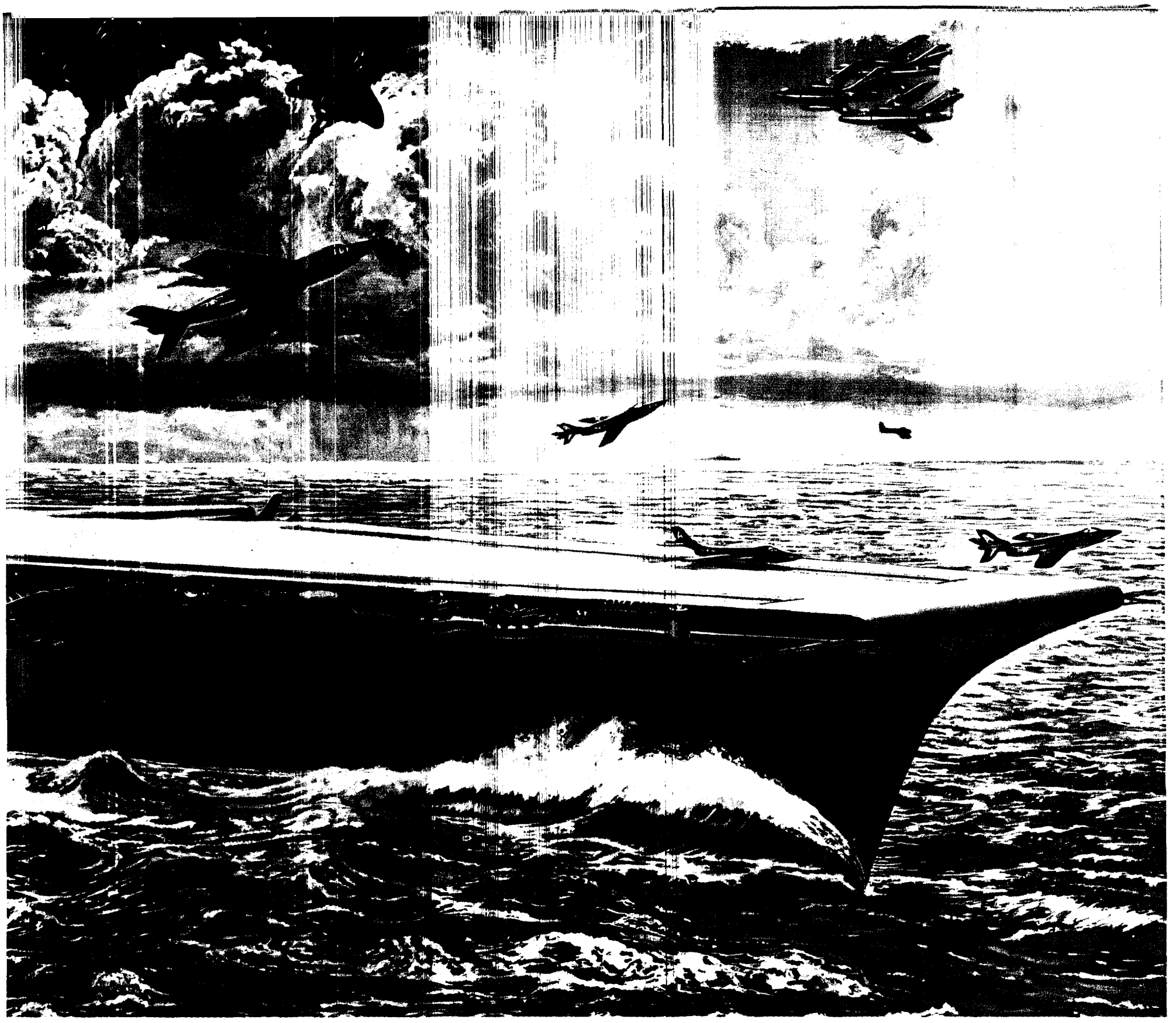

from its unobstructed deck. Ship will be over 1,000 feet long, displace more than 60,000 tons, carry some 3,000 men, support about 100 planes

THE Atomic Energy Commission has recently announced that it is proceeding with the development of an atomic reactor suitable for use as the power plant in a large ship such as an aircraft carrier. In my opinion, this announcement has more relevance upon the ability of the United States Navy to guarantee American control of the world's seas than anything that has happened since October, 1922. That was the day Lieutenant Commander Godfrey de C. Chevalier, USN, made the first landing on the flight deck of the Navy's first aircraft carrier, the USS Langley. The new development will greatly advance the striking power and the global capabilities of the Navy.

The atomic-powered carrier is still hull down over the horizon, and a great amount of research and development and hard work, not to mention another one or two conventionally powered Forrestal-class carriers, will precede even the laying of her keel. But some of her vast advantages can readily be forecast. This first atomic carrier, and all others to follow, will have more power, more space for fighting gear and incredibly more freedom to range the seas without refueling than any warship has had up to now. With a relatively small quantity of fissionable material, this carrier will have a virtually unlimited cruising range at full speed.

The entire volume of space which in a conventional carrier is necessarily devoted to its own liquid fuel will be usable for increased pay load in terms of aircraft fuel, ammunition, maintenance shops and other requirements. Space now devoted to blowers, air ducts, stacks and other equipment needed to supply air at the rate of 20 tons a minute and to carry the exhaust gases from the ship's boilers also will be put to more productive uses. The ship will carry from 100 to 120 of the most powerful planes and will be able to launch them four at a time when it becomes necessary to get them into the air in a hurry. Planes may be launched from the four catapults, or take to the air from the flight deck.

The atomic carrier will have an over-all length of over 1,000 feet with a tonnage in excess of 60,000, and will carry a crew of about 3,000. The atomic-power plant will be so designed that the crew will be completely safeguarded from nuclear radiation.

This ship will give the Navy its first chance to combine in a carrier the atomic engine plus everything that was learned in World War II. It is a front runner in the naval revolution that has been under way since the day a few months ago when the President laid the keel of the USS Nautilus, the first atomic-powered submarine. This naval revolution is comparable to the change from sail to steam. Between now and the time the Nautilus and the carrier join the fleet, doubtless other atomic-powered naval vessels will be laid down, and the time required for finishing them, as well as their costs, will become progressively less as experience is gained.

Ultimately, I believe, all important naval vessels may well be atomic powered. With the continuing improvement in the present capability of Navy carrier-based jet aircraft to deliver atomic bombs and with the advent of antiaircraft guided missiles, the defensive as well as the striking power of the Navy will be increased incalculably, if not fantastically.

Friends who are just as interested in the security of the nation as I am occasionally ask me why the United States should be further building up its naval strength when no potential enemy has a Navy comparable to the one we already have. Their

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

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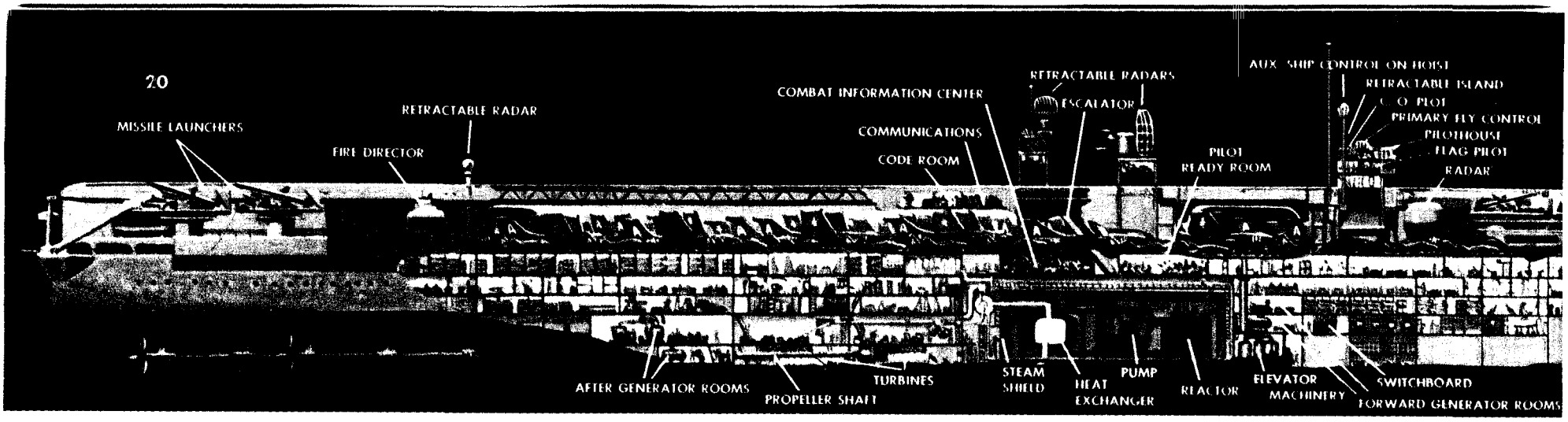


Cut-away view of atom-powered carrier shows power plant at bottom center. Because atom fuel does not burn like coal or oil there is no exhaust, no need for smokestacks or air intake ducts. Space formerly used for ducts, stacks and about 9,000 tons of fuel oil will be available to carry more planes, more jet fuel, more general stores, more maintenance supplies. Ship will, thus, have to put in

question is based on two hypotheses which are widely assumed and for which experience seems to offer the foundation: 1) that in any future war the United States will "naturally" enjoy control of the seas, and 2) that any future war will "naturally" be fought in someone else's back yard rather than our own. But they do not stop to think how marginal the first of these theses became in both the World Wars and how the nature of modern armament has changed the whole foundation for the second assumption. Likewise, they forget that a hypothesis fails when its foundation fails.

U.S. Has Become a "Have-Not" Nation

These friends somehow submerge in their thinking the fact that technological advances in all lines have created such new demands for raw materials that we have become largely a "have-not" nation. The need for scores of raw materials which were formerly scientific curiosities, and of which domestic sources are anywhere from grossly deficient to nonexistent, has changed from test-tube quantities to production-line quantities.

This is one of the fundamental reasons why our great nation, relatively self-sufficient in agricultural produce, relatively blessed with a great industrial capacity, relatively fortunate in its endowment of natural resources and raw materials, is suddenly more dependent than ever before on many other lands individually less blessed. Here is the clear reason why the 2 per cent of the earth's surface which we proudly call the United States of America is suddenly more concerned with control of that 70 per cent of the earth's surface covered by salt water than it ever has been before—for her physical security, her economic prosperity, her industrial product, her very standard of living.

"But why aircraft carriers," they ask, "when our only readily identifiable potential enemy probably has none—certainly not more than a few? We hear that the Soviets have five to ten times as many submarines as the Nazis had in September of 1939, and we just squeezed by last time; why don't you concentrate on this problem?" Apparently this question springs from some idea that weapons are built primarily to fight their counterparts. Yet, the same man ridicules the parallel fallacies that foot soldiers should fight only other foot soldiers, artillery shoot only at other artillery, tanks battle only other tanks, while he is nearly always aware that airplanes are the most valuable single modern weapon for fighting all elements of the enemy's strength.

The Navy is not a single-purpose force; neither is it built around a single weapon. It has the supervening missions of controlling the 70 per cent of the world's surface that is covered by salt water and of projecting the armed might of our nation onto any shore washed by those seas; and to accomplish these missions, it must have every kind of weapon suitable for the job.

It is common knowledge that the Soviets have numerous submarines, and you may wonder how the Navy plans to combat them. Our main antisubmarine weapon, though closely interwoven with many others, is the aircraft carrier. The Navy contemplates fighting enemy submarines in four general places. The least desirable place, of course, is in the vicinity of our convoys not only because here the battle is likely to be fought too late, but also because of the problems of underwater detection: classification as a submarine instead of as a false target, identification as an enemy, and finally hitting an elusive target maneuvering in a chosen and natural element.

It is much better to find and destroy them in the broad expanses of the ocean areas between their home bases and our lines of supply. Hunter-killer groups will do much of this work, and it will be highly effective, as it was in the later years of World War II. But everyone who has hunted for 400 feet of submarine in 4,000 miles of ocean knows that the task is not easy.

The third place the Navy plans to fight submarines is in the enemy's training area, where his ships may not have shaken out the bugs and where his crews may still be relative amateurs. This is good hunting ground for carrier planes.

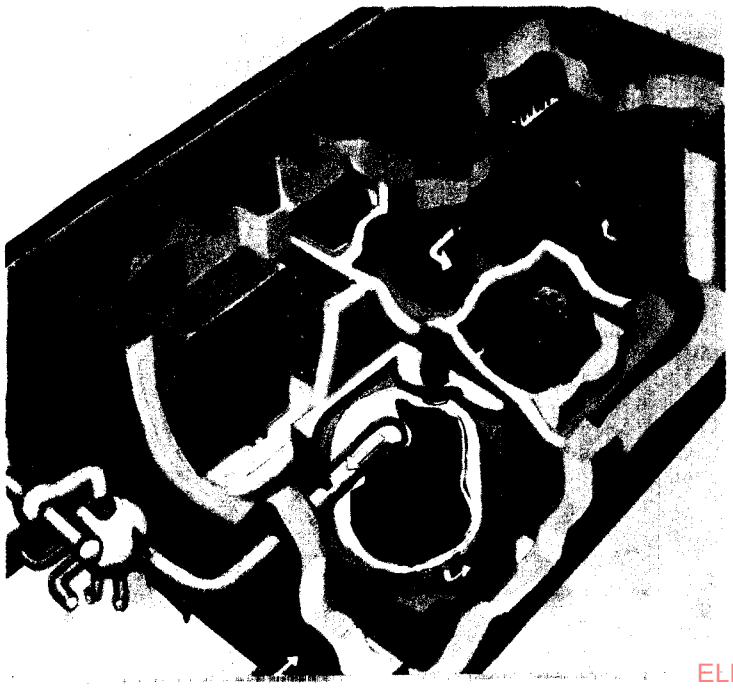
The fourth antisubmarine area is at the enemy's home base, alongside his docks, in his drydocks and submarine pens, while he is replenishing his stores, or repairing or maintaining his ships, or resting his crews. But while the problems of location, classification and identification are solved in these two areas, and while the fire-control problem takes on a totally different and a simpler aspect, they present a major obstacle of their own. These areas will be protected by the enemy's high-performance fighters, the interceptors, which will have control of the air until our own high-performance aircraft can drive them from it and make it possible for our attack-type aircraft to come in and deliver their highly destructive loads. This means that our fighter bases must be close enough to our targets to permit those short-legged craft to handle the job. Since it will be impossible to have land fighter bases that close, it means we have to move our mobile ones—our carriers—in there in order to get at them.

This is exactly the point where the need for new families of aircraft carriers becomes evident. Since World War II, the whole nature of aircraft has changed, so that about all they have in common with their ancestors of the past decade is guided flight through the air. They fly twice as fast, weigh twice as much, consume four times the fuel, land and take off faster and use twice as much runway; their performance advantages seem to go hand in hand with their operational disadvantages.

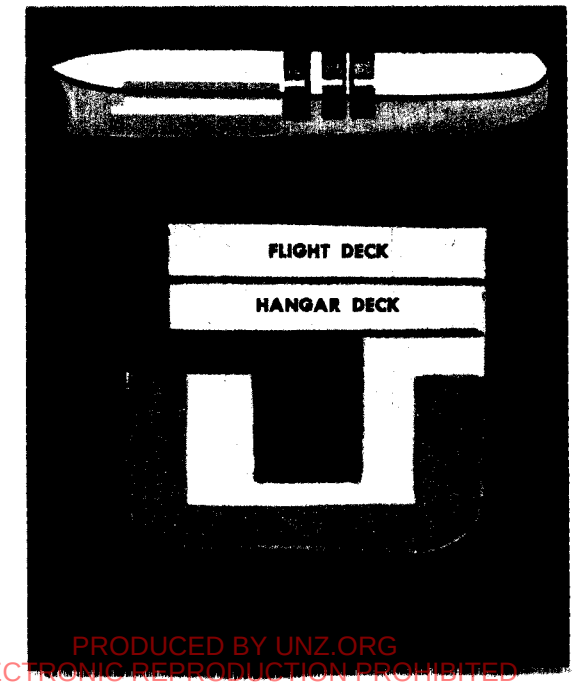
How to Capitalize on Our Advantages

Just as it is impossible, however, to wish away the disadvantages, so it is essential to capitalize on the advantages, if our aircraft are going to compete in the air. This is the very reason why we are spending billions of dollars on both old and new land air bases—doubling the length and increasing the strength of their runways, quadrupling their fuel-stowage facilities, multiplying their fueling equipment, increasing their hangar and shop facilities. The analogous improvements must be made in our mobile air bases, our aircraft carriers, to keep them capable of performing their missions, which are so

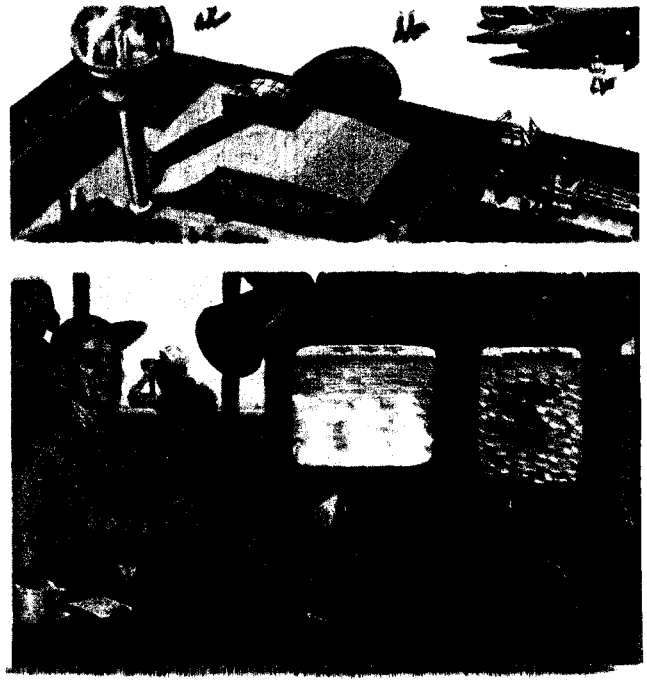
Ship's heart is atomic reactor (upper right). It heats fluid (red) which circulates around water-filled coils, making steam (yellow) for turbines. Fluid returns, starts cycle again



Side-view and cross-section diagrams point up space saved in atom carrier. Brown area represents obsolete air ducts; pink is old ship's fuel tanks, now usable for plane fuel



Top drawing shows bridge and conning tower being lowered from flight deck. In bottom picture skipper sits on bridge below deck, follows action on three television screens



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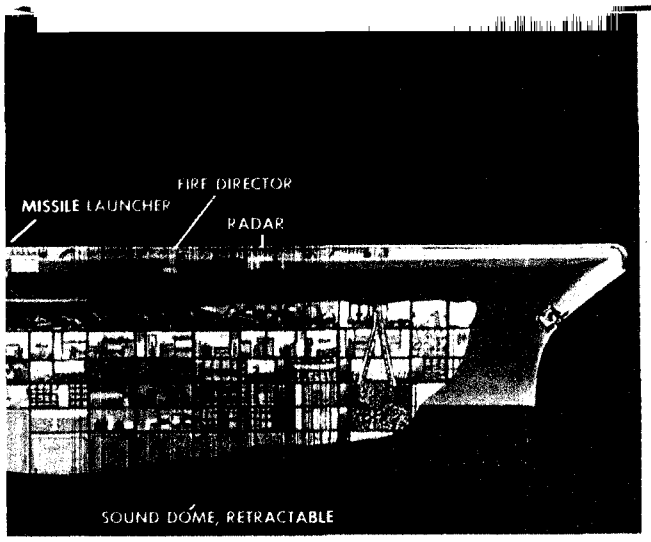
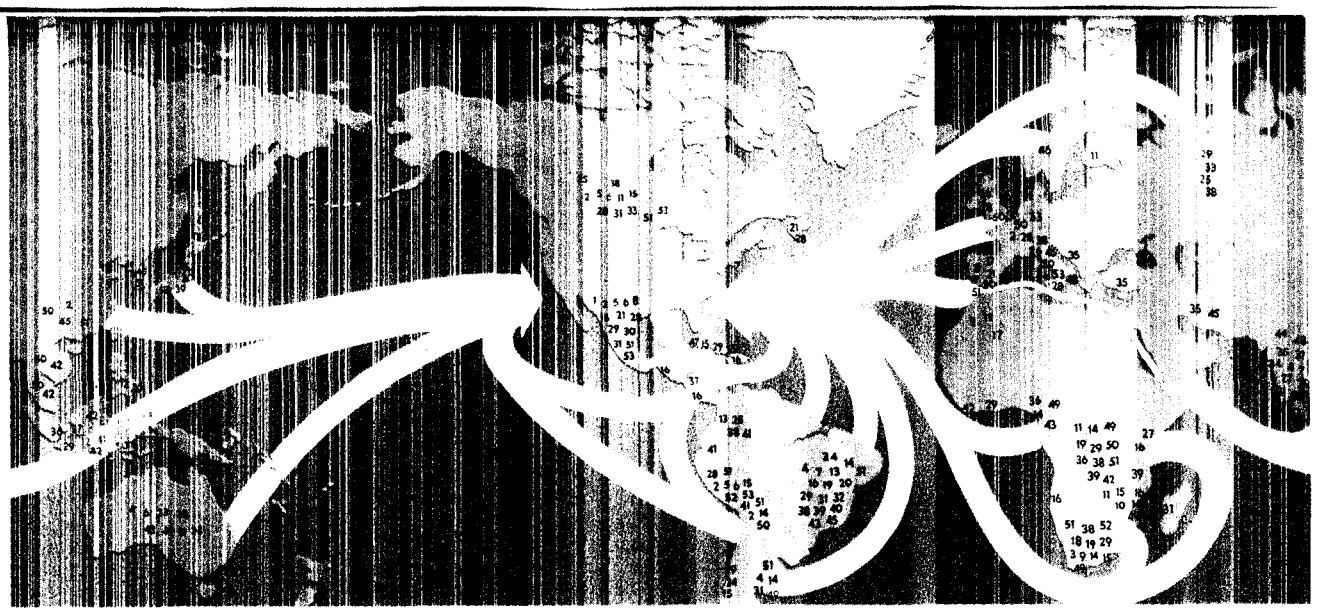


to port less often. Coupled with power from atomic energy, this means carrier can remain at sea longer than any ships now in service



One basic reason why the U.S. needs more and better carriers is symbolized by the map above. The arrows indicate routes to vital raw materials of which America has little or no native supply. If war comes, routes like these would be harried night and day by enemy submarines and aircraft. To protect our convoys, ensure that our stockpiles are maintained, we would lean heavily on aircraft carriers. What kinds of imports would be safeguarded? The list below shows more than 50—everything from tin to opium, all necessary in peace, all vital to war. The percentage figures for each show how much of our total supply is imported, how much we depend on the seas

1. Agar, 95%
2. Antimony, 90%
3. Asbestos, 100%
4. Beryl, 92%
5. Bismuth, 95%
6. Cadmium, 45%
7. Castor Oil, 95%
8. Celestite, 100%
9. Chromite, 100%
10. Chrysotile, 100%
11. Cobalt, 90%
12. Coconut Oil, 100%
13. Coffee, 100%
14. Columbite, 100%
15. Copper, 35%
16. Cordage, 100%
17. Cork, 100%
18. Corundum, 100%
19. Diamonds, 100%
20. Emetine, 100%
21. Fluorspar (Acid), 50%
22. Graphite, 100%
23. Hyoscine, 100%
24. Iodine, 50%
25. Iridium, 67%
26. Jewel Bearings, 90%
27. Kyanite, 100%
28. Lead, 50%
29. Manganese, 50%
30. Mercury, 90%
31. Mica, 100%
32. Monazite, 50%
33. Nickel, 90%
34. Zirconium, 100%
35. Opium, 100%
36. Palm Oil, 100%
37. Pepper, 100%
38. Platinum (Includes Palladium, Rhodium and Ruthenium), 90%
39. Pyrethrum, 100%
40. Quartz Crystals, 100%
41. Quinine, 100%
42. Rubber, 100%
43. Rutile, 85%
44. Shellac, 100%
45. Silk, 100%
46. Sperm Oil, 100%
47. Sugar, 100%
48. Talc, 100%
49. Tantalite, 90%
50. Tin, 100%
51. Tungsten, 100%
52. Vanadium, 75%
53. Zinc, 25%

much more essential in the second half of the twentieth century than ever before.

Each attack carrier in the fleet is not just a floating airfield, as it often is too conservatively described. It is a complete mobile air base. It not only has the operational equivalent of 10,000-foot, heavy-duty runways capable of launching and landing the most modern of high-performance planes, it also has the essential accessories—fuel, weapons, maintenance and repair shops and parts.

Can Strike Any Point on Earth

This mobile air base can move at high speed to striking range of any place on the face of the globe where American air power may be suddenly or urgently needed. Further, it can sustain itself for an indefinite period after it has reached there. Imagine what this will mean, with atomic bombers flying from atomic-powered carriers.

Mobility is a vast advantage on the attack—and also as a defensive attribute. The enemy rarely can be certain where a carrier task force is. He may work out its location for the moment, but in a short time it has moved—hundreds of miles overnight. He may locate a carrier task force moving toward one of his prime targets, assemble his forces to drive it off, only to discover next morning that it is moving on another target which he has stripped of defenses in order to protect the point at which he thought it was aiming. Or, if he is fortunate enough to locate it accurately, in order to attack it he must penetrate a defensive fleet of fighter aircraft and a volume of antiaircraft fire that no shore base, or even series of shore bases, could hope to duplicate.

Is an aircraft carrier easy to sink? If you think so, ask someone who has had experience either operating one or fighting against one. The chances of penetrating its defenses to a point anywhere near a carrier task force are slim indeed, and any attacker who succeeds in doing that much is walking into a buzz saw.

A carrier task force is provided with a tight net of radar which provides early warning from both airborne and distant surface radar pickets (even submarines can be utilized for this purpose, if necessary). By this means, high-performance jet fighters are directed into a position to intercept and shoot down enemy attackers.

Any aircraft that succeed in fighting their way through interceptors still have to face a greater concentration of antiaircraft fire than can be found anywhere else in the world except in another, similar task force.

The Power of One Carrier Task Force

The antiaircraft defenses of Carrier Task Force 38 in the Pacific during the last war were equal in weight and fire power to all of the AA guns committed to the defense of the entire United Kingdom in June, 1944. The progressive developments in guided missiles will make these defenses increasingly effective.

In World War II we had a total of 110 carriers of all types. Of these we lost six escort carriers (baby flattops) built on thin merchant-ship hulls, one light carrier and four older prewar carriers. Those damaged spent less than 10 per cent of service time under repair. No Essex-class carrier, the standard attack carrier of World War II, has ever been sunk. Anything that man has ever built can be destroyed—if one is willing to invest the effort, but experience and analysis indicate to me that a fast carrier task force is nearer to being invincible than vulnerable.

Our mastery of the sea gives us a tremendous advantage in any likely war of the future. Our potential enemies are weakest in sea power. They have vast land areas which are both a major strength and a major weakness, for they likewise have thousands of miles of coast lines to defend, and he who tries to be strong everywhere is strong nowhere. His weakness is an open door. We should be prepared to go through it, if that becomes necessary, with maximum striking force. We should be prepared to exploit our major strength, the only significant modern military weapon of which we as a nation have a virtual monopoly, against any enemy's major weakness. This will mean not just one, but many atomic-powered craft. We will need every atom of strength we can build. ▲▲▲

Because superstructure of carrier (bridge, radar antennas, etc.) is retractable, flight deck can be cleared for action. Space also is now available for four catapult launchers (gray slits on deck's outer edges). The new launchers can send off 32 planes every four minutes—four at a clip in flight formation. Some 30 seconds after one group is launched, next is airborne. Catapults will launch planes upwind, downwind, or crosswind. Stackless design eliminates obstructions, gases on deck; makes atom-powered carrier safer for landing

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BIGMOUTH *Number Thirteen*

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

It was as screwy a last will and testament as I've ever seen. The heir—that's me—was at the mercy of a fish and a covetous girl

I READ the letter three times, but it stuck to its original story. Uncle Henry was dead and buried, and as his only living kin I was to come to Dogwood, Oklahoma, at my convenience and have words with one Jake Ethridge, a lawyer. I had never met Uncle Henry, so I felt no loss. From the little my mother had told me, I'd gathered that he was a nickel-nursing rancher who had blown a fuse when his only sister (my mother) married a slick traveling shoe salesman (my father), and had disowned her. The fact that his opinion of my father had later proved to be fairly accurate in no way altered my opinion of him. On those rare occasions when he crossed my mind, I thought of him as an uncouth, hardhearted, solvent old goat. So now the old goat was dead, and I was in the chips, it seemed.

I looked up Dogwood on a map and wired the approximate time of my arrival to the lawyer. Then I obeyed a chronic impulse and quit my job with the vulgar advertising firm of Flintweed & Trawler. Retrieving my few personal belongings from the cubicle I'd inhabited forty hours a week for two years, I sought out and said farewell to the ravishingly lovely models I'd been seeing too much of during business hours and nothing of after four in the afternoon. Nicky, Dolly, Ginger and Gogo all reacted about the way I'd expected, which is to say that the mention of a legacy made their frosty eyes thaw into that familiar warm glitter of avarice peculiar to their sex and, perhaps, their profession.

"Jeffy, *darling!*" said Nicky, the cuddly brunette whose half-finished, scantily-draped likeness adorned the easel in my erstwhile cell. "So happy for you. Call me when you get back in town."

A big, fat likelihood. Her attitude had always been one of lofty disdain; she didn't fraternize with the hired help. Now check her. I looked at those four lovely prospectors and felt disillusioned. They were vain, greedy, fickle, commercial, imitation angels, and I had been made cynical, cynical. I had learned to mistrust beauty.

Shortly after lunch the next day I drove into Dogwood, Oklahoma, a mere village, and found the office of Jake Ethridge, where I parked behind a convertible occupied by a girl and a man. I went into the office and flushed a stout lady from behind a typewriter. She rose and issued a raspy challenge, and I identified myself.

"Counselor ain't here," she said. "Called outa town. Said if you showed up, tell you to go on out to the ranch; he'll see you there."

"Okay," I said. "How do I get to the ranch?"

"Walk, fly—ain't no concern of mine," she said. At first I had felt drawn to her because of her lack of charm. No more, boy. She would have looked sad in a bathing suit, but is that sufficient grounds for liking a woman? We glared for a spell, and she waddled to the street door and looked out. "Yoo-hoo, Ardus. Come in a sec, honey."

Ardus was the girl from the convertible, and she turned out to be a really beautiful girl with a body to match. At Flintweed & Trawler she would have been indexed as the "tawny, curvy, cuddly, exotic type," somewhere between Nicky and Gogo, with a little Ginger and Dolly thrown in. She wasn't tall, but she would certainly have been spectacular in a strapless evening dress or in her skivvies. I took an instant dislike to her.

"Ardus," the old dragon rasped, "this is that Keats *feller from St. Louis, old Hank's nephew.* Tell him how to git out to the ranch."

Ardus examined me nervously. "Well, Floyd drove me to town, but I guess I could ride back with Mr. Keats as far as our place, maybe."

"A pleasure, Miss—?" I said politely.

"McWhinney," she said. "Ardus McWhinney." She gave me a tepid smile, displaying even white teeth to go with her smoky gray eyes and coal-black hair. She was the kind of female to steer clear of if you had money. If you hadn't money, the problem wouldn't arise. Her tepid smile made me worry that Uncle Henry might have died penniless. She said, "I'm ready anytime, Mr. Keats." We went outside.

THE big dark guy detached himself from the convertible and came prowling over. He was a bulking brute, probably attractive to women in a sort of sullen, animal fashion. He was wearing cowboy clothes and a very suspicious expression. "What's up, Ardus?" he wanted to know.

"Mr. Keats, Floyd Nelson," Ardus murmured. "Floyd, this is Mr. *Keats,* and I'm going to ride with him and show him how to get out to the *Cross* ranch. Mr. *Keats* doesn't know the way." She was emphasizing the names, I thought, and Floyd developed an acutely intelligent look and said, "Oh, *Keats.* Huh. So *you're* this Keats guy."

"He is," Ardus said. "I'll see you later. Meanwhile, you be seining me some minnows, big ones." She gave me that lukewarm smile again. "You'll need to buy groceries. You'll be batching, Mr. Keats."

Interrogation elicited the information that the ranch was not modern, no electricity or gas or running water. So I drove to a store and bought stuff that wouldn't need refrigeration—bacon, canned goods, stuff like that. If she took me for a greenhorn she was sadly mistaken, as I outgrew that in the U.S. Infantry. Also I was a rabid fisherman, and could do passable camp cooking. So I stocked my larder wisely, and we went back out to the car and headed out of town. Ardus gave me directions for getting to the ranch, after which the conversation languished. But I didn't care enough to kick it awake.

It was a fine day—mellow sunshine, and balmy breezes pushing a few cotton-puff clouds across the sky; green hills and valleys covered with timber and splotched with snowdrifts of white dogwood blossoms. Gardening weather, fishing weather, the mating season. I should have felt either contented or disturbed, driving along with a beautiful girl at my side, but I felt neither. Maybe if she had been a plain girl with character, or strikingly ugly— But as it was, she merely reminded me of four ambitious, pebble-hearted models I knew. Start messing with her and the first thing you know she'd have her claws into Uncle Henry's estate, likely as not, I thought.

"What do you do for a living, Mr. Keats?" she said unexpectedly.

"I'm a painter," I said. "Advertising artist."

"Oh-*ho!*" she said. "An *artist!*"

"Oh-ho," I said. "What does Floyd do for a living?"

She said he managed a ranch for his father, the banker, and it figured. She would probably marry the combination to the bank vault. "I get out at the next mailbox," she added, and the next mailbox belonged to a luxurious ranch-style house with a big lawn and shade trees and a backdrop of white-painted barns and corrals. A daughter of wealth—that spoiled my theory about her marital

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She lay quietly across my lap and I belabored her backside with my palm. It hurt me much worse than it did her; she had a metal container in her hip pocket

intentions a little. She got out and gave me an odd look, furtive or something. "You turn left just beyond the bridge," she said. "So long, Keats."

"So long, McWhinney," I said, and I drove on for a quarter of a mile, crossed a bridge over a clear running stream, and turned into an old rutted road into the woods. The tracks followed the curving creek back toward the McWhinney place, and after a while it got where I was going, which wasn't much of anywhere: a clearing beside the stream, containing a small and elderly clapboard cabin, mossy with age and very disreputable. I felt stunned, betrayed, appalled. This was Uncle Henry's ranch? Where were all the barns bulging with grain and hay, the corrals bulging with fat cattle? Was *this* my legacy?

I recovered quickly. Uncle Henry had been a miser. I recalled all the newspaper stories about ragged old bums found dead in alleys with a million bucks cunningly sewed into their garments. Uncle Henry had undoubtedly rat-holed his wealth in a safe-deposit box. I wished the lawyer would hurry up and arrive and calm my troubled mind. I got out and inspected the cabin carefully. It was clean and livable, at least, with old and battered furnishings; it would be like camping out, but I *liked* camping out. And there was nothing wrong with the view.

So I moved some of my stuff in and took possession, and afterward I smoked a pipe on the sagging porch and looked at the creek and the trees and everything; and being so inclined, I began to wonder about the fishing potentialities of the clear little stream. A mess of perch or bass would lend itself to the illusion that I was on a camping trip.

When I'd assembled my fly rod and put on my waders, I discovered that the only nylon leader I had with me was eight-pound test, whereas I usually stuck to three-or-four-pound stuff. This would be unwieldy, but I had no choice. So I used the leader, tying on a large yellow popping bug, and began fishing upstream. Inside of ten minutes I had strung two fine brown bass, weighing about a pound apiece. After that I fished for the sheer pleasure of it.

Two hundred yards above the cabin there was a longer, wider, and deeper hole of water with an overhanging shelf of rock across from me. I waded quietly into the pool and began working along the ledge. On the *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

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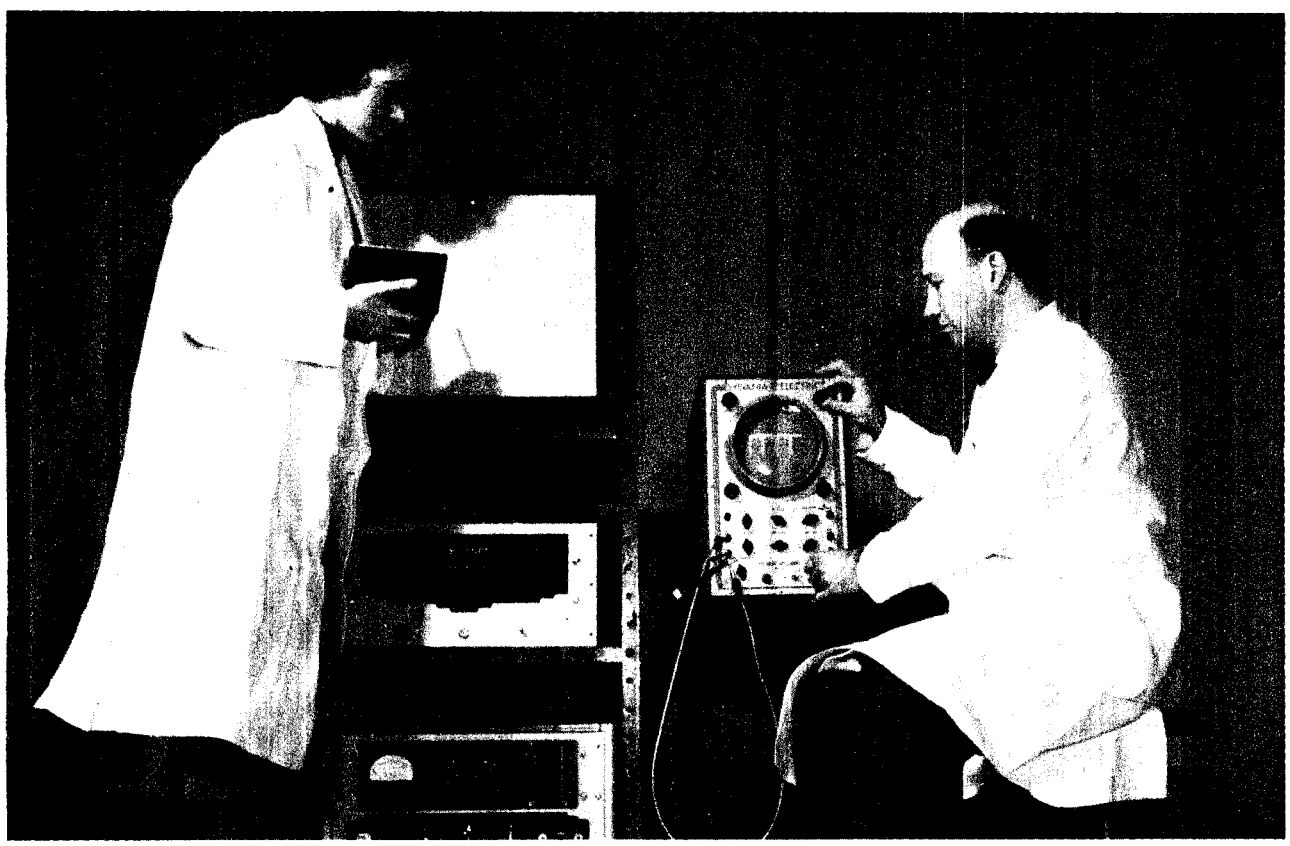
Dr. H. Christine Reilly, one of the Sloan-Kettering Institute's 17 women scientists, endlessly searches for an antibiotic against cancer. More than 7,000 chemical compounds have been tested

Dr. J. H. Burchenal, treating a child for leukemia, examines her mouth for indications of an overdosage



Dr. Robert C. Mellors and senior chemistry technician Adele Kupfer with an apparatus he invented which may lead to electronic detection of cancer. A light flashes when a cancer cell is located

Dr. Alice E. Moore inoculating eggs with Russian encephalitis, a virus which kills cancer in mice

Because Sloan-Kettering research leads into unexplored fields, its glass-blowing shop is called on to make unusual equipment. Here, John R. D'Angelo works on a double-jacket reflux condenser

Dr. Olof H. Pearson with a flame photometer which measures quantity of sodium or potassium in blood

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Progress Report on the WAR AGAINST CANCER

Scientists in a New York research institute have launched a new kind of attack on the great killer. Their brilliant and imaginative work has produced dramatic evidence that a cure may not be far away

By BEN MERSON

THERE are more than 250,000 persons in the United States today who have been completely cured of cancer. The cure for them was relatively simple. Their cancers—whether internal or external—were localized in a specific area; the malignant cells had not yet scattered widely through the body. Doctors removed the cancers by surgery and irradiation. And the patients are living proof of the cure.

Surgery such as this is now routine. And aside from modern operating-room techniques, the surgical theory is as ancient as Egypt, where the Pharaohs' physicians often removed skin tumors from royalty with the flick of a copper knife.

However, the great problem down through the ages and up to the present has been how to destroy cancer cells that have seeded like weeds through the body—and are beyond the reach of surgery, X rays or radium. It is this progressive affliction which kills a quarter of a million Americans yearly.

The conquest of these inoperable cancers —through chemistry or some related method—has been the hope of medical science. But because of the tremendous obstacles it has been a forlorn hope.

It no longer is.

Out of the research laboratories has come dramatic evidence that not only is such a cure possible, but probably inevitable in the future. Already one chemical completely cures a rat cancer. Two others cause a high rate of cures. An earth mold destroys certain malignant tumors in mice. And a virus cures leukemia—cancer of the blood—in fowl.

The evidence is based on a variety of experiments at the famed Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York. More than 10,000 chemicals, molds, hormones and viruses have been tested for their ability to destroy cancer in animals and in test tubes. Altogether 200 substances have been uncovered that restrain the growth of experimental cancer.

A few of these discoveries have been used on patients. And while they cause only temporary improvement, it is so definite that researchers are convinced they are on the right track. The other substances are still too toxic for human use. But scientists know these setbacks are the common obstacles in the path of all researchers—from Ehrlich and his six hundred and six attempts to create a "Magic Bullet" for syphilis, to the trial and error that ended the toxic effects of sulpha and made it a "wonder drug."

Even more encouraging is the fact that this progress has been made since only 1947, when Sloan-Kettering Institute was opened. The modernistic, 13-story glass and brick laboratory serves as the research division of Memorial Center in New York, largest non-government unit in the world devoted solely to cancer. Occupying a square block within sight of Manhattan's chuffing East River traffic, the project is an international model of co-operative research. It maintains an unbroken link between cancer scientist and cancer sufferer.

On one side of the laboratory stands Memorial Hospital, the nation's pioneer cancer hospital. On the other side is James Ewing Hospital, built by the City of New York and staffed by Memorial.

Nearby is the Strang Cancer Prevention Clinic.

The keynote of Sloan-Kettering is epitomized by the inscription on its entrance hall: "Within these walls a few labor unceasingly that many may live." Work goes on seven days a week. But despite its serious purpose the atmosphere is neither grim nor astringent. The long, building-length, pastel-painted corridors are reminiscent of a university science hall. And so are some of the auxiliary personnel. Of the 250 technicians, chemists, statisticians, librarians and laboratory assistants, more than half are women, many of them recent college graduates. Some are even young enough to spend part of their lunch hour visiting the institute's 41,600 laboratory animals—heroic proof of the young women's scientific bent, since most of the animals are rats and mice. Their cages occupy an entire floor, and they are fed by 13 caretakers.

WIDE WORLD

Massachusetts-born Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, head of Sloan-Kettering, drew on nine countries for his staff

Every other floor is taken up by the more than 100 individual laboratories. Some are large, others small; but all have a characteristic potpourri of smells, long tables neatly cluttered with test tubes, Bunsen burners, retorts and papers. In addition to these traditional devices, special laboratories are equipped with the most modern instruments necessary for conducting research on an adequate scale. There are also constant-temperature rooms for growing plant molds, refrigerated rooms for storing blood, a glass-blowing shop to make special glass vessels and an instrument shop to repair and manufacture precision tools.

Heading this complex organization and directing the research is fifty-four-year-old Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, a tall, spare native of Springfield, Massachusetts, who looks like —and has the energy of—a Yankee schoolmaster. His staff of 103 scientists, 17 of them women, are leaders in their field. Drawn together from all over the United States, Canada, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Germany, Israel—even Australia and Japan—they spearhead a ceaseless war against a common enemy. And their personalities are as varied as their backgrounds.

Representing all divisions of medical science, these men and women are attacking the cancer problem from every direction. Perhaps the most revolutionary concept is that a virus may be found that will kill human cancer cells. Viruses are parasites too small to be seen under an ordinary microscope. Baffling and elusive, they cause a host of diseases, such as mumps, polio and even the common cold. The idea that any of these disease bearers could be used to fight cancer was a brilliant scientific stab in the dark.

However, a virus *does* kill cancer in animals. This was proved by Dr. Alice E. Moore, the forthright chief of the department of virus study at Sloan-Kettering since 1948 and before that a staff member at the Rockefeller Foundation's yellow-fever vaccine laboratory in New York.

Dr. Moore and her associates injected cancerous mice with the virus of Russian Far East encephalitis. In three days the cancers were destroyed. But the virus then went on to kill the mice a week or 10 days later.

More successful were the results at Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, New York. At the request of Sloan-Kettering, Lederle tried the virus on chickens suffering from leukosis, a cancer that is a costly problem to poultry breeders. The virus completely cured the cancer without injuring the fowl.

But fowl are naturally immune to Russian encephalitis. Mice and men are not. When they are attacked by this scourge of the Siberian forest their nerve and brain cells are destroyed, and death always follows. There is no cure. There is only a preventive. Dr. Moore, her staff and Lederle technicians have been inoculated with this preventive—a vaccine discovered by the Russians in 1939.

So deadly is the disease that the heavy gray steel door of Dr. Moore's domain bears this warning: VIRUS AREA. NON-IMMUNIZED PERSONS KEEP OUT.

Dr. Moore tried immunizing the cancerous mice with the vaccine; then infecting them with the

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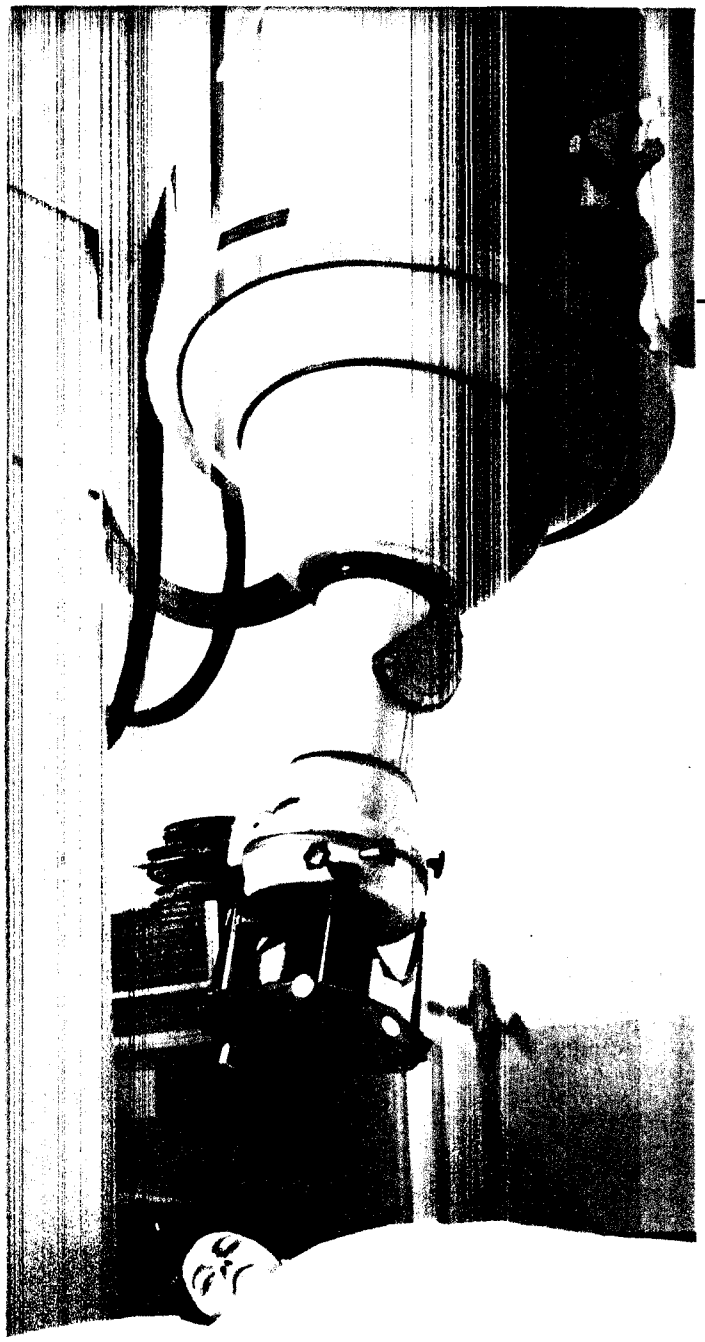

A million-volt X-ray machine used in the irradiation treatment of cancer. "Patient" is a hospital worker

Dr. Helene Toolan prepares mice for experiment; will inject fresh cancer tissue from humans into them

Cancer surgery once held impossible is now routine

virus. The mice neither became ill nor was their cancer cured.

Now researchers are working on another tack—to change the diet of the virus. As blue-eyed, forty-four-year-old Dr. Moore explained in the rolling drawl of her Bellevue, Ohio, home town: "There's nothing neurotic about these little parasites. They know what they like to eat. But if they can't get it, they adjust themselves to something else."

The project is going on day and night at Sloan-Kettering: to breed a strain of Russian encephalitis virus that will feed only on cancer tissue, and reject the brain. (It is somewhat like trying to breed a dog that will prefer fish to meat.)

Putting Virus-Infected Tissue to Work

This is being done by inoculating Russian encephalitis directly into the cancer of a mouse. The virus is left to multiply. Then the virus-infected tissue is cut out, ground up and injected into the cancer of another mouse. The procedure is repeated time after time.

So far the results have been exciting. Originally the virus killed the mouse cancer in three days before killing the animal. But Dr. Moore's new breed of cancer-eating virus cures in one day. And not all the mice die. Recently 10 out of 349 recovered completely.

"These survivors have received 10,000,000 times the average fatal dose of the original virus, and now the mice are immune both to Russian encephalitis and cancer, Dr. Moore told this reporter, as we sat in an office outside her tabooed laboratory.

She expects to get more regular results by continued improved selection of the virus. This has great portents. The virus might be the basis for a cancer cure someday.

Meanwhile, Dr. Moore has found three other viruses that cure animal cancer, but with much less speed. Known as Egypt 101, West Nile and Ilheus, they were discovered in West Africa, Egypt and Brazil during the Rockefeller Foundation's conquest of yellow fever. They are completely harmless to man, and Dr. Chester Southam is testing them on hospital cancer patients.

Last fall the viruses were given to nine men and eight women volunteer patients from Memorial Center, some of whom were suffering from cancers which could not be treated by any other means. Seven of the patients resisted infection. Among the remaining 10 who became infected, three showed definite but only temporary improvement. In every case where the cancer could be examined, tests showed that virus particles had lodged in the malignant tissue. This proved conclusively that viruses will attack cancer in man. However, these viruses are not quite powerful enough to kill the cancer.

Stepping up their power by training them on human cancer has just been made possible. The way was found last October by Dr. Helene Toolan, a dark-haired mother of two children.

Dr. Toolan, who was born in Chicago and who has the friendly casual manner of a high-school biology teacher, came to Sloan-Kettering in July, 1950, as an assistant. She recalls: "Dr. Rhoads told me that virus study was being delayed because there was no method for transplanting human cancer into animals."

All scientists could do at that time was to transplant cancer from one animal to a related species, like mouse cancer to a rat, after the rat had been given X rays.

Normally the white blood cells of the rat gather around the alien cancer and destroy it immediately. But if the rat is first exposed to X rays, the alien cancer will grow for a short time.

However, the method never worked at all with human cancer transplanted to animals. Dr. Toolan solved the problem by using fresh tissue removed from cancer patients in the hospital operating room. Minced by hand, the tissue is put into a hollow needle the thickness of a hatpin and injected into a white female weanling rat, which has just been irradiated.

"The human cancer," says Dr. Toolan, "will grow from 18 to 20 days. We can even transplant it to other rats, as often as six times. Up till now we have been able to do this with 15 types of cancer."

Occasionally, so that the human cancer can be watched more easily, it is transplanted to the mouth pouch of a hamster, a furry ratlike animal which looks somewhat like a rabbit. "But hamsters are too temperamental," said Dr. Toolan. "Each one requires a different amount of X ray. And the cancer disappears after only 12 days."

Because of the time and effort involved, Dr. Toolan can send only a small number of human cancer-bearing rats to Dr. Moore's "virus-training" laboratory.

Dr. Moore is using these rats both to increase the power of her mild viruses and change the lethal appetite of Russian encephalitis.

As Dr. Moore's work goes on in the virus laboratory, other researchers have made dynamic progress in the fight against leukemia, deadly cancer of the blood. Only a short time ago there was no hope. Tragically, many of the victims are children. For with infectious diseases brought under control by antibiotics, leukemia—along with other types of cancer—is the chief disease killer of children between the ages of five and fourteen.

Today, new drugs literally snatch many, but not all, young leukemia victims from the brink of the grave. Their bleeding stops. Their pain vanishes. Their appetite increases. Almost overnight they become carefree, normal children.

"Every symptom of their disease disappears," recounts a hospital spokesman. "But this miraculous recovery is not permanent."

After a while relapse slowly sets in. The children apparently develop a resistance to the drugs. The cancer cells return to the blood stream. The disease continues on its inexorable path.

Yet doctors are convinced their temporary success is a milestone. It is axiomatic that science never stands still. It always goes forward.

Researchers Make Dramatic Discovery

The discovery of these antileukemia drugs is as dramatic as their effects. Researchers noticed that cancer cells, especially those of leukemia, grow more rapidly than normal cells, and presumably require more food. They finally tracked down a component of this food, a vitamin called folic acid. Perhaps without folic acid these cancer cells would stop growing.

To create a folic acid deficiency in the body of a leukemia sufferer is difficult. Almost everything in the human diet contains folic acid. Moreover, it is constantly being manufactured by bacteria in the intestinal tract.

What science needed were chemical compounds so similar to folic acid that the ravenous cancer cells would eat them in mistake for their real food. Like feeding a horse straw, instead of hay, until he starves to death.

As often happens in research, the project became a co-operative venture. The Children's Medical Center in Boston and Sloan-Kettering asked the aid of the Lederle Laboratories in providing chemicals like folic acid but unusable in the body as such. Named antifolic acids they were perfected in 1948 and first tested in Boston by Dr. Sidney Farber. Their amazing but transient effect on children has inspired an intensive search for chemicals of greater potency. The Burroughs Wellcome & Company laboratories in Tuckahoe, New York, joined the search. They prepared a number of chemicals capable of restraining cancer in experimental animals. None has so far been proved to be superior to the antifolics in relieving leukemia in children.

Equally curious is the manner in which two other antileukemia agents were detected. They have made medical history in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. But early in 1948 when Dr. Olof H. Pearson, an associate in the metabolism department, received them at Sloan-Kettering, they were merely a couple of hormones called

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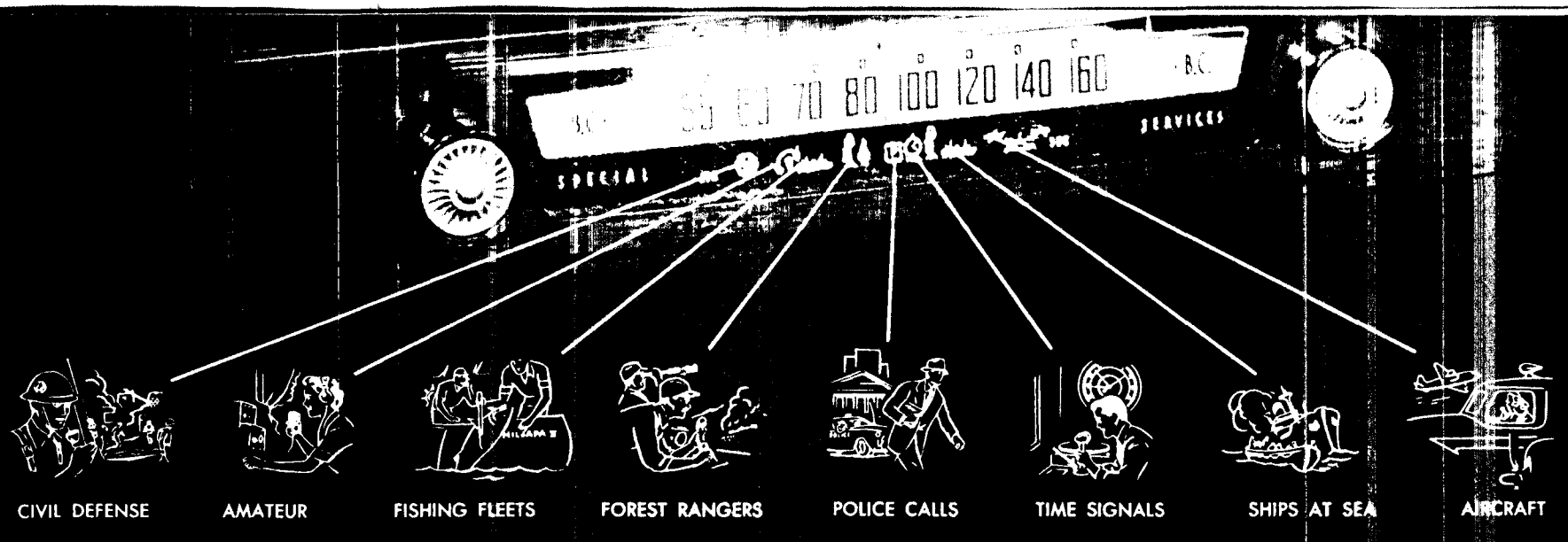

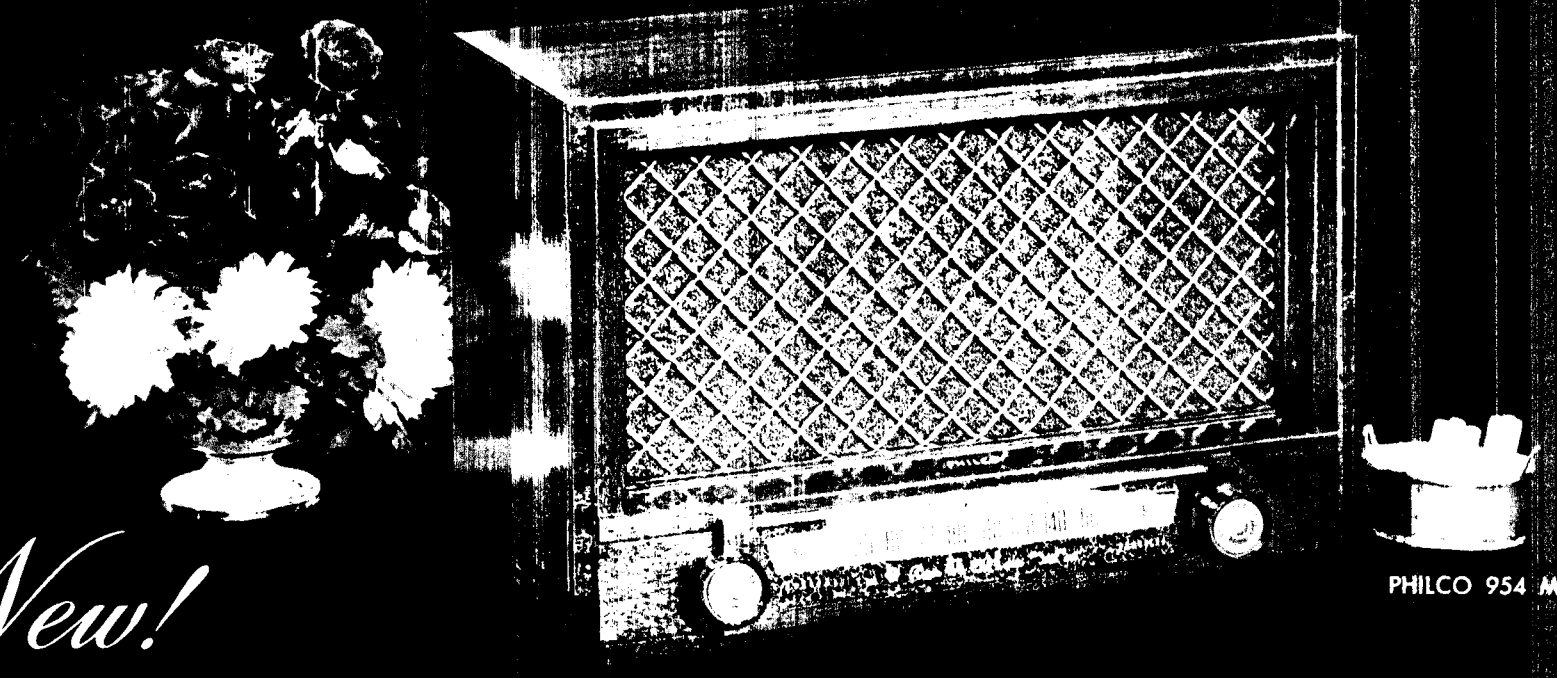

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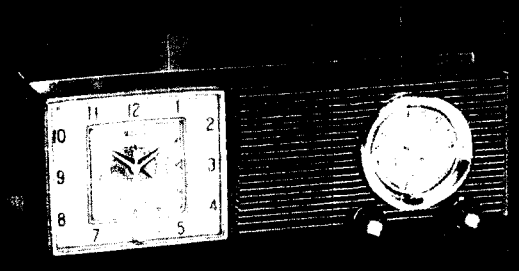

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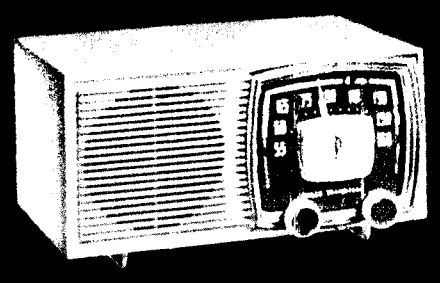

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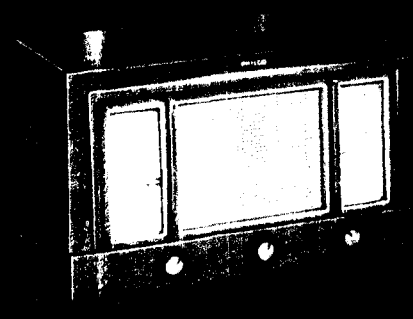

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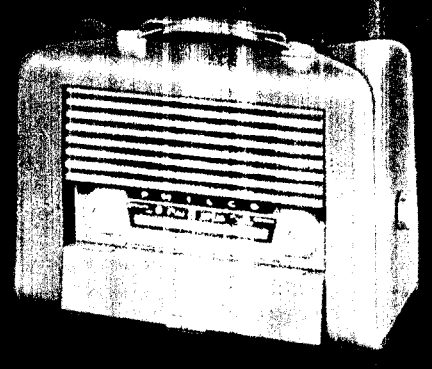

PHILCO 658 MULTIWAVE PORTABLE

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An army of 103 researchers, headed by experts in many branches of science, is attacking

ACTH and cortisone—apparently unrelated to cancer.

All that the husky, Harvard-trained Dr. Pearson knew about them was that cortisone was an adrenal hormone, and that ACTH stimulated the adrenals to produce cortisone. He also knew that cancer patients have an adrenal malfunction. With the logic of a country doctor, whom he resembles in appearance, Dr. Pearson figured that these two hormones might make the glands perform more normally.

He was right. ACTH and cortisone worked on a number of young leukemia victims even faster than antifolic acid, but for a shorter time. At the moment all three drugs are being used alternately, so that cancer cells will have less chance to become resistant. By this method some young leukemia sufferers are leading normal lives for months before the disease goes beyond control.

But strangest of all is the story of the fourth chemical used in the fight against blood cancer. It started with one of the worst disasters of World War II, when enemy bombers on the bitter winter night of December 2, 1943, trapped an Allied supply fleet off Bari, on the southern peninsula of Italy.

Sixteen ships, carrying fuel and explosives, blew up and sank in a volley of tremendous explosions. Oil and flames covered the water. And from the oil issued a pungent, nauseating odor, like garlic. The odor was that of deadly mustard gas. Loaded into bombs, 100 tons of it had been brought to Bari aboard one of the sunken American Liberty ships—the John Harvey—after Allied intelligence learned that both the Germans and Japanese were planning to use poison gas against our troops.

Hundreds of Army and Navy personnel perished in the sea. But among those who were pulled from the water to die later in hospitals, doctors reported a hitherto little known reaction to mustard gas: the white cells disappeared almost entirely from the blood of the stricken men, leaving only the red cells.

Men Who Did Not Die in Vain

Futile as war may be, the death of these men was not meaningless. For their fatal symptoms were *exactly the opposite of cancer of the blood, where the red cells vanish while the white cells run riot.*

The implications were plain. They confirmed the previous limited observations of Dr. Alfred Gilman and Dr. Fred Philips at Yale Medical School. Derivatives of mustard gas might be used on patients to reverse the pattern of blood cancer—and thus become a saver of lives instead of a wartime killer.

The U.S. Army in 1945 turned this information over to Sloan-Kettering, the Billings Hospital in Chicago and the University of Utah Medical School, in Salt Lake City. Working together, the three institutions succeeded the following year in proving that nitrogen mustard could be administered to cancer patients by injection.

Its useful effects, however, were limited to certain forms of cancer arising in the blood-forming tissues and rarely in the lungs. Furthermore, the results are only temporary.

Experiments continued at Sloan-Kettering with every compound even vaguely related to nitrogen mustard. Such procedure is always followed in hopes of getting better weapons. And by tedious digging, researchers working with the American Cyanamid Company in 1949 made the astonishing discovery of a fifth compound for fighting cancer. This was TEM (triethylene melamine). Formerly its sole use—and not too useful at that—was by the textile industry to prevent rayons from shrinking.

Laboratory tests at Sloan-Kettering caused great excitement. TEM was the only one of the five chemicals that cured certain rat cancers completely. Nitrogen mustard had cured 90 per cent of the cases.

Used on patients, TEM and nitrogen mustard have powerful, though temporary, restraining effects on such cancers of the blood as Hodgkin's disease and lymphosarcoma. TEM is particularly valuable because it comes in pill form and can be taken at home. Like the other chemicals, however, the effects are not permanent.

Never Too Busy for Sympathy

Heading the entire leukemia research program is Dr. Joseph H. Burchenal, thirty-nine, a genial native of Milford, Delaware, who is never too busy to talk to an anguished parent or a puzzled laboratory assistant. The father of three daughters, Dr. Burchenal has great compassion for children stricken by leukemia.

He says, "The fact that certain of these chemicals cause the symptoms of leukemia to disappear, even temporarily, encourages investigators to believe that a permanent cure for this disease may one day be found."

Clues to the use of ACTH and cortisone in treatment of leukemia came from Sloan-Kettering's hormone studies, which until his recent death were directed by Dr. Konrad Dobriner. His work as head of the Steroid Metabolism Division is being carried on by Dr. Thomas F. Gallagher, a former Chicago University professor, who had been chief of Sloan-Kettering's steroid biochemistry section.

The hormone program is the largest of its kind and comes closest to fulfilling the ancient medical dream of "solving the secret of human existence." Manufactured by the endocrine glands, hormones are the spark plugs of life. They determine our size, weight and personality; and cause the changes in our bodies at adolescence and as we grow older.

Cancer has long been linked to abnormal hormone production, especially that of the steroid hormones, which are produced by the sex and adrenal glands. Tumors often occur in parts of the body, controlled by the steroids. Despite this, science had little knowledge of these glandular secretions.

They are invisible as they travel through the blood stream. And when they are excreted in the urine, their form is so altered and microscopic that researchers had trouble in telling what glands produced them.

The riddle was solved by Dr. Dobriner and Dr. Gallagher. Taking synthetic hormones, Dr. Gallagher attached an atomic tag—such as radioactive carbon or hydrogen—to each molecule. Then Dr. Dobriner injected the hormones into patients. By recovering the tagged molecules from the urine Dr. Dobriner learned what gland produced them and how they looked in final form.

Simple as it sounds, this technique, begun in 1947, is tremendously complex. Urine samples had to be collected for months from each individual. Healthy persons as well as cancer patients had to be tested and in them nonradioactive atoms had to be used. And to isolate just one tagged molecule took from 250 to 2,500 test tubes. In addition, routine urine samples were taken from healthy persons.

Dr. Dobriner found some startling facts hitherto unknown to science: Healthy persons tend to have a common hormone pattern. Cancer patients often have a somewhat different pattern—and a mystery hormone found rarely in other diseases. Moreover, this mystery hormone has been found in two persons years before they developed obvious cancer.

Paradoxically, this last fact was highlighted by the case of one of Dr. Dobriner's own technicians. She was among the first to volunteer for testing when the program was started. Her hormone pattern showed definite trace of the mystery element. Yet otherwise she appeared perfectly normal.

It was not until years later that she began to develop breast cancer. Before it could spread, an operation was performed and she recovered completely.

Because of the enormously complicated technique, hormone analysis cannot yet be put into general practice. Lately, the procedure has been speeded up by using infrared rays to identify the steroids. Ultimately, the hope is to make it a means for cancer detection. Perhaps also for cancer prevention by administering hormones to restore a normal pattern in potential victims. Many years and much work will be required before we will know whether this hope can be realized.

The hormone program is the hub from which all cancer research stemmed at Sloan-Kettering. Background studies in the steroids were originally set in motion by Dr. Rhoads in 1940, when he was director of Memorial Hospital. His early work at Memorial with Dr. Dobriner convinced him that an expanded research effort might find a solution for cancer not found in surgery or irradiation.

The hospital had neither the funds nor the facilities. Moreover, many in the medical profession did not share Dr. Rhoads's opinion. The majority of doctors believed cancer was "a special case, a mystery," as Dr. Rhoads recalled in May, 1951, before the Academy of Medicine in New York. They thought that concentrating on cancer would be useless; that nothing would solve it "short of exposing the secret of life itself, whatever that may be."

In 1945, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of General Motors Corporation, became interested in the struggle to conquer cancer. He and Dr. Rhoads agreed that the problem ought to be tackled by co-operative laboratory research side by side with its practical application to patients with cancer.

Sloan made this a reality by providing $2,700,000 to build the laboratory, completed in 1947, which bears his name and that of Charles F. Kettering, the automotive research genius with whom he has been so long associated. He also pledged $200,000 a year (later increased to $300,000) toward the institute's $2,000,000 annual budget; the balance of which is being met by the American Cancer Society, the U.S. Public Health Service, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, the Black-Stevenson Foundation and private contributors.

Dr. Chester Southam giving a virus intravenously to a cancer patient. More than 12,000 chemicals, molds, hormones, viruses have been tested

Without Sloan's gift and the help of the other contributors, Memorial Center could not function. For it is a nonprofit venture dedicated solely to science and the easing of human suffering. It has no endowment.

In addition to its direct link with Memorial Hospital, James Ewing Hospital and the Strang Prevention Clinic, Sloan-Kettering serves as a graduate division for Cornell University Medical College and co-operates with more than 100 university laboratories and pharmaceutical firms in testing chemicals for possible use against cancer.

Performing these tests is a major activity. At least 150 compounds are checked each week. In addition, hundreds of individuals also send in remedies "that I have seen work with my own eyes." Most of them are farfetched. But researchers take nothing for granted. If the individual is sincere, and clearly identifies the "remedy," it is tested like everything else. As one researcher explained: "We can't afford to go in for medical snobbery. What would have happened to TEM if we had refused to test chemicals for processing rayons?"

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the mystery of cancer on scores of fronts

As a result, countless homemade "cures" have been investigated, ranging from castor oil to lemon peel, from wheat germ to mushroom juice. Mushroom juice actually had some slight effect on mouse cancer. It proved worthless on patients.

Before anything is used on man—even innocuous mushroom juice—it is first studied and classified by chemists. Then it is tried on malignant tissue grown in test tubes. If it kills the tissue, it is tested on mice.

Ten healthy mice are implanted with a fast-growing mouse cancer. Five of the mice are left alone, so the cancers can grow normally. The other five are injected with the experimental compound. They receive these injections daily for a week.

On the eighth day, comparisons are made between the cancers of the mice which were left alone and the cancers of the mice which received the injections. If the cancers decrease less than 25 per cent, the test substance is discarded. A 25 to 50 per cent decrease is called a "slight effect"; 50 to 75 per cent a "good effect"; and total disappearance, "marked effect."

These steps are only preliminary. The substance must now pass a series of definitive tests by Japanese-born Dr. Kanematsu Sugiura, chief of the experimental tumor section. The sixty-year-old scientist is the dean of researchers at Sloan-Kettering. He started at Memorial Hospital in 1917, and joined the institute's staff when it was formed.

Dr. Sugiura uses hundreds of laboratory animals to check the cancer-killing effectiveness of the substance on 23 different kinds of malignant tumors. The material is then sent to pharmacology, which works out a dosage for patients.

So thorough and time-consuming is the program that it takes between six months and a year before any one substance can be tried on a patient.

Waste of Effort Is Avoided

Yet the testing program, paradoxically, is a tremendous timesaver. It prevents researchers from wasting effort on discoveries which seem, on the surface, to have wondrous possibilities but are actually dangerous. A typical instance occurred during the search by young Dr. H. Christine Reilly for an antibiotic against cancer.

Antibiotics, such as penicillin and streptomycin, are by-products of nature, arising from plants, molds and certain forms of bacteria. Among these was one called aspergillus fumigatus. Its product killed cancer in the test tube and worked powerfully on mice. But like the Russian encephalitis virus, it eventually killed the mouse.

At first the aspergillus product could not be isolated. Finally a method was found to purify it. Before this was put into effect, pharmacologists reported aspergillus extract could never be used on man. No matter how much the mold was refined, it would always cause serious injury to animals.

Although the tests ruled out aspergillus fumigatus, they came up with important data. Many new families of molds have been tested. Initial experiments in animals have been impressive. And the antibiotics program is being expanded on a par with the other large-scale laboratory projects.

As the search for a cancer cure goes on ceaselessly, doctors and scientists have made great strides in improving the everyday methods used by hospitals and clinics. One of the most notable is Dr. Robert C. Mellors' discovery of a principle which may possibly lead to electronic cancer detection.

Dr. Mellors, thirty-six, who comes from Cincinnati, Ohio, is chief of Sloan-Kettering's cytochemistry (cell study) section. His invention is based on the discovery years ago by Professor George Papanicolaou, of Cornell Medical College, that cancer cells are present in the fluids discharged by the body openings. When stained with a dye, the malignant tissues take up more dye than the normal tissues. Viewed under a microscope, internal cancers—such as of the uterus, bladder, kidney, intestine and lung—can thus often be detected in an early and curable stage.

A Detector of Cancer Cells

Dr. Mellors' machine, which looks like a huge juke box, may eventually do away with the initial tedious microscopic examination by the trained observer. When it meets a cancer cell it flashes a light that is tallied on a chart. When it meets a normal one it remains dark. It can screen 100,000 cells a minute and so may permit the pathologist to concentrate his skill on suspicious cells.

Meanwhile, another electronic invention, the betatron, first developed at the University of Illinois, is being installed at Memorial Center. Twenty-five times more powerful than any at Memorial at present, the machine will generate 25,000,000 volts for the production of X rays and beta rays—high-speed particles of negative electricity—that have cancer-killing properties similar to X rays and radium.

In contrast to the betatron is the use of a simple instrument for giving ultra-fast blood transfusions. The device works by ordinary pressure, like a tire pump, and requires no special skill to operate. By merely squeezing a bulb, doctors can inject a pint of blood into a patient's veins in three minutes, as opposed to half an hour by conventional means. The onrushing blood quickly rallies the patient from profound surgical shock, which otherwise could mean his death.

Other scientists at Sloan-Kettering and elsewhere have utilized a method to transplant blood vessels from one part of the body to another; transplant them from patient to patient, or, if necessary, store them in a bank for future use, as blood plasma is stored.

Most spectacular of all is the revelation of several laboratories that a common salt can save the lives of cancer sufferers who undergo radical surgery. Many of these patients died within five days. There was no apparent reason, until biochemical tests at the institute showed they were suffering from lack of potassium, which caused heart failure. Now potassium injections thwart the fatal aftermath.

Bulwarked by these discoveries, surgeons today are performing operations that would have been impossible five years ago. The rate of survival has risen in almost every type of cancer except of the lung. Success is due to surgeons not only removing the cancer, but all areas where the cancer can spread. This is no longer hopeful guesswork. For the laboratories have charted mathematically the course of potential invasion. And surgery has kept pace, going now where it never dared go before.

But there is a barrier beyond which surgery can never go: the conquest of inoperable cancer, the deadliest form of all. Scientists are convinced this battle will be won in the laboratory. They have found new weapons in viruses, chemicals and hormones. And they are slowly learning to wield them. ▲▲▲

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$50,000
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WIN ONE OF THESE GREAT PRIZES!
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FULL INSTRUCTIONS and CONTEST BLANK on WRAPPER of EVERY MASON MINT
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Just open the wrapper from any delicious Mason Mint. It is all you need for your contest blank. Treat yourself to the best chocolate-mint you ever tasted AND YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE WONDERFUL AWARDS!
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2. Mail your entry to Mason Mints Contest, P.O. Box 940, New York 46, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 15, 1952.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter, except employees of Mason Candies Inc., its advertising agencies and their families. Entries must be the contestants' own original work, submitted in their own names.
4. Entries will be judged by the R. L. Polk Co., nationally known judging organization on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. Only one prize to a family.
5. All entries become the property of Mason Candies Inc. to use as they see fit and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a complete list of winners, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local laws. Valid only where state law allows.
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A PORTION OF THE SALE OF EVERY MASON MINT IS DONATED TO THE DAMON RUNYON MEMORIAL FUND.

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It's New And It's News!

Firestone

FOR SUPER TRACTION AND EXTRA SAFETY

MORE TRACTION ON ICE

The Firestone Town and Country has a wider, flatter tread for greater contact with the road and scientifically-designed traction elements for safe starting and stopping on ice, frozen rain, or hard-packed snow.

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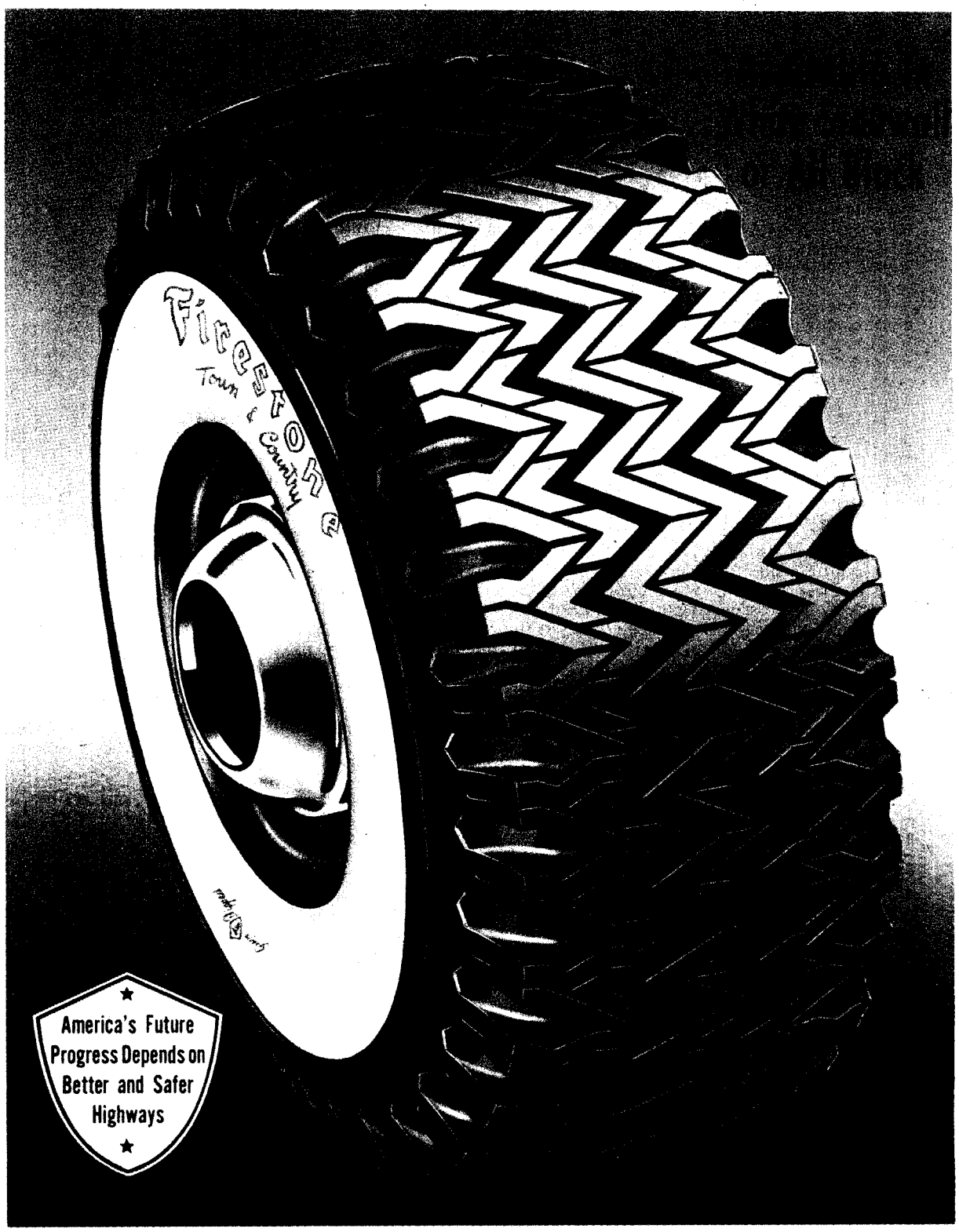
With Firestone Town and Country tires on your car, you have super traction to pull out of deep mud. The wider, deeper, flatter, self-cleaning tread and the extra-rugged shoulder elements give you the pulling power you need.



ANOTHER PROOF THAT YOUR SAFETY

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Announcing the All-Season *Town & Country*

ON ICE OR SNOW . . . IN RAIN OR MUD

Outperforms and Outwears Any Other Traction Tire Ever Made

HERE is an important announcement to car owners who want super traction and extra safety at all seasons of the year!

The new Firestone Town and Country is the *first* and *only* tire with a tread that gives you super traction and extra safety on any type of road and in any kind of weather . . . and at the same time gives you longer mileage, quiet operation, smooth-riding comfort and ease of steering never before found in any traction tire.

With Firestone Town and Country tires on your car, you can pull out of deep snow or clinging mud because the tread digs in and cleans itself automatically. And you get the greatest protection against skidding ever built into a tire.

Go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and equip your car with Firestone Town and Country tires, the tires that always give you super traction and extra safety on ice or snow, in rain or mud.

MORE TRACTION IN SNOW

When the snow is deep and the going is tough, the exclusive Firestone Town and Country tread with its sharp traction edges penetrates and bites into the snow to give you super traction and extra safety not found in any other tire.

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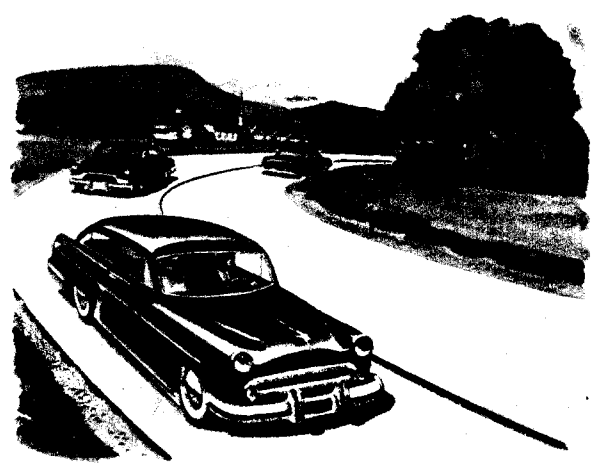
EXTRA SAFETY IN RAIN

Most bad skids occur on wet pavements. But the Firestone Town and Country has a tread that is designed to give you safe, sure, straight-line stops without dangerous skidding. And this non-skid safety lasts for the life of the tire.

SMOOTHER, QUIETER

Continuous tread design assures riding comfort and prevents annoying whine, rumble and vibration often found in other traction tires. Super-Balloon construction absorbs shocks. Safti-Lock Gum-Dipped body resists blowouts.



LONGER MILEAGE

The tread of the Firestone Town and Country tire is specially compounded and exclusively designed to deliver long, dependable, trouble-free mileage. Even when driven on dry roads there is no excessive or premature tread wear.

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IS OUR BUSINESS AT FIRESTONE !

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The key player's boot had to be replaced—and it was size 12½. "Take off your shoes," the frantic coach barked at his bench warmers

FOOTBALL FUNNIES

By FURMAN BISHER and EDWIN POPE

The fans may take the game seriously on Saturdays, but during the week they like to recall the wonderful tales of gridiron daffiness. Heard these yet?

BIG Stanley Gorzelnik was an end at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, a school in Troy, New York, not famed for its athletic prowess. But the 210-pound Gorzelnik was a special case. Not only was he a fine player; he was practically the whole 1947 team.

Never was his importance better demonstrated than in that year's RPI-Buffalo game, played on the latter team's home grounds. Gorzelnik rose to new heights, and the inspired RPI squad held the favored Buffalo to a 7-7 tie in the third quarter.

Then there was a pile-up, and Gorzelnik's left shoe was torn so badly he had to leave the game. While head coach Ed Jontos frantically dispatched agents in search of a shoe large enough to fit Gorzelnik's size 12½ foot, Buffalo began to pick up yardage around the end that Stanley had vacated.

Desperate, Jontos turned to his bench. "Take off your shoes," he barked. "You guys don't know what size you're wearing, anyway!"

The shoe-strip developed nothing so large as a 12½. Ultimately, trainer Tom Sheehan managed a crude repair job with adhesive tape on the end's huge boot, and Gorzelnik was sent back into the game, but Buffalo had scored in his absence and held a 14-7 lead. The undermanned Rensselaer team didn't have the steam to produce another touchdown and the game ended in heartbreaking defeat. The RPI dressing room was like a tomb as the players wearily went about their showers. There was an occasional murmur of remorse, but otherwise stony silence.

Coach Jontos sat in a corner, head bowed, slowly unlacing his shoes. He pulled one of them off, glanced inside and suddenly hurled it across the room with a bellow that could be heard for blocks. It was size 12½.

* * *

As long as Bill Levandowski coaches football, he'll always feel a special comradeship for any quarterback he sends in to play his first game.

Levandowski is now a coach at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire. But he was an end at the University of New Hampshire in 1948, when coach Bill Glassford (since moved to Nebraska) converted him to second-string quarterback for his T-formation. The first-team quarter-

DRAWINGS BY WILLARD MULLIN

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The "Gobble-uns" were gobbled up

——by electricity and "Your Unseen Friend"

"TO BED, to bed, you sleepy head!"

And, with mother carrying the lamp, up you went, scared of your own shadow! Only you thought it was "gobble-uns"—big, fearsome, shadowy "gobble-uns" that *git you ef you don't watch out.*

But, today, those scary "gobble-uns" are gone.

The electric light bulb killed 'em off. "Your Unseen Friend" had a hand in their passing, too.

Most incandescent lamps have lead-in wires made partly of Nickel because it has just the right kind of mechanical properties . . . partly of a special Nickel alloy that expands on heating at the same rate as glass. And this Nickel helps bulb makers produce longer-lasting lamps.

It also helps light these lamps: helps electric light and power companies bring you current that costs about one-third less today than in the twenties, while most family budget items went up. One of America's many *production-for-freedom* miracles!

How was this miracle achieved? Well, power companies and their equipment suppliers found ways to get about twice as much electrical energy from each pound of fuel. This increased efficiency means improved generating methods which require equipment operating at much higher pressures and temperatures. This, in turn, calls for Nickel and Nickel-containing alloys . . . enduring metals that resist corrosion and stand right up to terrific heat and pressure.

Inco Nickel is always on call to help all industry serve you better . . . by producing more and more for less and less . . . the American way. You seldom see it, though, because it's usually intermixed with other metals to add strength, toughness, or other properties.

That is why Inco Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

You and "Your Unseen Friend": *morning, noon and night, Inco Nickel is always with you—helping to make your life easier, brighter, more pleasant, more worthwhile. Just how? "The Romance of Nickel" tells you. Send for your free copy. Write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 925a, New York 5, N. Y.* © 1952 T.I.N. Co.

Inco Nickel ...Your Unseen Friend

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Did you ever hear the one about the tree growing on a gridiron? Or the coach who

back was junior Bruce Mather, and it was some time before Glassford got around to calling on green-replacement Levandowski.

When he did, however, Glassford noted that Levandowski was very nervous.

"Take it easy," encouraged the coach. "Remember—you're the boss out there. Don't let any of these seniors confuse you. You're running the ball game! You're calling the plays!"

Morally fortified, Levandowski dashed bravely onto the field. He took charge of the huddle with a forceful address. "No lip from any of you guys!" he snarled. "I'm running the show out here, and the coach will back me up!"

There was a long, startled pause. Nobody said a word, while the seconds ticked off. Then, in a meek, small voice, Levandowski spoke again:

"Anybody got any suggestions?"

* * *

Ken Pridgeon of the University of Houston went through the entire 1951 season without getting off a bad punt, which helps explain why the Cougars found themselves in the Salad Bowl at Phoenix on New Year's Day, 1952.

But trouble came in the second period. It was fourth and eight on Houston's own 28, and coach Clyde Lee called on his able punter. "Go in there and kick the ball out of bounds," Lee said.

Pridgeon did. He booted the ball off the side of his foot and out of bounds—squarely at the line of scrimmage! The unhappy Pridgeon loped off the field, head down, to face his stricken coach. But Lee managed a smile and patted his boy on the back.

"That's all right, son," he said hoarsely. "Next time just don't follow my instructions so closely."

* * *

At the University of Georgia, they will always remember Alonzo Freeman Awtrey as the best-dressed pass receiver in history.

It happened in 1912, a year when the rivalry between the Bulldogs and Alabama reached such heights of passion that the game was played on neutral ground, in Columbus, Georgia. Before the game, coach Alex Cunningham summoned reserve halfback Awtrey and addressed him thusly:

"You're to wear your street clothes today." He brushed aside the substitute's startled objections. "That's right, your street clothes! If we receive the kickoff, you stay on the side lines. Then on the first play, you'll race out onto the field, catch a long pass and run for all you're worth!"

"But, Coach," protested Awtrey, "these are the only pants I have with me, and I've got a date with my girl tonight."

"What's more important: a date with your girl, or a victory over Alabama?" Cunningham roared. Naturally, this appeal worked.

Accordingly, after Georgia received the kickoff, the team lined up for the first play with only 10 men. On the snap, Timon Bowden took the ball. Awtrey, lurking on the side lines, dashed out onto the field. Bowden threw a long strike to him, and Awtrey was out in the clear!

The anguished Alabamans took off in pursuit, and soon Awtrey heard the thunder of overtaking footsteps. They got nearer and nearer, and it seemed the mufti-clad runner would be tackled right on the goal line. But Awtrey had other ideas. On the 10-yard line, with a couple of husky opponents hard on his heels, he abruptly halted and carefully downed the ball!

Victory or no victory, he wasn't going to mess up his only pair of trousers.

A near-riot ensued, but the gain held, and Georgia eventually won, 13 to 9.

* * *

Few teams have spent so disastrous a few minutes as the Colorado School of Mines freshmen did last year against Colorado A&M. When the action started, it came as a break for the Miners; their Bob Graham intercepted a pass and ran it back to the A&M 22. Then the fullback picked up eight yards on the first down, and it looked as if a touchdown might be in the making.

Suddenly the Mines team went into reverse. On second down there was an 11-yard loss. A passer faded back on the third down, and was smeared for a 29-yard loss. When the center snapped the ball for the fourth down, it sailed over the would-be punter's head and bounced merrily down the field, with both teams in hot pursuit. A&M recovered—in the Miner's end zone! Result, after three plays: a loss of 86 yards and six points.

* * *

The longest run in the game between Southern Illinois University and Eastern Illinois State, played at Carbondale in 1951, was made by a small boy whose identity was never established.

The ball was in Southern's possession on Eastern's 30-yard line when the boy darted onto the field between plays. He swooped down, picked up the ball and raced for an exit almost 100 yards away, at the other end of the stadium.

The 5,000 fans, players and officials didn't realize what was happening until boy and ball neared the exit. Then, as the crowd gleefully cheered the boy on, the field announcer yelled over the public address system:

"Somebody close the gate! *The ball's running away!*"

But it was too late. The boy disappeared through the gate with his prize.

Shortly thereafter, another ball having been provided, Southern Illinois U. really lost it, to Eastern Illinois State. Soon, the gun went off ending the game. Southern lost that, too, 47-19.

* * *

It's stock stuff in the movies: the scene in which the emotional football player, charged up by his coach's moving pregame exhortation, leads the dash out of the dressing room with a roaring, "Let's go get 'em, men!" But a big, impressionable tackle named Butch Newman gave it a new twist.

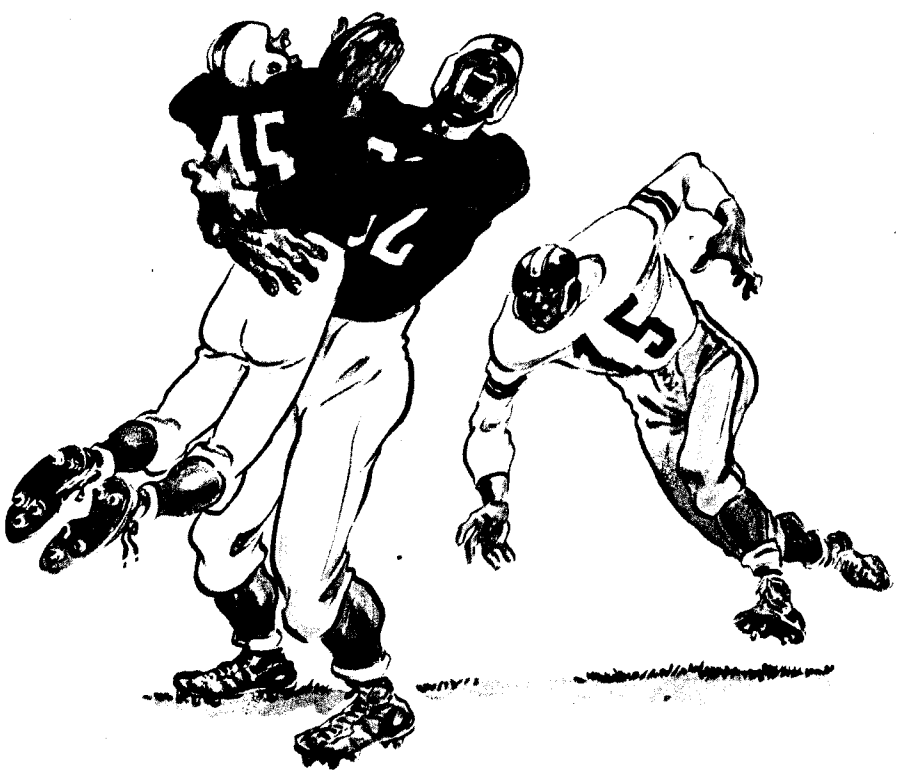
Syracuse was playing Nebraska, about 20 years ago, and Lew Andreas, the Syracuse coach, made an eloquent appeal for victory over the Cornhuskers. Then he unleashed his male animals with the traditional, "Go out and get 'em!"

Newman led the charge toward the door. But he never reached it. He forgot to duck for an overhanging beam, and was knocked colder than an Eskimo well-digger's feet.

* * *

The big home-coming game at Central State College in Oklahoma last season was a tight one all the way. Central State and the Southwestern Institute of Technology had swapped touchdown for touchdown and the score stood even as the game neared its end.

Then Harold Eldridge, State's fastest back, broke loose. From deep in his own territory he raced for the goal line, with a 230-pound guard running interference. Finally, only the Southwestern safety man barred the way to the end zone. The crowd watched tensely as the burly State



"We did it," he shouted happily, ignoring the onrushing tackler

They remember him as the best-dressed pass receiver in history

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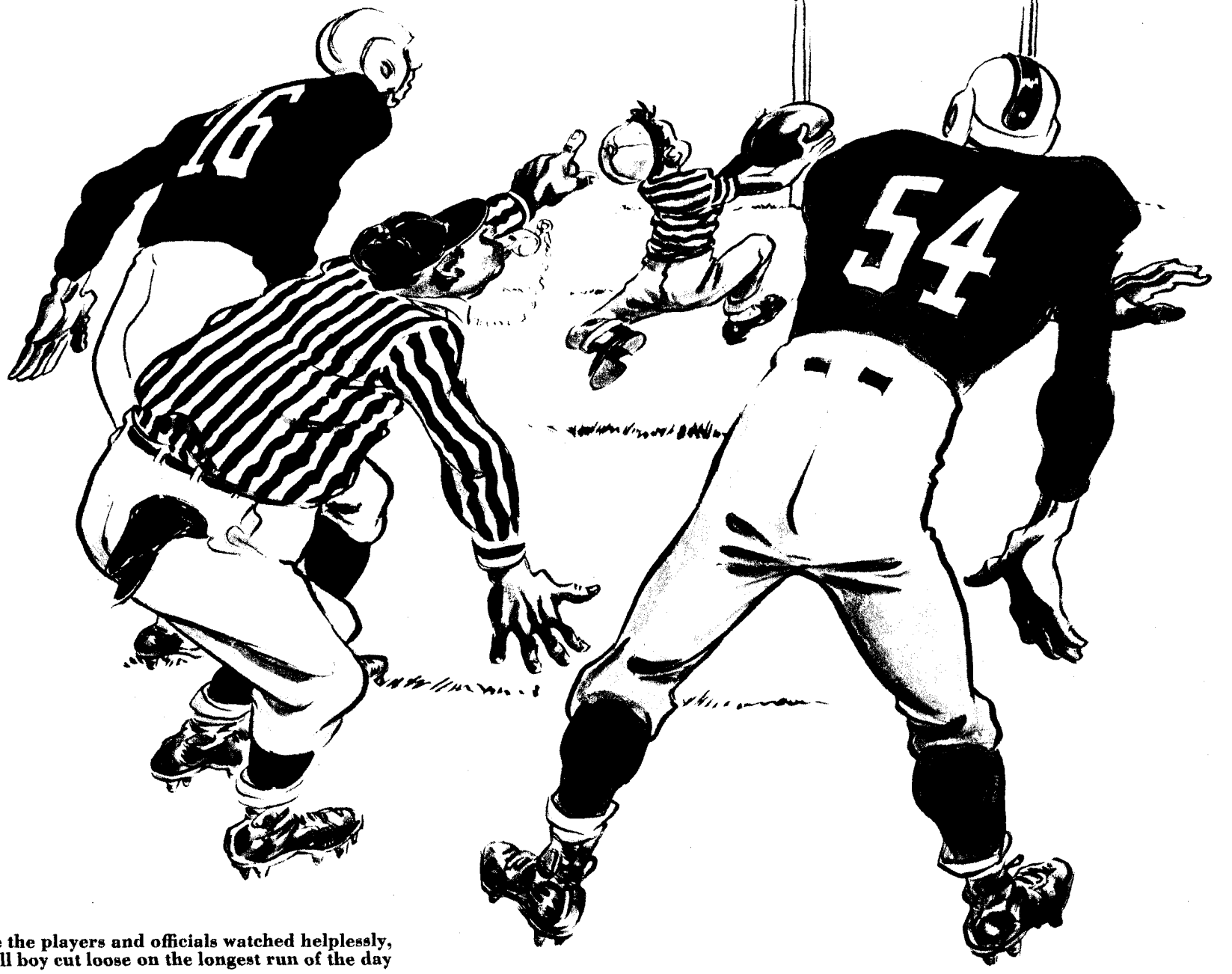
literally floored a player with a "Go get 'em" speech?



While the players and officials watched helplessly, a small boy cut loose on the longest run of the day

guard threw a beautiful block, ending the danger, and then flung his arms around teammate Eldridge. "We did it, we did it!" he shouted jubilantly.

Suddenly, the two State players were engulfed by a mass of opponents. The big guard had made one miscalculation: he had clutched Eldridge to his bosom *before* the runner had crossed the goal line. State never did make that touchdown; it eventually lost the game by six points.

* * *

Before Colorado State College got a field clock, game time was kept by an official at a table on the side lines.

One Saturday, State's Bears were battling a traditional foe, and seconds were precious as the game approached its end. Coach John W. Hancock turned to a substitute and ordered:

"Go check on the time, son."

The substitute raced off toward the timer's table. In a moment he was back, breathless.

"Well?" Hancock asked impatiently.

"It's a quarter to ten, Coach," the substitute said.

* * *

It's a courageous quarterback who calls for a pass into the north end zone of Patterson Field at Pennsylvania's Ursinus College. Here's why:

Back in the early twenties, Ursinus had a dean named Whorten A. Kline. Kline was a beloved figure on the campus. He, in turn, had a special affection for a certain buttonwood tree on the Ursinus grounds. He was understandably dismayed, therefore, when there was talk of chopping down the tree to make way for a construction project. He protested, and when that failed, issued an ultimatum:

If the tree went, he would go, too.

And that's how it happens that a handsome buttonwood tree spreads its leafy branches across the end zone of Patterson Field—a "twelfth man" on constant guard against aerial touchdowns.

* * *

George Gipp is often regarded not only as the greatest football player in Notre Dame history, but also as one of the most willing to assume a financial risk.

One day in 1919, the Irish played little Mount Union College. Gipp was in the defensive backfield when Mount Union made its first serious threat of the day. The Irish were ahead by a substantial margin, but one score against the great Notre Dame team would make the day a success for Mount Union.

Suddenly, the smaller school turned the trick. An end raced by Gipp, gathered in a pass and hustled into the end zone. The crowd was amazed. And the most amazing sight of all had been Gipp. All during the play, he hadn't even moved!

Infuriated, coach Knute Rockne removed his star from the game. "Have you lost your mind?" he roared. "What on earth was the idea of just standing there while that fellow ran past you?"

"Well, Coach," Gipp said thoughtfully, "I got to thinking as that fellow came toward me, and I said to myself, 'George, old man, let's make a friendly bet. I'll bet you he doesn't catch the ball.'

"And he *shouldn't* have, Coach! I had the percentages going for me!"

* * *

Football has fallen on barren ground at City College of New York in recent seasons. But there was one Saturday when the Beavers lived riotously, swamping Susquehanna College of Pennsylvania, 59-0.

Coach Frank Tubridy of CCNY, as surprised as anyone, felt called upon to offer an explanation. "I want you to know," he told the Pennsylvanians apologetically, "that we had no desire to run up such an unnecessary margin of points. It's just that our boys have never been trained to keep the score down and didn't know how to do it." ▲▲▲

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HOT PEPPER

By HAZEL HECKMAN

Cassie dearly loved excitement, and she didn't care who she hurt to get it. The new girl looked like the perfect victim

WHEN Evie Blaine's folks moved to Picket Rock, Kansas, along about 1913, Evie was in the third grade, and all legs. "She looks like a katydid," Cassie Fike said that first morning. Cassie was turning rope, and Evie was jumping High Water, flinging her legs out sideways and lifting her knees high, so that her waist supporters showed. Cassie was always comparing people to animals. Miss Breedlove, the Little School teacher, looked like a mule, Cassie said. And Bert Ellis, who had big ears and white eyelashes, looked like a kangaroo. It was true, too, a little bit.

"She's got nice curls," I said. I wanted curls the worst way. Evie wore a wide taffeta-ribbon bow on top of her head, fastened by a gold-colored clasp.

"I wouldn't have *curls,*" Cassie said, tossing her straight Dutch bob. "Mrs. Blaine does Evie's hair up every night on rags and kid curlers. I wouldn't sleep on all that junk." Cassie had trimmed her own bang and it went whicker-jawed.

Cassie didn't care about anything much, clothes *or* hair. All Cassie really liked was stirring up a ruckus. She had a gift for stirring. If the girls were playing town ball and Cassie got mad because an out hadn't been counted, or because it had, she would start yelling, "Cheater! Cheater! Cheater!" and presently she would have the whole side yelling. Then they would split off, probably, and go play jacks or jump rope. But Cassie always went a little further than anyone else.

It was almost time for first bell, but Mrs. Blaine, who had walked to school with Evie, still stood on the front veranda talking with Miss Breedlove. Mrs. Blaine was a dumpy little woman with a bent nose and thick ankles. "She looks like a parrot," Cassie said. "She had her face lifted once and the wrinkles filled with sealing wax."

"How do you know *that?*" I asked.

"I just know," Cassie said. You couldn't pin Cassie down.

Evie looked a little like her mother, but not much. She was already almost as tall, and she had the same big eyes and wide-apart teeth. But Evie wasn't fat, and her nose was straight and a trifle pointed. Mrs. Blaine kept looking across at Evie as she talked with Miss Breedlove.

"Watch Mamma's girl miss," Cassie said. She pulled the rope high suddenly and flopped Evie's skirt up over the seat of her drawers, and Evie stumbled and missed.

"Hot Pepper!" Cassie yelled. Josie Daggs ran in, and Cassie started turning hot, and the rope beat the dust from the packed earth and made a hissing sound. But Cassie couldn't make *Josie* miss. Josie's face got red and her braids came loose

Both girls were good runners. Cassie kept yelling for Evie to stop, and she kept yelling to us to head her off. To this day, it fills me with shame to remember that I did nothing to help save Evie

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

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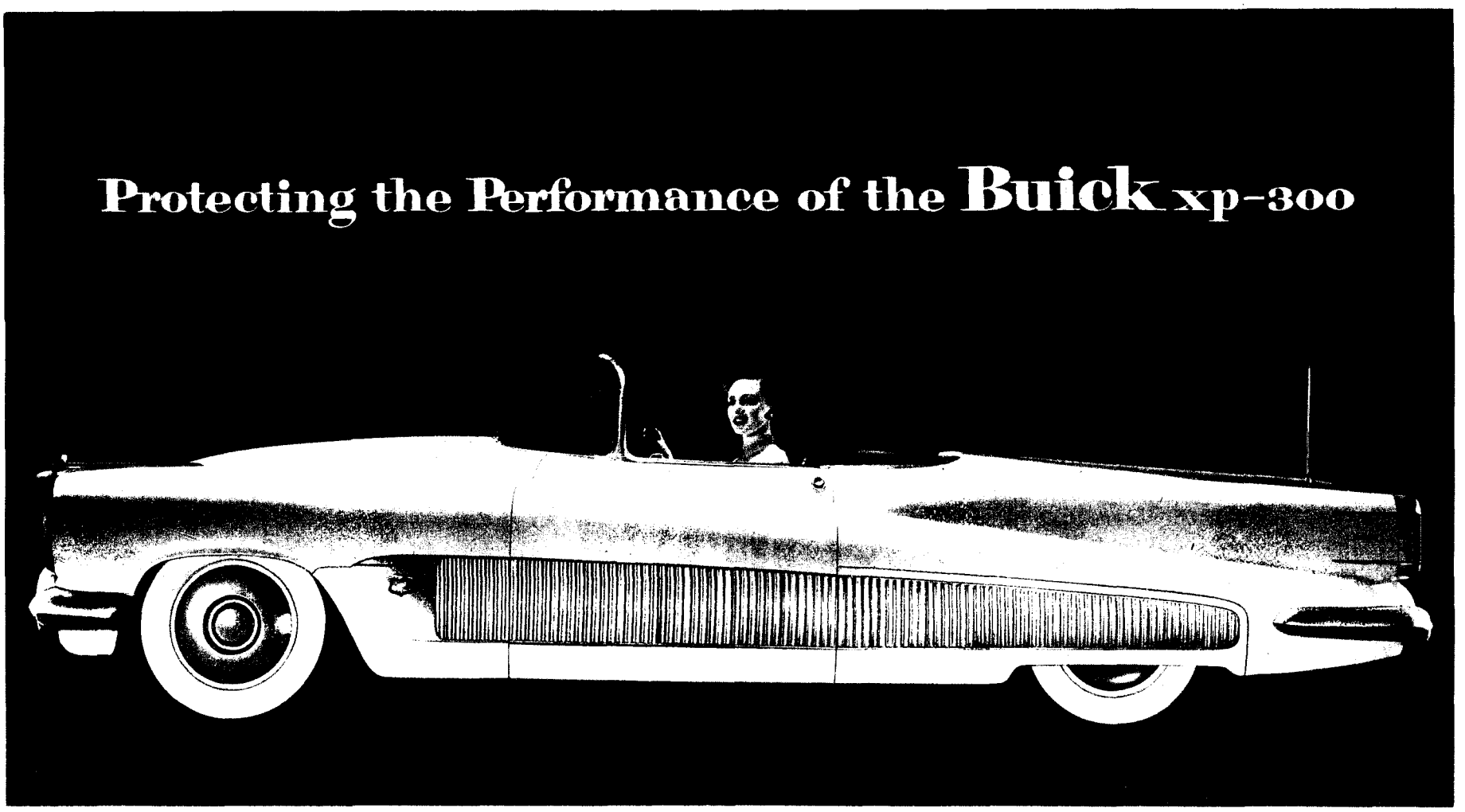
Protecting the Performance of the Buick XP-300



SLEEK AS A SWALLOW, Buick's XP-300—an experimental laboratory on wheels—embodies many of industry's most advanced ideas, including a supercharged 335-horsepower engine.

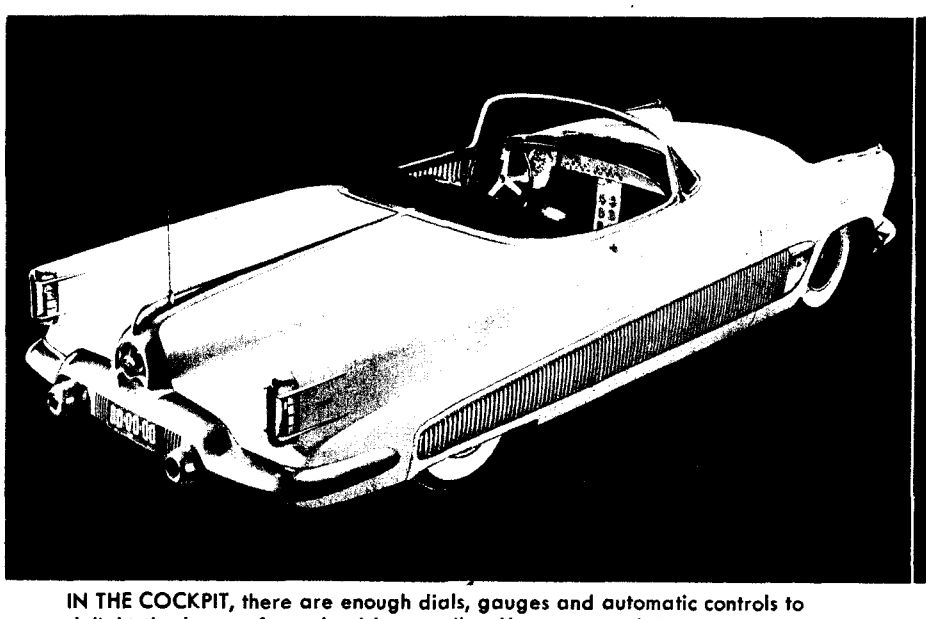
WHEN BUICK engineers first considered the experimental model, XP-300, they had but one idea in mind . . . to translate their dreams of the car of the future into reality. The magnificent result you see here.

As you might imagine, there's far more to this car ideal than its striking styling. For, under its graceful hood, there's a giant of an engine that is destined to change many present-day concepts of motoring performance.

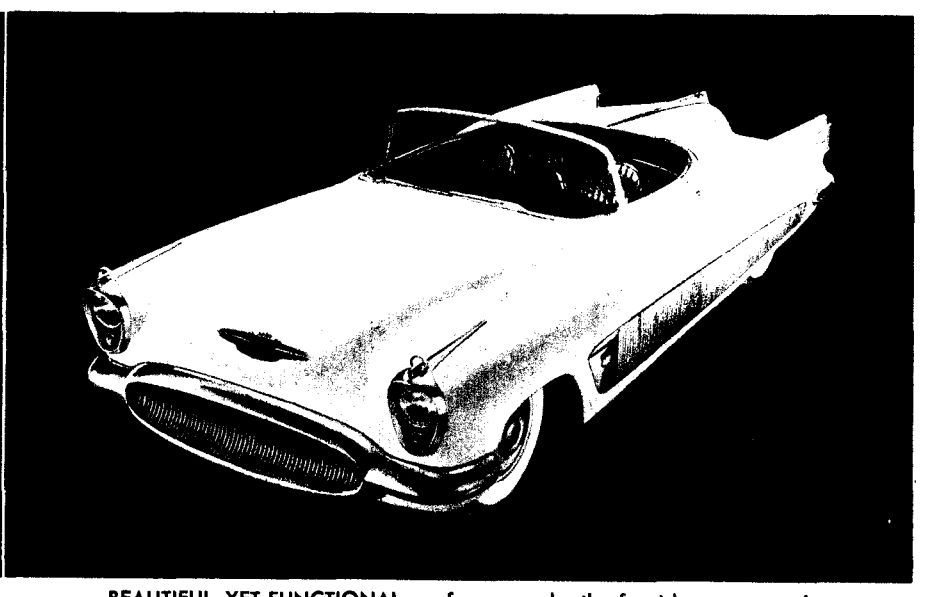
To protect the performance of its 335-horsepower engine, Buick engineers specified the exclusive use of AC Oil Filters with ALUVAC Elements!

ALUVAC is the AC-developed filtering material that removes dirt particles as small as 1/100,000 of an inch from engine oil. It's unaffected by moisture, hot oil and harmful crankcase acids. Furthermore, it provides 10 times the filtering area of ordinary elements.

You will be glad to know that AC *ALUVAC* Elements are available for almost every car. Why not ask for one next time you have your oil changed?



IN THE COCKPIT, there are enough dials, gauges and automatic controls to delight the heart of any land-borne pilot. However, each is important to better driving. Bucket seats feature matching safety belts.



BEAUTIFUL, YET FUNCTIONAL . . . for example, the front bumper opening directs cooling air through the radiator. Forward side louvre openings allow heated air to escape from the engine compartment.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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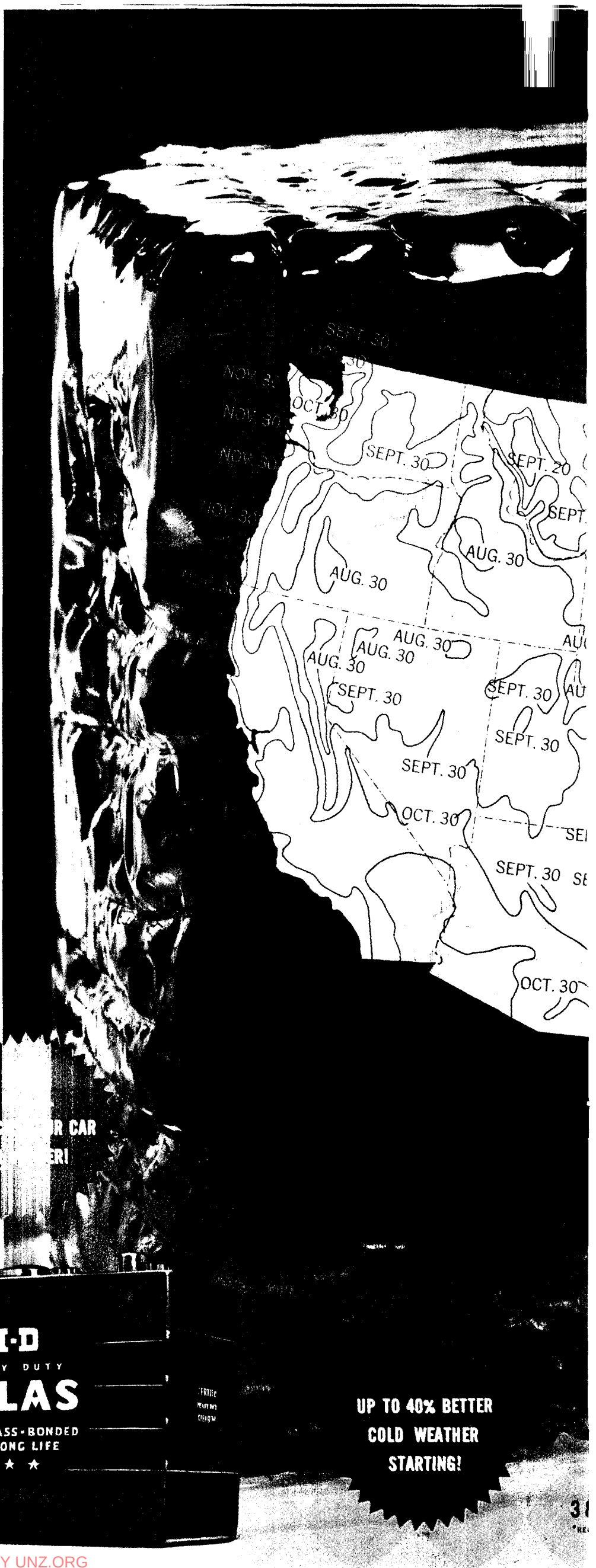
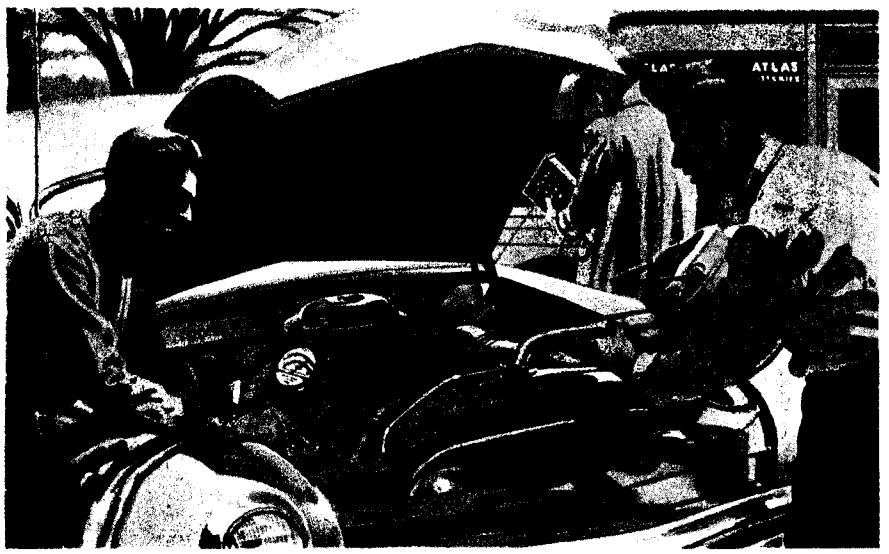
HERE'S WHEN TO EXPECT FROST!



Lines on map show when first killing frost is likely to hit your area. They are based on 50-year averages as recorded by the U. S. Weather Bureau. *Before cold strikes, take your car to your Atlas dealer for a Fall Change-Over!*

BE PREPARED FOR THE FIRST COLD WEATHER!

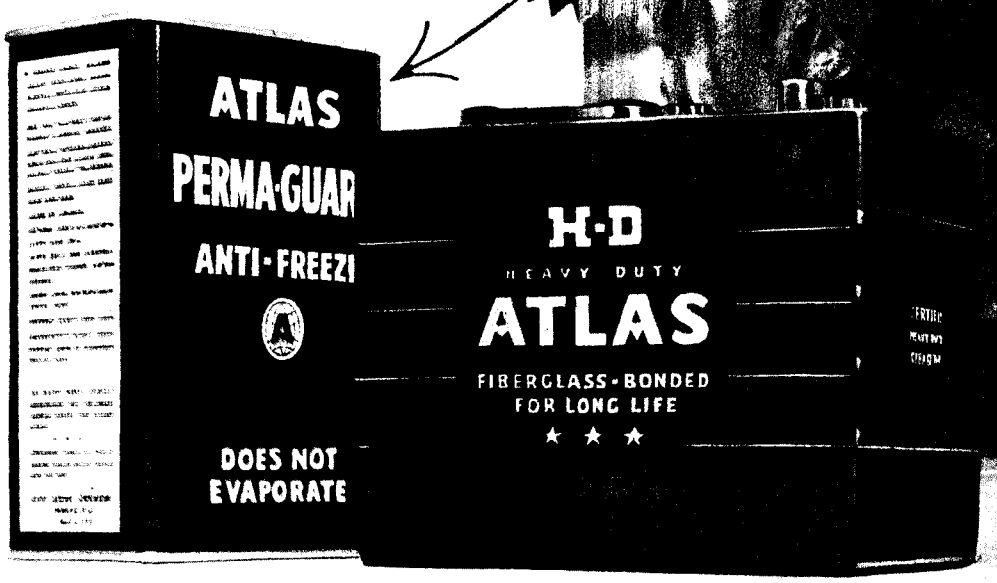


1. CHECK YOUR BATTERY...NOW

First cold is death on weak batteries. That's because all batteries have one-third less power at 32° than at 80°. So play safe. Visit your Atlas dealer before frost hits. Let him test your battery for you. He can tell you in a few minutes if it has power enough for quick, cold-weather starts.

2. GET ATLAS PERMA-GUARD* ANTI-FREEZE

One fill of Atlas Perma-Guard protects your car against freeze-up all Winter — can keep it safe even at 60° below zero. And don't worry about warm spells — Perma-Guard is a *permanent-type* anti-freeze. It won't evaporate or boil off. So why wait until too late? Avoid that last-minute rush. See your Atlas dealer today.



UP TO 40% BETTER COLD WEATHER STARTING!

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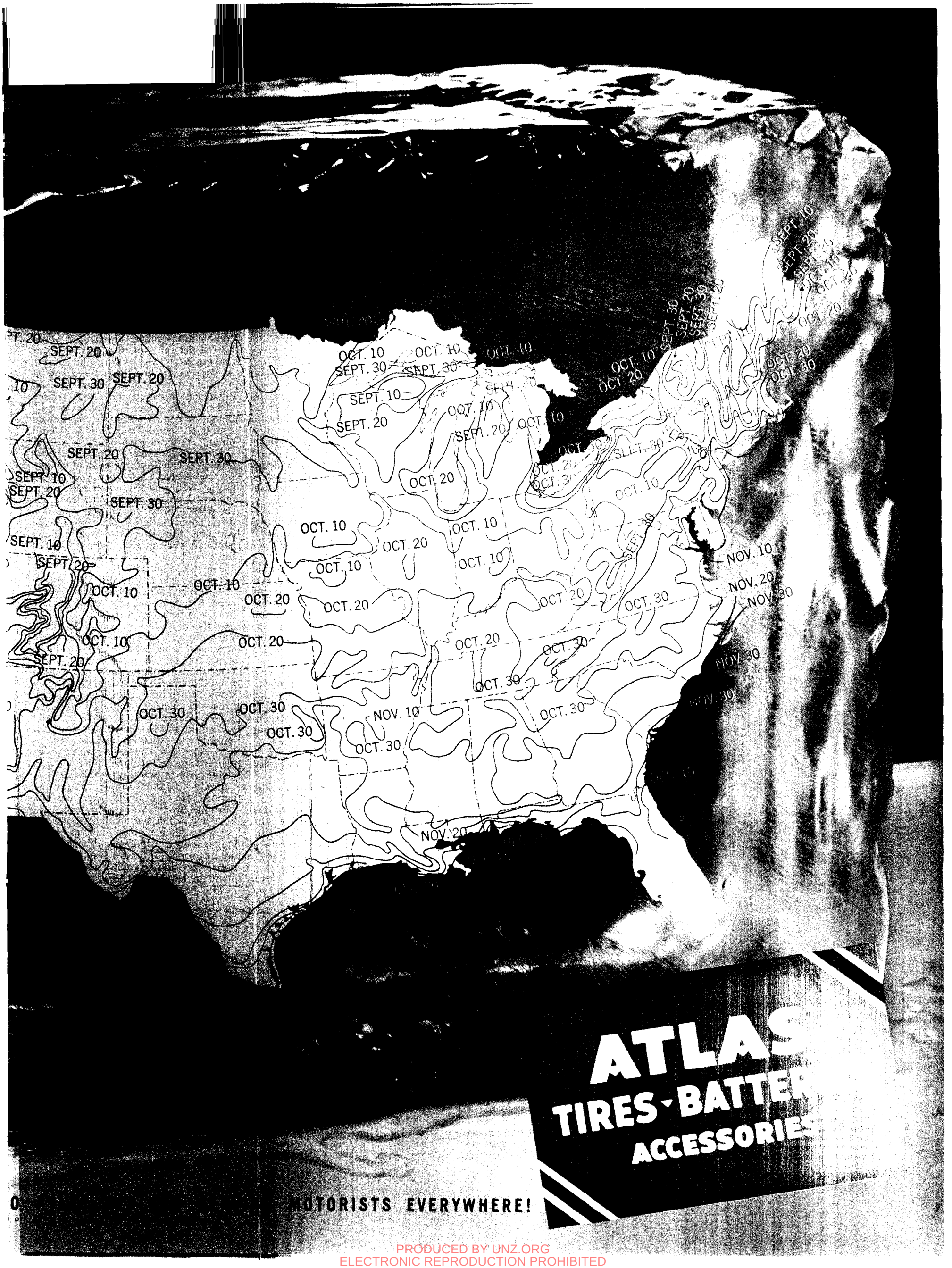

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Wet Weather Wonder!

(100% WATERPROOFED NYLON)

THE Nylonair

Rainfair's *Nylonair* raincoat is 100% waterproofed nylon, tailored like a topcoat to keep you well-groomed even in a deluge. Practically indestructible, it can't crack, harden or peel. Weighs but 15 oz., handy as a handkerchief. In pocket-size pouch. Color: greytan. Unconditionally guaranteed, $14.95.

●

Looking for rugged, all-around rainy day protection? Choose Rainfair's miracle-treated Nylon Zephyr raincoat! It's 100% waterproof and unconditionally guaranteed, $10.95.

Write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 4, WISCONSIN
Makers of SMARTAIR Leisure Wear

and flew up and down and one stocking came unfastened.

"Girls!" Miss Breedlove called. "Girls! Girls!" Once when Miss Breedlove was a girl, she said, the children had been jumping Hot Pepper, and a little girl's eyeball had popped right out on her cheek. Cassie would have liked that. Cassie dearly loved horrible things.

Mrs. Blaine didn't leave until after school took up. When Miss Breedlove looked at her watch and went to ring the bell, Mrs. Blaine called Evie. Evie went across to her mother, but not so very fast. When Mrs. Blaine started fussing with Evie's hair bow, Evie drew back a little. As soon as the bell tapped, she ran to the line. When Billy Daggs took up the triangle and began to beat his, "Left, left! Left, right, left!" and the pupils marked time and moved toward the building, Evie did not look once at her mother, who watched her until Evie disappeared down the corridor.

EVIE settled into the routine at Little School about as any new girl would have done. The rest of us tolerated her, but she did not interest us much. In the first place, there were many things Evie could not do. She couldn't jump Hot Pepper, or pump on the swings, or play Iron Bar, because she was subject to nosebleed. If she jumped, the blood would spurt from her nose, and she would have to go sit in a seat with her head up and a cold cloth on her temples.

Evie was only a fair student. She read well enough, and she rarely missed more than a word or two in spelling, but she hated arithmetic with a passion. She couldn't do the simplest problem at the board without dotting with her chalk to count the carries, and the story problems might as well have been written in Sanskrit for all she understood them. If there was one place Evie shone, though, it was in penmanship. Evie was a natural student of the clear, right-slanting muscular movement known as the Palmer system. Her running ovals were as beautiful and as symmetrical as a coiled spring, and her double-spaced push-and-pulls never crossed the boundary lines. Displays for the bulletin board always included a page or two of Evie's ovals.

Evie had nice clothes. She wore a different dress almost every day, and her wide hair ribbons always matched. Some of Evie's ribbons were plaid, and some of them were striped, and some of them were changeable. Instead of two loops to the bow, which was what most of us had, there were four and, sometimes, six loops. I talked a good deal at home about Evie's dresses and her ribbons, but it didn't do any good. "That's nice," Mother would say calmly. "If Evie's mother had three children she couldn't do all that tucking and smocking."

But Evie's dresses didn't bother Cassie any. "Who cares a fig?" Cassie would say. Cassie had worn the same dark skirt since the beginning of school. She had several different middies made of stout galatea, the fronts stained from contact with tree bark or muddied from being dragged through the tile culvert at the foot of Schoolhouse Hill.

Cassie didn't care about Evie's writing, either, or *anybody's* reading. Sometimes Cassie's reading doubled up the whole room. But Cassie could skin a cat on the hitch rack, and she could turn a triple somersault and do three cartwheels running and climb a tree that didn't even have any limbs a horse could reach.

All of us, and especially Evie, were a little afraid of Cassie. You couldn't for example, trust her with a jumping rope, any more than you could trust her with a secret. She'd be turning High Water, and suddenly she would change to Hot Pepper without any warning and slap you red across the anklebones. Or she would come up behind you when you were in the swing and grab you by the shoulders and run under you when you weren't even holding. Once she had run under Josie Daggs, and Josie had fallen and spit a tooth out. When Cassie ran at you with her elbows bent and her fists doubled and her teeth bared, you gave way before she got there.

Mrs. Blaine still came up to the school every few days. Sometimes she came in the morning with Evie, and sometimes she came during school. Evie was always different when her mother was around. She seemed nervous. She would pick at her handkerchief or her skirt and watch her mother. If Mrs. Blaine came during schooltime, Evie would make ovals, or duck down in her seat and rearrange the things in her desk. Once Mrs. Blaine came to ask Miss Breedlove not to let Evie sit in a draft; and once, when she had given Evie salts, she came to ask Miss Breedlove to let Evie leave the room without asking. That time Evie went behind the coal house and hid and didn't come back until after the bell rang.

It was Cassie who first found out about Evie's soft spot, and the news went through Little School like measles.

"Mrs. Blaine asked Miss Breedlove the first day to ask us kids to be careful of Evie," Cassie said. "And last night she came down to our house to ask me if Miss Breedlove told us. We mustn't, any of us, ever touch it." Cassie seemed tremendously excited.

"Where is it?" I asked. "What kind of soft spot?"

"Why, Melissa Slocum!" Cassie gasped. "You mean to say you've never heard tell of a soft spot? Every *baby's* got one, only usually they bone over. And Evie's didn't."

"Of *course* I have," I said. Sometimes you pretended you knew what Cassie was talking about when you hadn't the faintest notion. If Cassie thought you were dumb about something, she doubled up and died laughing. "You mean you don't even know *that?*" she would explode. "You great big baby, you!"

I COULDN'T see what there was to get so excited about. Nearly everyone had something. Zeke Hamblett had a harelip, and Pearl Deets had a birthmark. Cassie herself had had warts until she stole her mother's dishrag and buried it behind the slaughterhouse.

"If you touch a *baby's* soft spot the baby will die. Or it will grow up addled, like Lutie Graham."

"Would Evie?" I asked, getting a little excited, too.

But Cassie didn't answer. She had caught a glimpse of Josie Daggs making for the only remaining vacant swing. Cassie darted ahead and jumped up and bellied over the board and yelled at me to hurry.

"Let's stand up and pump," Cassie said. Cassie could get a swing going and then jump on and pump so hard, by alternately thrusting out her rump and her stomach muscles, that you would be up in the maple leaves in no time.

"Tinny, ha! Tinny, ha! Tee hee hee!" Cassie yelled, thrusting her rump backward and almost unfooting me. "I wonder," she added, "what *would* happen if you touched it."

I saw Mrs. Blaine and Evie coming up the sidewalk. Evie was walking fast, a little ahead of her mother. She had on a new red dress with a long waist and a big collar trimmed in white rattail. When Evie saw us at the swings, she cut off and came over, walking slowly. Mrs. Blaine called something after her, but Evie didn't turn around. Before she got to the swings, she stopped and stood watching us.

"Does Evie know you know?" I asked Cassie.

"Sure," Cassie said. "She was there when Mrs. Blaine told me. I'd *like* to touch it. I'd like to just *see* what would happen."

"You wouldn't *dare,*" I said. But, knowing Cassie, I wondered.

When school took up, Mrs. Blaine was still in the hall talking with Miss Breedlove. But Evie marched past without looking at her mother, her chin up and her head, with its big bow, a little to one side, the way she always carried it. It was quite a while longer before Miss Breedlove came into the room and tapped the bell so that we could sit down.

MISS BREEDLOVE always had arithmetic first, because she said you needed a fresh morning mind for it. We would have a brief study period, and then she would give out problems. I got out my book and started to study the combinations; but all I could think about was Evie's soft spot and whether she would die if you touched it. Evie sat several seats ahead of me in the same row, and I could see she wasn't studying her combinations either. She had her Rainbow tablet open on her desk and was making ovals with a long pink pencil. As soon as she had finished one row of ovals she would skip a line and start another one. Miss Breedlove looked back at her several times but didn't say anything. When Evie had the page filled with ovals she tore it out and wadded it up and started a fresh one.

Little School had a system of hand-raising that did not involve any talking. If you wanted to sharpen your pencil at the wall sharpener you raised one finger. Two fingers meant "leave the room," and three meant you wanted a drink from the red water cooler in the corridor. Miss Breedlove usually shook her head when you wanted a drink, but she would generally let you do either one of the others.

I raised one finger, and Miss Breedlove nodded. When I walked past Evie's desk, Evie was still writing ovals. Her head was bent forward over her tablet, and the part in her hair at the back showed plainly, and her head was white and hard. I had known Cassie to make things up out of whole cloth before. Once she had told me there was a dried baby's foot in the old trunk in the Bundy shack. When I raised the lid and looked, Cassie doubled up and died laughing.

Evie looked up and smiled a little half-smile, and I smiled back—and then looked to see whether Cassie was watching. But Cassie had cut a ring of paper figures from her spelling tablet and was giving them a bath in her inkwell.

It was hot, and a Friday. By the last period, after last recess, everyone was yawning—even Miss Breedlove, politely and behind her hand, of course. A greenhead fly had got in and was bumping against a windowpane, making a buzzing sound. A time or two it knocked itself dizzy and fell down and crawled along the ledge, and Cassie tried to stab it with her pen point.

After penmanship class, Cassie held up her hand. "I left my reader at home," she told Miss Breedlove. "May I sit with Melissa?"

But Miss Breedlove hesitated. Cassie hardly ever took a *book* home, and Miss Breedlove didn't like having her sit with me. I didn't much like it either. Cassie always got you laughing. "Hollis Trente looks like an anteater," she would say, or, "Joe Barney goes to the pencil sharpener just to hear his new corduroy pants squeak." That sort of thing. Once Cassie was sitting with me, and when Miss Breedlove asked me to stand and read, Cassie jabbed me in the leg with a pen point, and I threw the reader at her.

But today Cassie didn't say anything funny. She just held on to one side of the reader and watched Evie over the top of it. When Miss Breedlove got up to write the spelling words on the board, Cassie whispered, "It's underneath her bow. That's why she wears it."

"How do you know?" I whispered back.

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"I just know," Cassie said.

"Cassie," Miss Breedlove said without turning, "you'd better go to your seat and copy your spelling words."

Cassie slid out and hunched down the aisle. When she sat down in her own seat, it made a groaning sound. Once, when Miss Breedlove was out of the room, Cassie had shaken all of the floor screws loose. After that, every time she moved, the seat creaked.

As soon as school let out, the pupils separated into groups. Those of us who lived on the west side, including Cassie and Evie, went down the hill road. The boys walked in one line, or played leapfrog, and the girls walked in another.

That day, Evie didn't start out with the rest of us. When the bell tapped, releasing the students, Evie went back into the schoolhouse, as though she had forgotten something. She stayed a long time.

"Let's wait for Evie," Cassie said. "Let's don't leave Evie."

That wasn't like Cassie. Cassie never waited for anyone. But now she stood in the road, marking her initials with her brass-toed shoes in the deep dust. She marked a big C and then an F beside it. She was just finishing PICKET ROCK when Evie came in sight on the veranda. When she saw us waiting, she hesitated. But then she came on, slowly, as though she hoped we would start walking.

IT WASN'T until she was almost up to us that Cassie spoke. Her voice was soft but commanding. "All right, Evie," she said, as though it was something she'd made up her mind to, "let's have a look at that soft spot."

Evie stopped dead. She looked at Cassie and her big eyes got bigger, but she didn't say anything. She watched Cassie the way a bird will watch a snake, without moving.

When Cassie started walking toward Evie, Evie still didn't move. For a moment I thought Evie was going to let Cassie come right up to her. But when Cassie was still about six feet away, Evie started.

The moment Evie broke into a run, Cassie broke too. She flexed her elbows and doubled up her fists and yelled, "Stop, Evie!" But Evie didn't stop. She peeled her book bag off her shoulder and threw her lunch pail at Cassie's feet and sprinted.

Both girls were good runners. Cassie was faster on the turns, but Evie had longer legs. On the straightaway Evie could easily have outdistanced Cassie. But there was a peculiar thing. Evie didn't choose the straightaway. She could have run across the road and up the walk to Miss Breedlove. Or she could have scooted down the hill and home to her mother. She did neither.

She would run a little way and then catch hold of a tree or a post and wing around and turn back, for all the world as though she were playing tag. Only she didn't look like playing. Her face had a desperate look, and her eyes were as big as butter chips.

Cassie kept yelling for Evie to stop, and she kept yelling to us to head her off. To this day, it fills me with shame to remember that I did nothing. I'm sure I didn't want Evie to die; but I'm not sure I didn't believe she just might. Josie Daggs jumped up and down and squealed.

The boys, who had gone on ahead, came running back to see what was up. But none of us did anything to prevent Cassie's murdering Evie.

When Evie ducked underneath the wire fence and rolled into Benton's pasture, her dress caught on a barb. But she jerked it loose and got to her feet again. On the corner, beyond the pasture gate, the Blaines' house stood, in plain sight; and Evie ran straight toward it. And then she wheeled.

"Why doesn't she go *on?*" Pearl Deets moaned. "She was half there!"

Evie eluded Cassie and ran back to the fence again. When she rolled underneath, she raised a cloud of dust from the ragweeds. Then she made her big mistake. Instead of running down the road, she cut across to where a stone wall, filled in with dirt on the outside, enclosed the Bentons' cyclone cellar and their kitchen garden. With Cassie hard on her heels, Evie ran up the incline and jumped off the wall. And there she was, trapped.

From that side the wall was too high to climb, and it was covered by a thick growth of honeysuckle. To be sure, there was an opening at one side, but Evie must have lost her head. She ran straight for the corner. Then, seeing that she was bayed, she turned and waited.

Evie fought Cassie off for a while. She wasn't as strong as Cassie, but her long arms and legs gave her a certain advantage. Evie lifted a long foot and planted it in Cassie's stomach; and Cassie took a couple of steps backward, looking surprised, and sat down. But she flipped over and did a few quick runs on her hands and feet and made a grab for Evie's ankles; and Evie went down, striking the honeysuckle and sending up a cloud of dust.

On the ground it wasn't an even fight. Cassie had had more practice fighting, because she had brothers. And Evie didn't know how to take advantage of her long legs. Cassie sat on Evie and forced her arms back. The boys were watching, and Evie tried to pull her skirt down, and then lay still, breathing hard. Both the girls were smiling with a kind of hatred, their faces almost touching, as though they meant to kiss. But you could see Evie's arms straining and her back bowing up from the ground.

AND then Evie gave up. She looked around at the rest of us standing in a ghoulish half-circle, and it was as though she addressed us all, and spat on us all. "Go ahead and touch it," she said. "I don't care."

We stood quiet, waiting.

"You don't have to hold my hands," she told Cassie. "I'm not going to run away."

Cassie slid back, cautiously, and Evie jerked her hands free and sat up. Her hair was full of honeysuckle stems, and her new red dress had a long tear down the skirt. She pulled off her ribbon and bunted her head forward, almost butting Cassie in the chest. "Go ahead," she told Cassie scornfully. It was more command than invitation.

And then something seemed to come over Cassie. "I can't," she said. "I don't want to."

Evie's voice was rich with scorn. "I dare you," she said. "I *double* dare you."

But Cassie wouldn't. She got up and turned away.

"Cassie's scared," Evie said. "Scaredy cat, scaredy cat. Sitting on a rat's hat!" She sounded bold and taunting. She sat with her head down, her feet apart. "Hurry up," she said, "the rest of you. I can't sit here all night."

Hollis Trente, the bold, went first. And then, one by one, the other boys. It was like people walking by a casket at a funeral or putting the love gifts on the altar at Christmas time.

"Come on!" Hollis yelled. "Let's play talls!"

The boys boiled out through the garden gate.

Josie went forward slowly, as though drawn. "It's like a bird," she said, stooping. "It's like a little bird."

I went last, a coward, worse than Cassie. It *was,* I thought, like a small fluttering bird.

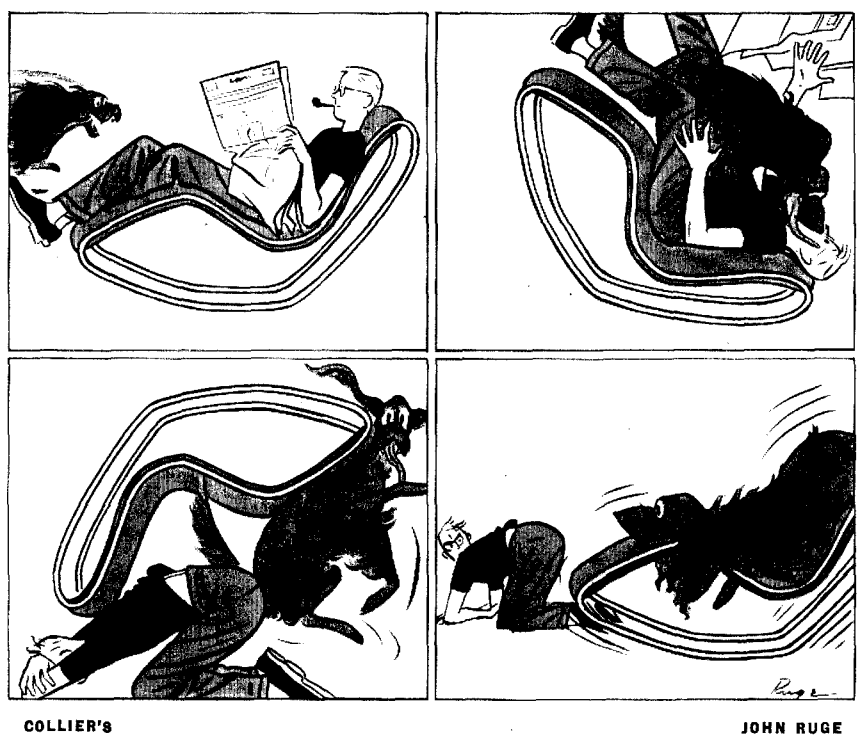
Evie got up and brushed herself off and fastened an undone button. She opened the gold-colored clasp with her teeth and pinned the bow back, a trifle crooked.

Then she led the way out through the gate, walking with her head to one side, and we followed sheepishly.

Miss Breedlove stood on the school veranda. She called to us, her voice sharp, and pointed down the road, meaning we were not to loiter. Evie's book bag and lunch pail lay where they had fallen, and she picked them up and wiped them off with her petticoat. She seemed different, a new Evie. She struck off down the road, and we hurried to keep up—all except Cassie. I looked back at Cassie.

She was walking slowly, with a kind of shuffle, her cropped head and her round shoulders bent, hunching along like a shitepoke. Her black ribbed stockings were full of sticktights, and her skirt sagged as though a strap had broken. She looked sad and defeated. She looked as though she had just *lost* a fight, instead of *winning* one. ▲▲▲

CLANCY



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We had this lovely bungalow overlooking the harbor, and it was better than ever with Tom and me. The world looked good to us. We couldn't bear to leave . . .

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The Way You Remember

By HAMLEN HUNT

Being married to Tom had been perfect. After he was gone nothing was the same, and she wanted to hide herself away from a world that seemed bent on forgetting him

MARY RIORDAN was coming toward me through the hotel lobby, and I was relieved to find out how glad I was to see her. Close as we'd been, I'm ashamed to say I had dreaded this meeting. I was only in Providence for two days, visiting my folks, but Joe, who had orders to fly out to the Coast—I was following with the car, the kids and the dog—would have booted me if I hadn't found time to see Mary. He and Tom had been pretty close. And lots of Mary's other Navy friends were worried because nobody had heard from her after it happened.

Mary looked just the way I'd remembered —a little plump, not pretty, but nice-looking, with her small feet in just about the highest-heeled, most expensive and new-looking alligator pumps I'd ever seen. She wore a gabardine dress with an alligator belt, and she carried a big alligator bag. But those things don't cost so much in American dollars if you buy them where they come from, and Navy wives get around. So, though Mary was well dressed, I still had no way of knowing whether she and the kids were managing on their Navy pension.

"Hi, Jean, you look swell," Mary said. "Same old redhead."

She was smiling so hard I had to look twice to see that this lunch date was a strain on her, too. I must have brought things back, because when a Navy wife loses her man, she loses the whole life that went with him. It isn't like it is with civilians. She can't even stay in the same house and see the same friends. She's out.

Mary and I had shared a house at Pearl and we'd been through a lot together, and we still thought Navy life was for us. Oh, it has its drawbacks—you know, there's the right way, and the wrong way, and then there's the Navy way. But it has so darned many compensations for girls like Mary and me, who grew up in a small city and went to work in some office. If it weren't for the Navy how would we ever have got to swim at Miami, or to feed the birds at Capistrano? We'd always been crazy to see how it was in other places, and we found out.

I'd reserved a table in the hotel dining room. As we sat down, something Mary said made me laugh, and by the time the old-fashioneds were on the fire, we were right back where you belong with your friends—in the middle.

"We're still with my mother," Mary told me, "but we're getting a place of our own the first of next month. My mother's older now, and the kids were getting kind of worried if they so much as quietly dropped a bottle of milk, so I took Tom's insurance and bought a two-family house. I hope the kids will be happier in the new place. I go over nights and paint walls and sand floors, because of course I work all day. Have to. The pension doesn't go very far."

"No," I said. "What's the job?"

"Department store," Mary said, shrugging.

"Why?" I said. I was puzzled. It seemed to me Mary was hiding. Maybe she'd had to come back to Providence, but she didn't have to work in a store. I knew she'd had a good job in the drafting room of a plane plant in Hartford. That was how, or where, she'd met Tom, I suddenly remembered. "Couldn't you make more as a draftsman? You'd see the kind of people you know, and there'd be more security, too." I added, "We worry about you, Mary."

She shrugged again. "I thought I'd keep away from the past altogether. No planes, no Navy. This way, I'm too busy and too tired to think much."

I got quite a feeling of hollow hours being stuffed with bits of work, and just then the waiter brought the old-fashioneds. They looked like fruit cup with too much gravy.

"Maybe he thinks we're drinking these for our health," Mary said, fishing out a piece of orange and a limp piece of canned pineapple. "Remember all the oranges when we were stationed at Pensacola?"

I said, "Yes, and remember we used to walk down the jetty so the kids could watch the sharks swim by?" We sipped our drinks. "What about the kids?" I asked. "Do they miss Tom much?"

Mary hesitated. "I don't know. They don't talk about him. But they must remember how swell and patient he was. He spent a lot of time with them. He was a wonderful father."

"Yes," I said.

TOM RIORDAN really had been an exceptional guy. I'm not just saying that because he's dead. He was one of those steady, quiet, sandy-colored men, hardly taller than Mary. He was everybody's friend, and good to the cadets he taught to fly. He was just decent. That doesn't seem much to say, but it covers a lot, because he was decent about everything, and to everybody. He must have been ambitious, because he'd worked himself up to lieutenant commander, and in the regular Navy, mind you, but anything he got, he got on merit, and everybody knew it. He was what you call well-liked, and quite a few people loved him.

"The first Decoration Day was the worst," Mary said. "It was only six months after it happened, and I still say people ought to give you more time to get over something. They try to cheer you up, and you've got to be polite because they mean well, and at the same time you're still trying to get yourself together, inside. I felt like bawling, all day long, and I even thought about calling you, long distance. The sun was shining, the neighbors were taking flowers to put on graves. Tom and Janet kept asking why we didn't have a grave, and I tried to explain." She used one of the smiles from a whole new set she had. "It seems there's a regulation."

"Mary," I said. "Honest, I wish I knew something to say."

That smile fitted on like a lid over everything underneath.

"Isn't Tom in Arlington Cemetery, anyway?" I asked. "Aren't the kids satisfied with that?"

Mary shook her head. "There's this regulation. It seems—"

She came to a stop. Somewhere behind the scenes she finally found some more words she needed. "The regulation is: no body, no grave —not even one of those markers."

I shook my head. "You must be wrong! There must be some mistake! Other men have been lost at sea."

"Then they're not in Arlington," Mary said. "Later I'll show you a letter. Not right now."

WE HAD another drink; then I ordered us each a shrimp salad. It reminded us of sea food we'd had different places—gumbo in New Orleans, those big Chincoteague oysters in Washington, crab on Fisherman's Wharf.

"Memories that bless and burn," I said, and then I felt sick to think how the careless words might sound to Mary. I looked away and saw four women talking at a nearby table, and somebody and his secretary, and an elderly couple from out of town. The usual hotel dining-room crowd. We were as private there as anywhere.

"Tell me about Tom," I said. "I came for that. Joe needs to know. Joe thought the world and all of Tom and so did I, and nobody's heard from you, and there always used to be the four of us—"

Mary was silent for about a minute. "You've never had Coca Sola yet?"

"No," I said.

"I hope you will," Mary said. "You know how we felt when the war was over. The whole world looked good to us, and then Tom got orders for Coca Sola. That was like a birthday present. We had this lovely bungalow near the airfield—a big, low, rambling house, all windows and porch and view; you could see the whole harbor. And you had to scrape the flowers off your feet when you came indoors —roses, bougainvillaea, camellias— The kids cooked flowers for dolls' food, and I always had a big bowl full of camellias on the dining-room table."

I understood that. Mary picked out houses by their gardens, and when the Riordans got new orders, pots full of cuttings always went along with them.

"Out beyond the jetty, the water got deep, the color changed," Mary said.

She took the alligator bag from her lap, put it on the table, and fumbled for cigarettes. There was even an alligator cigarette case inside. She opened it, took out a cigarette, and carefully put it down beside her plate, as though she didn't know what to do with it.

"It wasn't even Tom's day to fly," she said;

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"but his mechanic came around early, said he wasn't sure about one of the motors, would Tom come along to check?"

That was reasonable. Tom was always glad to help out, and he knew a lot more about plane engines than most fliers. He'd patented a couple of improvements the Navy actually used in some of their motors, and he had been offered some pretty big jobs in the aviation-engineering business. But he never wanted to quit the Navy as long as he could keep on flying.

"He hadn't been up five minutes," Mary said. "I didn't see him take off. It was just a routine training flight, and I was busy around the house. But I found out afterward. He'd just called in to the tower and said one of the motors was missing badly—then there was the explosion. And that great, big silence that comes afterward."

Mary picked up her cigarette and put it down again.

She said, "I watched the crash boats out there, all day long. They found the bodies of two other men almost right away—they'd floated clear of the wreckage. I stood by the long front window and I looked over that whole hedge of flowers, and the water looked so blue. It gets very deep, all of a sudden. That was part of the trouble. When I used the glasses, I could see oil slick on the water and some junk floating. I remember I prayed they wouldn't find him alive, unless he was going to be good for something."

THE secretary at the other table was laughing at a story that her boss was telling her. The four women were figuring out the bill. The air was still and stuffy.

"I knew Tom was dead, after a while," Mary said. "But if they'd only found him it would have been better. I wouldn't have kept on kind of expecting him to walk in every afternoon. That lasted quite a while.

"I can't understand it," Mary said, suddenly. This time she lit her cigarette when I held out my lighter. "It bothered me. I thought someday I'd take the kids to Arlington, and there'd be a grave, and flowers, and respect. After all, Tom was a hero, in case you want to use that kind of language; he got medals, he was killed in the line of duty, he'd been in the Navy fifteen years. I thought a grave in Arlington would make the kids remember him. Me, I couldn't forget if I tried."

The Riordans had had a special kind of marriage, anyway. Everybody liked to go over to their place, because of the way they lived there with each other. Blow hot, blow cold, they were always the same, and you knew that when you left they'd turn to each other as though they'd been waiting for the chance. Like anybody else, they'd be broke, they'd be worried, the kids would be sick; but if I heard Mary say once, I heard her say a hundred times, "There's one thing I'd never change: being married to Tom."

Navy life. We'd get settled, find our way around. Then we'd get orders. We'd ship the furniture, or store it, pack up the car, get in with the kids, and start off. Hotels. Tourist joints. It didn't matter. All we knew was that we were young, we were going someplace new, and we felt pretty good. At least, that's the way it was in peacetime.

"What about now?" I asked, because the other thing I had come for was to find out how Mary herself was making out. "How is it?"

"You know the worst thing about being back where you came from?" Mary said, kind of abruptly. "Parties. You're a charity case. They're heavy-handed about trying to pair you off with someone, or else somebody propositions you before you get to the olive at the bottom of the first Martini. I see everybody leaving with somebody, and it makes me feel so blue I'd rather stay home. So I do."

That got me. I remembered how Mary had always loved parties.

"Maybe you'll marry again," I said. "Someday."

Mary said, "I'm not against the idea. Only my standards are pretty high. But I don't think much about it. I'm lonely, but there are always small chores to do. I just wish the kids were more satisfied. I came back to Providence because I thought they'd have ties and would feel attached, but it's not working that way."

The waiter was standing there, looking patient. I ordered coffee, and his footsteps slurred like sighs over the faded, dusty carpet.

"Funny, the way you remember," I said. "I've been thinking about Pearl ever since you mentioned flowers."

Mary and I had gone out to Pearl on one of the last shipments of wives, late in '40. Things were tightening up and the only reason we lasted so long, after most of the others were shipped home, was that we got lost on some list. Sometimes we felt guilty, having it so good—but it *was* good, sometimes, and we made the most of those times. Mary and I really got to know each other that year.

"Remember we were just about the last people in the world to know it had happened?" Mary said.

There was always racket at Pearl those days. We heard the noise, down there, and saw a lot of planes in the air. We thought it was routine. We worked around the house and fed the kids, and thought it was kind of funny Suki didn't show up for work. After their naps, we put the kids outside, and I fell asleep in a hammock on the porch. The usual. Then we saw the fat old bus driver walking by the gate, with blood trickling down his face, and it came over us that the busses hadn't been running on the usual schedule.

"My God, what's happened?" Mary asked. She took a drink of water out to the driver and wiped off his face and asked if he'd come in and sit a while. She thought he'd smashed up his bus and was still dazed. Actually, his route was along the water front, and he'd run right into the war.

"All gone," he said, with a funny upward movement of his hands. "Japs all here. Ships gone. Kill—kill."

We'd turned on the radio then, and the news hit us, and I remember we looked at each other, and it was like looking in mirrors. We began to copy out the right thing to do from each other, for the sake of the kids. We didn't try to find out how we felt.

IT WAS two long days before Joe turned up, and another day before Tom was heard from. I wouldn't want to go through those days again.

We stayed in Pearl nearly a year. Sometimes Joe and Tom weren't around for weeks. Then, other times, they'd come home to supper for a few nights, in the old way, though they were gray-faced and didn't talk much. Still, we were all together and it helped.

We all moved into one of the big show places, on a hill, belonged to one of the top brass, who was elsewhere for an indefinite period. The grass was all growing up—it doesn't take long out there—and nobody came to work on the place any more. Flowers were running wild—bougainvillaea, jasmine, big red hibiscus, orchids. We were able to rent the place cheap, in the circumstances, and we lived in style. Once in a

COLLIER'S "It's from somebody I'm going to know" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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"I suppose I could get along on my present income, sir, but I'd have to give up the wife and kids"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

while we had to dive for the cellar; sometimes the lights went—but we had food and water stored, blankets and bandages, in case. We made out.

"Remember when we were shipped home?" Mary said. "I used to bawl and wish I was back at Pearl. Now there's no use wishing."

So now I knew the reason I had dreaded seeing Mary. I'd guessed how things were with her, under the surface of smiles and activity, and I didn't want my guess confirmed. But it had been. You have to wish, to live, and Mary wasn't wishing.

"After the war, it was better than ever with Tom and me," Mary said. "But I really appreciated everything about Navy life, especially the friends and the moving around and being alone with Tom, and those green checks every month."

"Do not bend, mutilate, or spindle," I said dreamily.

"I'll never forget how wonderful Coca Sola looked to us," Mary said. "Our first house after the war. Tom and I skipped a lot of the parties and just stayed home. Couldn't bear to leave the place and the kids. Tom was crazy about those kids. Except once in a while, if Tom had leave, we took trips."

ON WHAT turned out to be their last trip together, they'd had a vacation by themselves, in Guatemala. "Tom bought me a whole silver tea set," Mary said. "Poker winnings. And I bought these alligator things, but I've hardly worn them."

So they were souvenirs, like the things left over from the old, unsettled life that Mary'd put on the mantel of the new house: shells, silver sombrero ash trays, redwood boxes—you know. They'd been dusted off for the occasion. I don't know why, but that got me, too.

A week after they got home from Guatemala, Tom was killed. I'd read about it in the paper: *Air Ace Crashes.* I wrote Mary then, but she and I hadn't seen each other since, till today. But things fell into place as we talked. Sometimes Mary listened, and I talked about my folks, and the kids, and what had happened to people we'd both known when I was a friend, and not an occasion. I told her about Joe's special job that kept us moving at a faster clip than some others still in the Navy, and how he'd worried because Mary never wrote.

"We've missed you," I said. "You ought not to give us all up. Maybe we're important to you."

Mary looked upset, and I thought that what I would report was that Mary was fine, but not quite like herself. She was hiding from her friends, pulling a two-family house in Providence over her head.

She said, "I'm out of it. Now there are the kids, and working, and worrying. I go to bed dead tired. I read and read—I wouldn't know what to do if I didn't love to read. And I still wake up a lot."

"I wish I liked books," I said, and I meant it. "You can't play golf when you wake up and worry in the night."

"Funny how you change, and what you count on," Mary said. "Little things, like a letter, get important."

She opened her alligator bag again and took out a letter which she handed to me. It was on heavy white paper and at the top were the words, "The White House." It was addressed to Tommy Riordan and it said: *Thank you for writing about your father, Commander Thomas Riordan. I am proud to know his story, and will look up the records and the rules and see what can be done. Please tell your mother your father will not be forgotten. I look forward to our meeting in Washington, before too long. Yours sincerely . . .*

"That's a nice letter," I said, and my voice was shaky, as Mary's had never been. Being the man of the family must have grown Tommy up quickly.

Mary got up, balancing on the high heels of her alligator shoes. I remembered once Tom had said, "Go ahead, get the high heels." He liked the way her feet looked in them. If she couldn't walk, okay, he'd carry her, he said.

"This has been swell," Mary said. "I don't suppose I'll see you again. Give my love to Joe. Tell him I've got a rosebush. It's a slip from the plant he gave me when Janet was born."

She folded up the letter and put it away, and we walked out. There was one of those sort of dismal, shiny flower stands some hotels have, and I got inspired and bought Mary some gardenias to wear home. I told her Joe had said to.

"I'm not going to say good-by," I said. "That's silly. We'll see each other again."

I watched her go away, smelling the flowers, and I thought of all that hibiscus and stuff we had growing around us at Pearl, and about the blue water at Coca Sola, which guards the Panama Canal.

SIX months later, Joe and I found out he was going to be stationed around Washington for a while. We left the kids with my mother, back in Providence, and went down to find a house around Bethesda or Chevy Chase or somewhere. I planned on seeing Mary when we went back for the kids.

But I saw her even sooner. It was one of those days the nation's capital turns on, now and then. The basin was like a mirror for monuments and blossomy trees, and there was a clutter of immaculate sailboats. I went in to Cy Ellis' to get some shrimp and rest my weary, househunter's feet, and there was Mary, perched on a stool.

"I told you I'd be a nut to say good-by," I said, and we laughed as though I were Mr. Whiz Bang himself and that was joke number one thousand and two. "I thought you were nailed down to some house or other. What are you doing in Washington?"

Mary said, "After that lunch we had, the smell of gardenias went to my head, or something, and I thought: What am I doing, turning my back on everything that ever meant anything to me? And I wondered if maybe the reason the kids were out of sorts was that we'd been staying too long in one place. After all, they're Navy. They cheered up when I said we were on our way because I wanted a different kind of job, and Janet said, 'Ma, I thought we'd never get out of here! Can we go tomorrow?' And Tommy said, 'I was getting tired of all these strangers.' 'Strangers!' I said. 'Lots of them are relatives.' And he said, 'Yes, but they're all civilians, Ma.'

"So," Mary said, "I sold the house, and I've got a good job in the drafting room at the Navy Yard. A lot of people we knew turn up, and some are around pretty often. Lou Gibson, for one. I'm seeing him tonight. Can you and Joe come to dinner, too?"

I said, "I haven't seen Lou since Norfolk. It's a date."

We talked some more, and you know the way it is: I realize the living have to keep on living, and the dead are off by themselves. You can't be their monument. I didn't want to mention Tom, and yet he kept turning up in my head. I got Mary's address, and we slid off the counter stools and walked outside, blinking at the brightness.

"I have to get back," Mary said. "You remember that letter Tommy got?"

I nodded.

"Tommy's a lot like his father, you know," Mary said. "He's steady, and kind, and also he has to finish things up. He and Janet talk about Tom now; I often hear them. Anyway, Tommy's got a date at the White House Saturday morning, to negotiate, and I have a feeling that pretty soon there'll be a marker where there should be, in Arlington, with the right name on it."

She smiled at me, and in a funny way, I felt better. I remembered her own words about what she'd wanted for Tom—a grave, and flowers, and respect. It didn't seem too much to expect for Tom, considering. ▲▲▲

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"Call Me MAMIE"

That's what the general's lady is likely to tell people in the city which for many good

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

IN THE course of her husband's career, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower has lived in many a city both here and abroad—among them, Paris, New York, Manila and San Antonio. Come next January 20th, she may find herself mistress of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. But one city alone holds her heart: Denver. There she came, from Iowa, as a child, went to school, grew up and married, and there her mother still lives.

Recently, I spent a day with Mrs. Eisenhower in Denver on a sentimental journey back to the scenes of her early years. In Europe, as wife of the supreme commander of the free world's defense forces, protocol had fenced her off; in Chicago, at the Republican convention, she had had to be on constant dress parade. Here, however, in the shadow of the Rockies, was the town in which she could best be herself.

"Ike knows how I feel," she told me. "He's often said, 'Mamie, when I retire it will be to Denver.' He even named his last plane The Columbine, after Colorado's state flower."

We stood on the porch of her mother's home at 750 Lafayette Street—a comfortable cream-colored brick dwelling known the length of the tree-shaded street as "the Doud house"—and watched a couple of youngsters walk by. "Hiya, Mamie!" they called. "Hiya, kids!" She waved back, then called to an angular man in shirt sleeves, dirt-stained pants and battered cap: "Tim, would you help me spread this carpet on the steps?"

Tim Guiney, the Irish gardener who has tended the yards of Lafayette Street since 1912, dropped his hoe and sprinted up the front stoop. "That I will, Mamie. Seems like old times, putting down the red-velvet carpet."

Was this in preparation for a party? No, Mrs. Eisenhower was simply reviving a family custom—unrolling the welcome mat—in this case a red-velvet carpet—for friends who might want to porch-sit with her.

What about the apparently general tendency to address her by her first name?

I soon learned that she really likes it. When neighbors, slightly awed by the brass-hat aura which surrounds her, lapse into the formal "Mrs. Eisenhower," she promptly sets them straight with a phrase that is becoming as familiar as her bangs: "Just call me Mamie."

The first stop on our journey into the past was at Elitch's, Denver's historic amusement gardens. Mrs. Eisenhower herself suggested the drive out there, and also proposed that her close childhood friend, Mrs. Robert Archibold, Jr., the former Eileen Ewing, accompany us. "No story of my Denver days would be complete without Eileen," said Mrs. Eisenhower.

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Archibold. "But Mamie was always the ringleader of our crowd. Her personality made her a neighborhood success. Her small boy swains gave her dried snake skins when the rest of us only rated a kick in the shins. She had 'it.' "

As we crossed the midway at Elitch's, Mrs. Eisenhower pointed to the dance pavilion. "I got reprimanded by the floor monitor here one evening," she laughed. " 'Be a little more conservative, young lady,' he told me. 'You and your partner are attracting too much attention.' My partner was my uncle!"

The full skirt of her blue-and-white cotton dress billowed in the breeze. Its sleeveless, strapless top and fitted bodice made her look more like a girl than a mature woman. "I hate old-lady clothes," she told me. "And I shall never wear them. But I'd better watch out. I'm getting too fat. I weigh 138 now."

She paused before one of those mirrors which distort the reflection: "If you have any illusions about your beauty, stand in front of this."

Her profile, with its pert nose and short upper lip, is provocative. Her coloring is fair—light-brown hair and skin transparent enough to see the blue veins beneath. I remarked that her husband's painting of her didn't do her justice. "Ike's never painted a good likeness of me," she replied. "I'm always talking. That's why my face in repose doesn't look natural."

The merry-go-round music was calling. "Come on, Eileen." She caught Mrs. Archibold's hand. "Here's our favorite chariot, remember? The one with the Indian and Columbia on the front." Stepping into the chariot, she picked up the reins: "Ben Hur had nothing on us."

Visitors to the gardens began to recognize her.

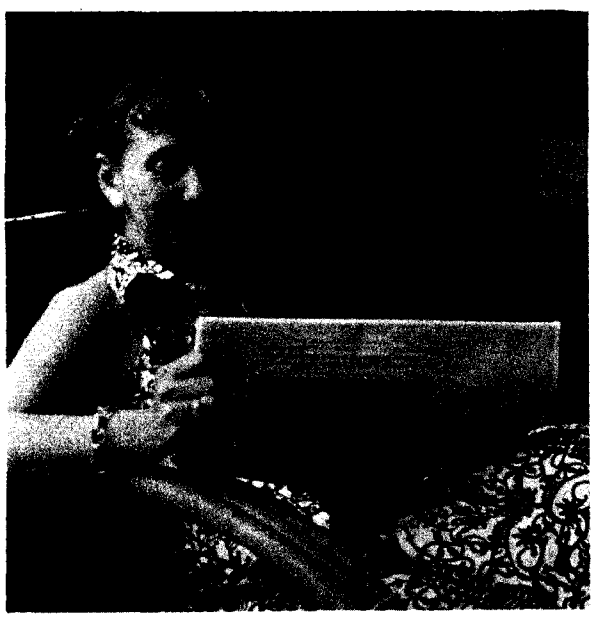
"I'm Robert Miller from Salina, Kansas, your husband's state, Mrs. Eisenhower," one man volunteered. "May I snap your photo with my two children?"

As Mrs. Eisenhower posed with her arms around the children, a covey of women closed in. "We just want to shake your hand," one said. "We're members of the Trinity Methodist Church, and we're mighty proud to have you and the general here in Denver."

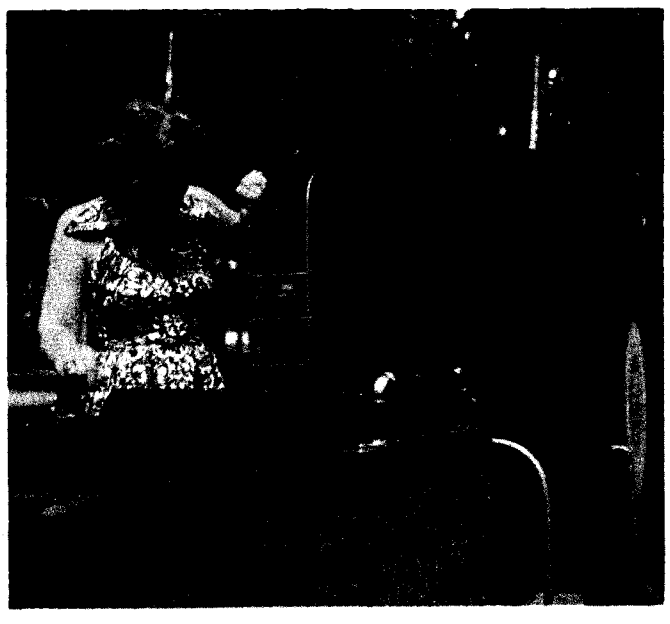
Mrs. Eisenhower held out her hand. "I'm proud of my state for backing up Ike at the convention."

A woman in the rear nudged a friend. "She's going to win the election for Ike."

As we left, Mrs. Eisenhower pointed to the sign above the ticket booth. "They've never raised the



"The first time Ike came to Denver he sat on this porch. That was our wedding day, and he still sits here whenever he gets a chance. I brought this chair from Manila"



"As a child, I used to spend Saturday afternoon here at Elitch's Gardens. We got such a kick out of this miniature train. It's an exact copy of the original Colorado narrow-gauge trains; now it's run by Diesel"

"Of all seats on Elitch's merry-go-round I liked this Roman chariot with 'Columbia' on its front. Since it was installed in 1891 the merry-go-round hasn't been changed at all. Rides are still five cents"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EVE ARNOLD

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reasons has first call on her heart

price of admission, 10 cents for adults, 5 cents for children. The only change is the two-cent tax."

Next we paid a call on the old electric brougham, in which young Mamie used to drive to Wolcott School. Now retired and stored in a neighborhood garage, the car will soon be shipped to Abilene, Kansas, the general's home town, as a gift to the Eisenhower Foundation there. Even in old age, the electric retained its elegance.

"Forty years old but still in running condition," Mrs. Eisenhower pointed out. She opened the door. "See the plum-colored broadcloth upholstery and the cut-glass vase flower holder. Mama always kept her favorite flower—violets—in that." She grinned. "Many's the time I've buzzed down Eighth Avenue in this thing."

Back at the Doud house, she drew our attention to the curb out front, to a black, iron hitching post cast in the form of a tree. "Papa would never let it be removed. The horse we all loved, Katie, used to be tied to it. Every child on the block shinnied up and down that post. Mama pays for a special permit to keep it."

The Douds' first car, a green Rambler with a white-canvas top, was bought in 1904. "Papa would pile us all in," continued Mrs. Eisenhower, as we climbed the front steps. "My three sisters—Eleanor, Buster and Mike—and Mama and I would go picnicking or to City Park to hear the band concert. We were a complete unit as a family."

We went into the house and down the hall stairs to the playroom. "This place should really stir old memories," she said. "Be prepared for anything. It's a family museum and catchall." At the foot of the stairs hung Grandpa Doud's first flier in advertising, a Victorian poster advising you to "Consign your livestock to R. H. Doud & Company, Union Stockyards, Chicago." On the mantel was a soldier's helmet worn in the first World War, and framed degrees and citations covered the right-hand wall. "All Ike's," said Mamie. Opposite hung a railroad timetable for 1863 and near it a dainty, hand-crocheted red-and-white bag "for Grandma's unanswered mail," Grandma being Mrs. Doud's mother. "Papa's chair, the only one with arms at the dining table," stood by the curio cabinet.

At 55, the woman who may be our next First Lady looks remarkably younger than her years. She frankly dislikes what she calls "old-lady clothes," and worries about gaining weight

"I see more of Mama's characteristics in me as I grow older. She's the beauty in our family, and I associate her with violets. I send her a bunch whenever I see any. We're strong on sentiment"

As Mrs. Eisenhower and I moved toward the cabinet Mrs. Doud joined us. Her long gray hair was twisted in a Psyche knot, and she wore a yellow linen dress. In five minutes she was calling me "Honey."

"Mama, I'll bet you yourself don't know all you've got in this curio cabinet," challenged her daughter. "For goodness sake, what's that?" She pointed to a metal automobile insignia.

Mrs. Doud laughed. "I admit I'm bad as a pack rat. I salvaged that from the old Buick you and Ike used to have when he was on the American Battle Monuments Commission." She opened the cabinet door and fished a pair of tiny blue baby slippers from a shelf. "These are Mamie's."

Mrs. Doud isn't the only sentimentalist in the family. Mamie still has the pink-and-green cretonne dress she wore when she first met Ike, and he tried—unsuccessfully—to preserve her wedding bouquet by dipping it in hot wax.

Mrs. Eisenhower's attention fastened on a small gray object. "Horrors, here's that miniature of the Washington Monument made out of chewed-up discarded dollar bills. It still has the gold thermometer attached to it."

Mrs. Doud beckoned. "I'd like to show you a real treasure." From a closet she took a handsome red morocco-leather-bound volume. She flipped open the pages. "Read the inscription." Her finger followed the firm handwriting, "For Mamie's father and mother, John S. and Elivera M. Doud, who have been also for 33 years, second parents of my own. With lasting devotion and affection, Dwight D. Eisenhower." It was the eighth copy to come off the presses of the general's Crusade in Europe.

"I have the first copy," Mrs. Eisenhower put in, "our boy Johnny the second and Ike's five brothers the next five." She sat down at an upright piano, began to play, then stopped. "This is sure going to get me into trouble. Wherever I go they'll be asking me to 'play something.' I'm not good enough for that. Just play for my own pleasure and by ear."

She reached for a stack of old sheet music. "I can't even read this stuff." The titles fascinated us both: Meet Me in the Shadows; A Little Love, A Little Kiss; When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget; and Anna Held's I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave.

"Mamie used to sing all those," remarked Mrs. Doud. "Even as a little thing she had a voice. I can

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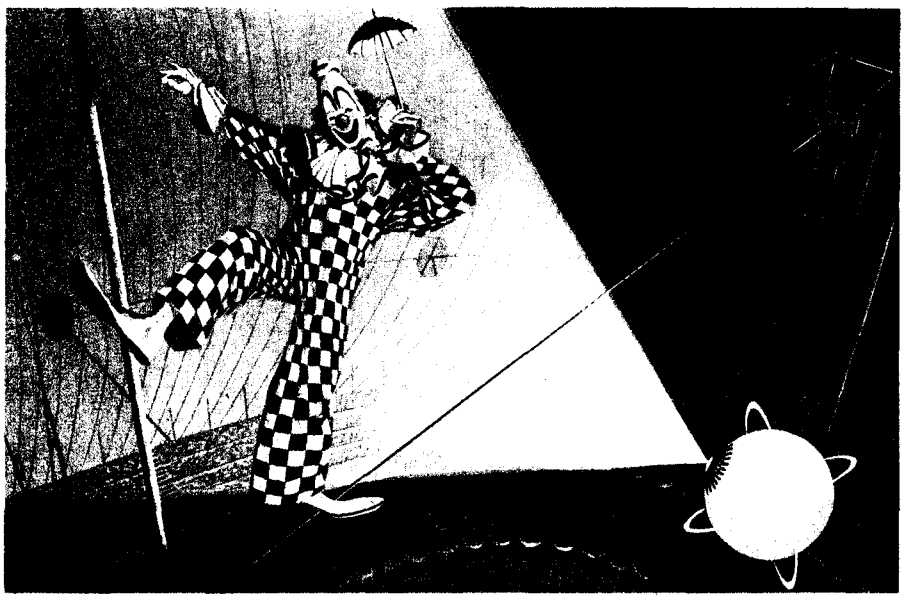
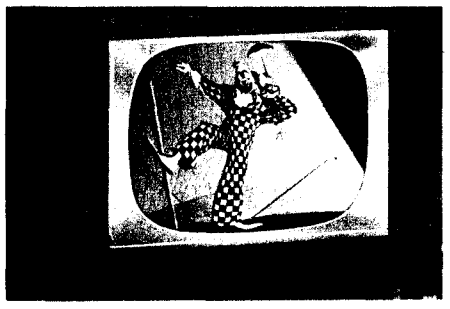
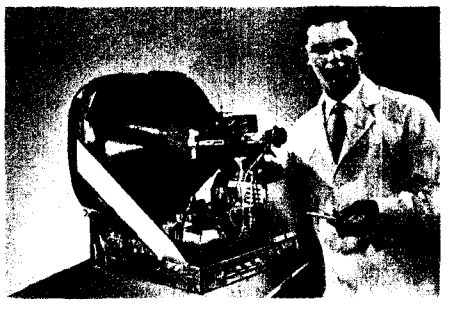


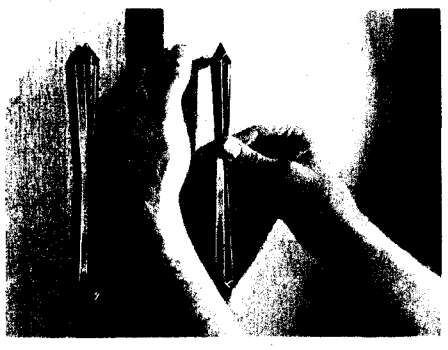
1 YOU'RE BUYING TV to *see* shows and news events you'd like to see in person. So look on TV as an eye that goes there for you. Sparton Cosmic Eye Television gives such sharp, clear pictures it's like having an eye in the sky. Here's TV viewing de luxe!



2 KNOW HOW annoyed you get looking at hazy snapshots? Avoid blurry TV pictures, too. The Sparton Ultra-Range Tuner pulls in more picture; the Cosmic Eye Picture-Lock holds it steady, firm on big, soft-light screens.



3 SPARTON MAKES 70% of its own functioning parts, so Sparton buyers can take trouble-free performance practically for granted. A simple adjustment converts your set to UHF. No outside attachments required.



4 TO GIVE you an article of fine furniture, Sparton makes its own cabinets, too. Graining, designs and finishes are the work of craftsmen. You can buy a Sparton and know the cabinet will be in good taste, always stay in style.

THE SPARTON CRESTWOOD, 21" CONSOLE

5 WOULD YOU expect to find a fine piano in a bargain basement? Select your TV, too, by its reputation and the integrity of the store. Sparton sells direct to one dealer in a community or shopping center. See your Sparton dealer today.

THE SUPERB **Sparton** cosmic eye television

SHOWPIECE OF YOUR HOME

Sparton Radio-Television, Jackson, Michigan. Makers of fine electronic equipment since 1900. Also: Sparton of Canada, Ltd.; Sparton Automotive Division; Steger Furniture Company; divisions of The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Mich.

Mamie tells how and why she's changed

see her now, sitting on that table on the stair landing"—she pointed to a round table—"and singing Under the Bamboo Tree. I called her Little Butterfly. She was always dressing up."

Mrs. Eisenhower had cranked up an old talking machine. A whir and wheeze, and it was booming out a new Eisenhower campaign song, Mamie.

Talking Machine Traded In

Like everything else in the room, the talking machine, an Edison, has a story. When radios came in, Mr. Doud sold it for $10 in a trade on a combination radio-phonograph. The truckmen delivered the new machine and were halfway down the front steps with the old one when Mr. Doud dashed out on the porch.

"Boys," he shouted, "I'll pay you $10 to bring that talking machine back."

"Papa couldn't bear to part with it," explained Mrs. Eisenhower. "He shut his eyes and saw his four little girls having the time of their lives around it. We had lots of fun when we were young."

"And we're still having fun," added Mrs. Doud.

Our last stop on this sentimental journey was Mamie's room, the third-floor front. "Papa let me choose my own decorations," she told me. "I selected a white wallpaper striped in pink roses, light-green draperies, green carpet and a gilt chair. The bureau and bed were bird's-eye maple. The other day, in the attic, I saw my mirror and comb tray. They were hand-painted in pink roses."

That has remained her favorite color scheme. "Wherever we've moved—and believe me, we've moved plenty—I've carried samples of that rose and green. I like yellow too. When I furnished my first home a friend said, 'Mamie, remember, you can't beat God's sunshine. No matter how dull the day, yellow will bring cheerfulness into the home.' Ever since, I've used yellow in my living room."

She smiled. "I guess you could say that my hobby is fixing up homes for other people to live in. I was six months furnishing that last house in France. We lived in it less than a year."

I asked if she thought she had changed greatly since those girlhood days on Lafayette Street. "I'm still shy," she said. "I side-step the limelight. But if I'm forced to, I can take it. As an Army wife, I had to assume responsibility. However, I'd rather not. In my generation, your father and mother told you what to do, and you did it. Then suddenly, as a young bride—I was only nineteen when Ike and I married—I had to make my own decisions. Mama would say, 'Mamie, you've changed; you're so hard.' I'd say, 'Mama, I'm not hard, I'm just facing life. Ike is gone most of the time. I've got to cope with the plumber, the landlord, the bank.' I've had to be self-reliant, to develop poise. It's been sink or swim."

How did she feel about facing the limelight now?

"I know these next few weeks aren't going to be easy. We've given up a lot—salary, home, job. We're doing it because we think it's right. All through our married life, things like this have happened to test our strength. We'd be jogging along, like any other young couple, then suddenly Ike would be tapped on the shoulder for some new and terrifying job. It would mean abandoning all our plans, plunging into the unknown. But Ike had faith, and because he did, so did I. I've seen our life together shaped by unexpected turns, utterly beyond human conception, and I begin to think there is a divine plan back of it all and that Ike is part of it.

"He's really a great man. I'm thankful for the privilege of tagging along by his side." ▲▲▲

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "My hunch was right. Nobody'd be coming home from music lessons after midnight" LARRY REYNOLDS

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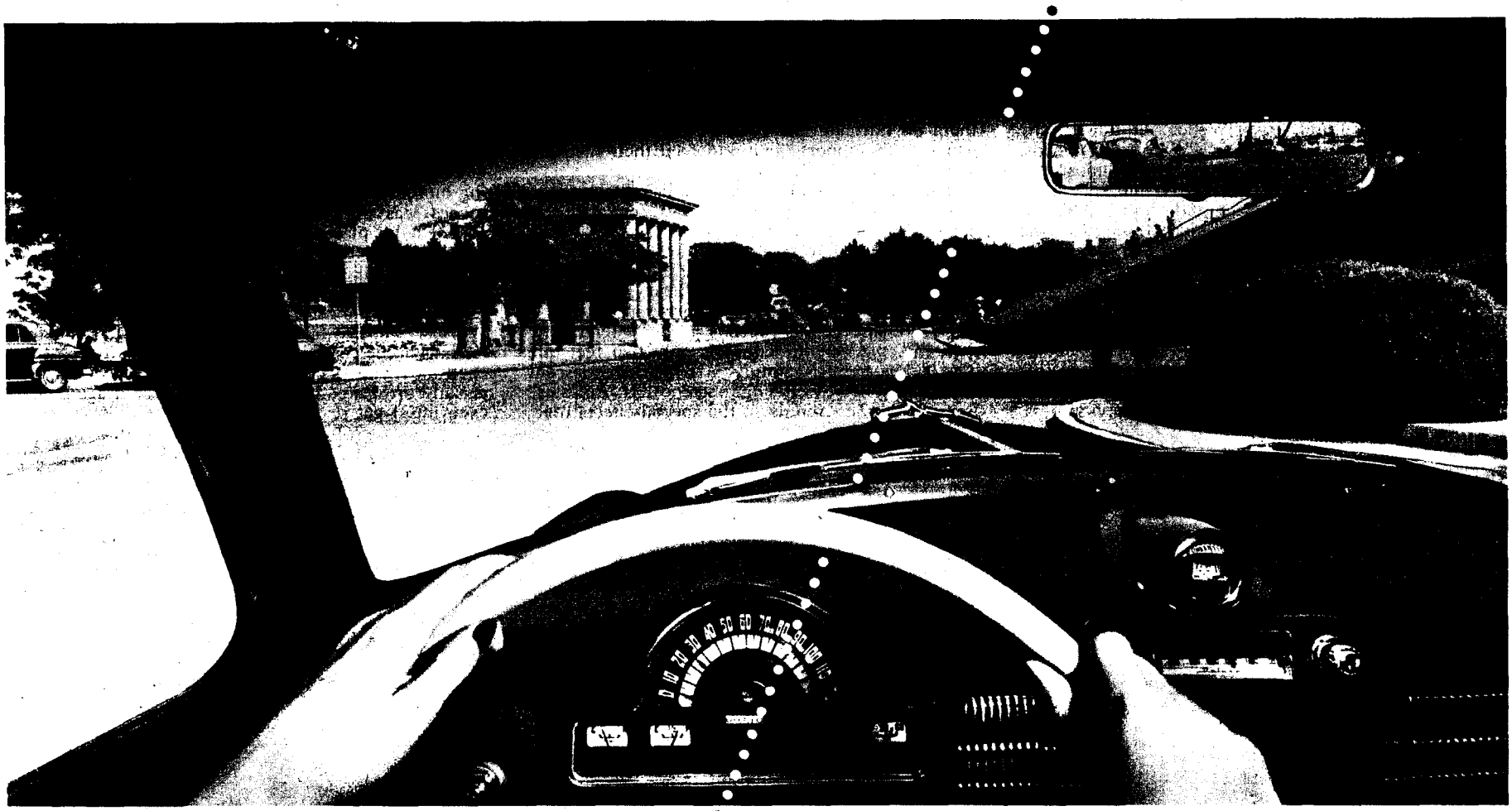

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HOW TO FLY A SAUCER

FLYING saucers will make their movie debut this winter in a Paramount film called War of the Worlds, an all-out, Technicolored, total-terror version of H. G. Wells's famous fifty-four-year-old novel and Orson Welles's all-too-realistic broadcast of 1938. This year's War of the Worlds, produced by George Pal, is among the most ambitious special-effects projects ever undertaken for the screen. More than five months and $1,600,000 went into the picture. But only a fraction of the time and money was spent on flesh-and-glamor actors. The rest was devoted to creating one world which could be convincingly destroyed by machines from another.

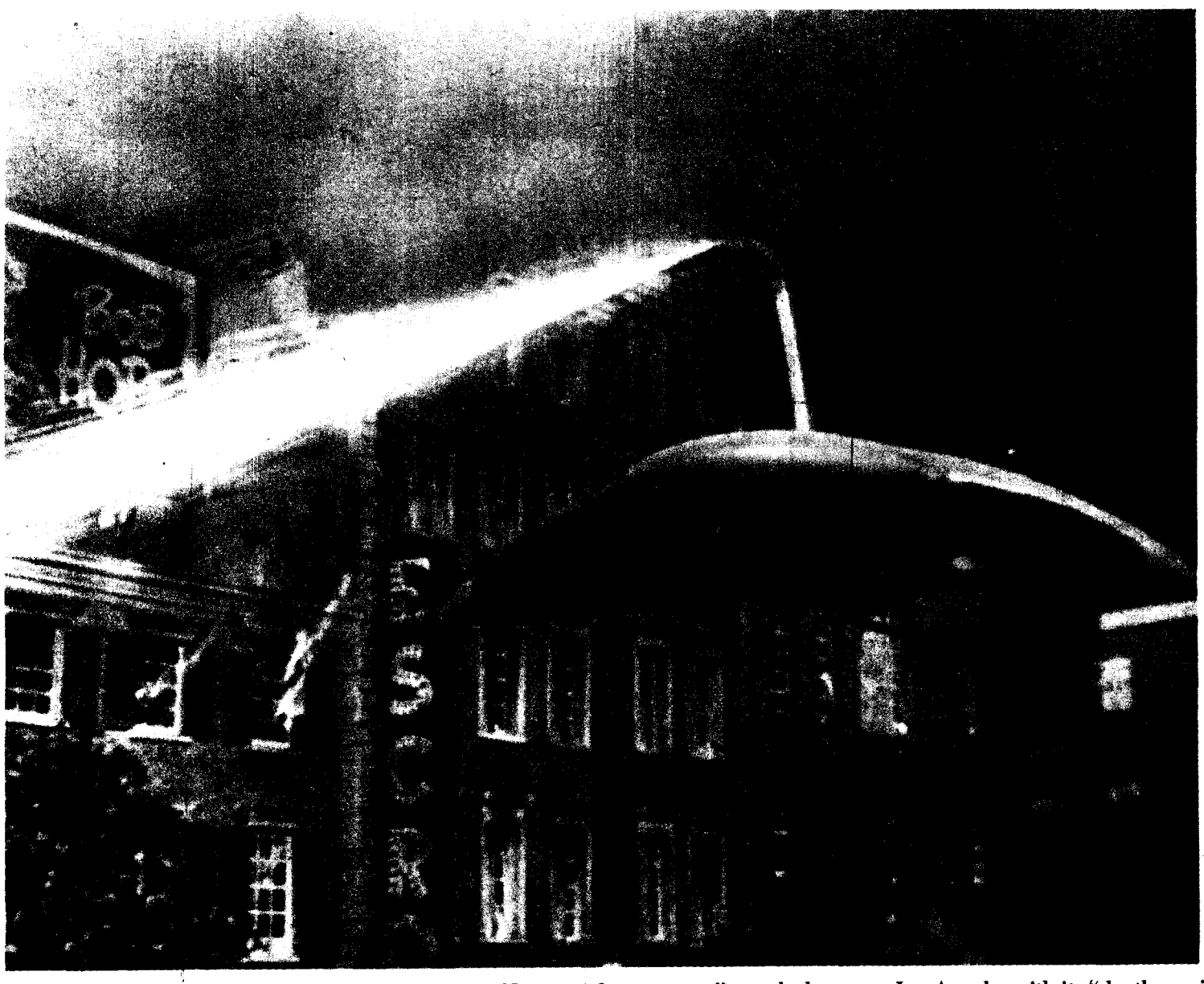
Audiences will see Martian flying saucers—the real stars of the picture—as awesome machines more than 50 feet high, devastating the city of Los Angeles, wiping out an entire Army command post, leveling mountains, demolishing skyscrapers, reducing country towns to clouds of smoke and men to ashes and dust. Actually, the saucers are little more than copper bowls less than three feet high. To put them in action, technicians hung them on intricate networks of camouflaged wires which both support them and feed their mechanical innards with electricity.

The business end of each saucer features a brass "cobra" seemingly over 30 feet tall. In each cobra's head there is a "scanning eye" which glows from red to brilliant white, pulsates furiously when it sights an objective and, when sufficiently aroused, spits deadly "heat rays." The saucers' wing tips emit "disintegrating rays."

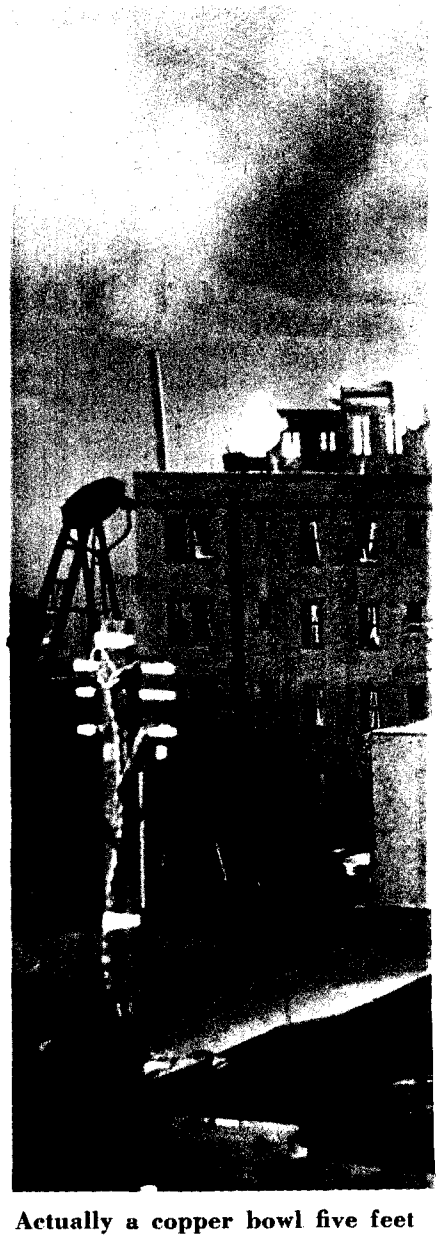
On the screen, the effect is properly terrifying. Actually, the metallic cobra is only two feet tall. The fierce light is simply a large incandescent bulb, controlled by off-stage switches. It "pulsates" because Gordon Jennings, the special-effects man, put a small, wide-bladed electric fan in front of the bulb and let the blades hide the light at regular intervals. The "heat rays" and "disintegrating rays" were photographed separately and superimposed upon the final film. Los Angeles' 464-foot City Hall and almost every other target annihilated by the saucer are perfect miniatures—nothing more. Putting people and saucers in the same scenes was one of Pal's biggest problems. He solved it by placing the saucers well in the foreground and letting perspective do the rest.

Elaborate illusions (including a scream "that's never been heard before on earth") have been worked into almost every moment of War of the Worlds. But the finished, blood-curdling product looks genuine enough to make even the most hardened movie-goers curl up at the edges. Says Hungarian-born Pal: "Even me, when I see it again—even me, I get scared." ▲▲▲

Collier's COLOR CAMERA



In scene from Paramount's War of the Worlds, a Martian "flying saucer" wreaks havoc on Los Angeles with its "death rays"



Actually a copper bowl five feet

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY AND PARAMOUNT STUDIO

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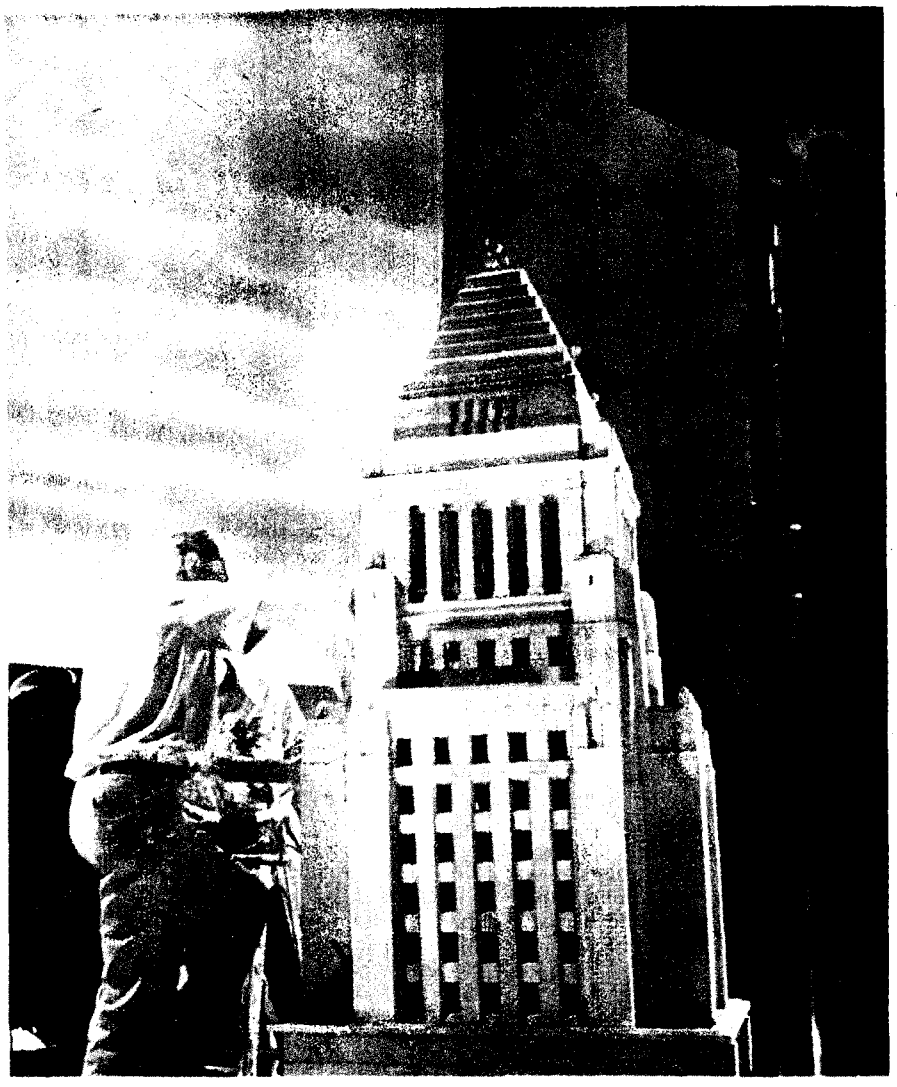
In another sequence from film, a "heat beam" thrown by "scanning eye" of Martian machine blows off top of Los Angeles City Hall



City Hall is actually a hollow plaster, six-foot copy. Tiny dynamite charges, fired at quick intervals, give an effect of fierce explosion

wide, machine moves on camouflaged wires down perfect miniature duplicate of a L.A. street

Film's spectacular A-bomb blast, made with color flash powders, mushroomed 75 feet up

Most vivid scenes are those in which men are instantly reduced to ashes by the machines' "disintegrator rays"

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Bigmouth Number Thirteen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

third cast the bug had scarcely touched when the surface of the pool rose up with a hollow thumping sound and the line went tight. Instantly I knew I was into a big one, a real lunker. He ran and dove and lunged and shook himself, to no avail; I let him set the pace, and thanked my lucky stars that I was using a heavy leader and that the pool was clear of snags and brush. After several violent minutes, the bass went back under the ledge and sat down, and I waited, keeping the line taut and thumping the butt of my rod, feeling him wince. He came out again, and the line cut a wide arc through the water, and somebody let out a yell on the bank. A soprano yell. It was Ardus, accompanied by Floyd Nelson. "Oh, *no!*" she yelled. "It's Number Thirteen!"

"No coaching, please," I said.

"Make him stop, Floyd!" she cried urgently. "He's catching Number Thirteen!" She had a rod, which she dropped, and a minnow bucket, which she now sat on, weeping. I felt bewildered, and Floyd stood there glowering and flexing his muscles.

MEANWHILE I was indeed catching Number Thirteen, if that's who was on the other end of my line, for he was weakening. I looked at the grieving girl, astonished.

"I don't get it," I said. "What's this all about?"

"You didn't tell me you fished," she said accusingly.

"You didn't ask me," I pointed out, stripping in line. The bass must have been hooked in the throat; he was tiring rapidly. He made one last heroic effort, coming out of the water and dancing on his tail before splashing back, and Ardus moaned and gnashed her teeth and seemed in great pain.

Ordinarily, catching a big bass on a fly rig is, for me, the supreme thrill of all fishing thrills, but that girl was spoiling it with her keening sorrow. I led the bass into shallow water and lifted him out, limp and exhausted. He was a bigmouth bass that must have weighed at least six pounds, a whopper, with a metal tag fastened to his gills. I understood about Number Thirteen, as that was what the tag said. Thirteen. I waded across the shallow end of the pool and climbed onto the ledge and approached the stricken lady.

"What's the deal? Is this fish a particular friend of yours?"

"It isn't fair," she bawled, and Floyd inched toward me in a threatening manner. "The fuh-first day you're h-here, and you've gone and c-c-caught him already!" Ardus snuffled.

"I'm a cad," I said. "Just no good. Look here! I make you a gift of this monster. I'm ashamed of myself. So here, he's all yours."

Floyd was breathing loudly. "Take it, baby! Take it!"

Ardus stared lovingly at the bass, something greedy stirring in her wet gray eyes; she got up, sniffing; she clutched the bass to her shirted bosom. Then she looked at me for a long time and began to develop acute melancholia again. She shook her head, slowly and sadly. And suddenly she turned and pitched Number Thirteen back into the pool, and we all stood there and watched him turn over and slowly disappear under the ledge. It irked hell out of me. Also Floyd.

"Why'd you do that?" he squalled. "Are you crazy?"

Ardus chewed her lip. "I *had* to throw him back. It wouldn't have been—honest. I must catch him myself. You know that, Floyd."

"I'd a swore you caught it, you bird-brained little ninny!"

Whack! Ardus slapped him. "Don't you bird-brain me!" she yelled. "Maybe I'm a ninny, but I'm not a cheat or a liar. You amaze me."

"Aw, baby," Floyd mumbled. "I flipped. I musta went nuts."

"Well, just watch it, boy, that's all," she said, and turned a brooding gaze on me. "I do appreciate the gesture, Picasso. You don't know how much it meant to me. I sort of wish you didn't have to find out."

"Beg pardon?" I said.

"Skip it. I'm under a strain, see," she said. "Just—thanks."

"Listen, if I'd known you would do what you did, I would have had that fish baked for supper. Or maybe fried. You have bad manners."

"Watch out, now," Floyd said, his sinews stirring restlessly.

"Oh, well," I said philosophically, "I still have these two nice brownies, of course. It's just the principle of the thing."

"It's just that I want to catch him myself, see," Ardus said.

I shrugged. "Okay. What's done is done." I turned and trudged homeward, where in glum silence I cleaned and fried the runts. After supper I sat on the porch and smoked and watched the soft night settle over my new, unexplained and unexplored world. An owl hooted throatily and whippoorwills called back and forth and a bullbat swooped in the velvety sky above. It was very nice and peaceful. But that girl, that Ardus, she bothered me. After a while I went to bed, and even then she disturbed the orderly processes of my mind. I couldn't fathom her.

I WAS eating breakfast when she rapped timidly on my screen door, equipped with minnow bucket and bait rod. I invited her inside and poured her a cup of coffee, as any well-bred host would have done. She looked cute in a cardigan and pedal-pushers, with a baseball cap on her black hair. She seemed self-conscious, nervous—something.

"I wanted to ask you a favor," she said. "I wanted to ask if you'd kind of not fish up there any more for a while. I mean, well, how about letting me sort of have a monopoly for a few days. You had the pleasure of catching Number Thirteen, so now let *me* try a while, huh? Please?"

"Your wish is my command," I said. "It means a lot to you, eh?"

"Everything," she said fervidly. "Just everything, Keats."

I shook my head, baffled. "I've known dedicated fishermen in my day, but none of them was ever a young and extraordinarily pretty girl."

She looked at me quickly. "You think I'm pretty?"

"Certainly," I said testily. "Don't be coy. You're beautiful."

"Gee whiz," she said. She got up, acting flustered. "Why don't people tell me these things? I guess I better go now. And thanks." She turned at the door. "Thanks for everything." She seemed sad.

I watched her go, thinking: What a curious person! Unfathomable.

That morning, for want of anything better to do while I waited for the lawyer to arrive, I got out a square of pebble board and my paint kit and blocked in an experimental composition I'd been wanting to tackle for some time—an attempt to do a portrait from memory.

At intervals I glanced upstream, and Ardus was always up there, dangling ripe minnows in front of a probably ill-tempered bass. Although there is a vast gulf between us artificial-bait men and the live-bait people, I did not hold this against her. Live and let live. But I could have told her she was wasting her time up there. It would be several days before Number Thirteen felt like eating again, I judged. Sometime in the early afternoon she had gone, but shortly after sundown I noticed that someone was up there with a lantern, and it was undoubtedly her. Such devotion to a cause, no matter how hopeless, deserved sympathy. She was still there when I went to bed, tired from painting.

When I woke up, refreshed, I peered upstream. For Pete's sake, she was either still there or already there again, fishing intently. She must be under some terrific compulsion; she needed to chat with a good analyst, I thought. I had to fight down a mild compulsion of my own to go pass the time of day with her; I analyzed it as mere restlessness brought on by the uncertainty of my status in Dogwood, and by the continued absence of Uncle Henry's legal adviser. After getting through the forenoon painting desultorily and reading dusty back issues of the Farmer Stockman magazine, I decided to go to Dogwood and see what was holding up settlement of the estate.

The old dragon in Jake Ethridge's outer office said the counselor was still in Tulsa and might not get back for a couple more days, and advised me not to get into a swivet. She said that some people were certainly in a hurry to get what didn't rightly belong to them. She sniffed at me, and I sniffed back at her and retreated to a nearby beer joint, where I listened to a baseball broadcast. Then I bought some three-pound-test nylon leader and drove back out to the ranch, and when I parked in front of the cabin my nostrils were assailed by something rank. Inside, I learned the source of the stench. During my absence, some anonymous, fun-loving types had deposited a very dead and bloated pig in the kitchen. I went outside hastily.

Much later, conquering my squeamishness, I managed to drag the noisome object into the woods and bury it. Then, I drove to town and spent the night in a tourist cabin, where I had pleasant, sweet-scented dreams of just retribution.

THE next day was Sunday. I hung around town, reading the funnies and occasionally calling the residence of Jake Ethridge without any success. After a steak dinner, I drove reluctantly out to the cabin, hoping the odor had dissipated by now, and when I got there Ardus was just coming out, carrying a mop and pail. She had her sleeves and trouser legs rolled up, and wore a bandanna around her head. She looked alluring, harassed and untidy.

"Oh, hello," she said. "I've been deodorizing the joint."

"So I notice," I said. "I just ask myself why."

"Because it's neighborly," she said. "I brought you a lemon pie for Sunday dinner, because you have been decent about everything, and I naturally discovered what was mostly wrong about the cabin. So I got a mop and bucket and deterged the lingering stench."

"I'm grateful," I said. "I have here some cold beer. Would you join me?"

She sighed and said she certainly would, and we sat on the porch and drank it out of the cans, and she asked me what kind of art work I mostly did—landscapes, animals, portraits or what? I explained, as delicately as possible, that what I painted almost exclusively, or had before I quit my job, was women with hardly any clothes on, for calendars and bathing-suit ads. I asked her to bear in mind that I had done it against my will, in order to eat regularly.

"Live models, huh?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. "Even in art school, we had live models." I thought of Gogo, Nicky and Dolly. I did so sourly. "My relations with them," I explained, "were strictly impersonal."

Her gaze skidded past my face. "Are you married or anything?"

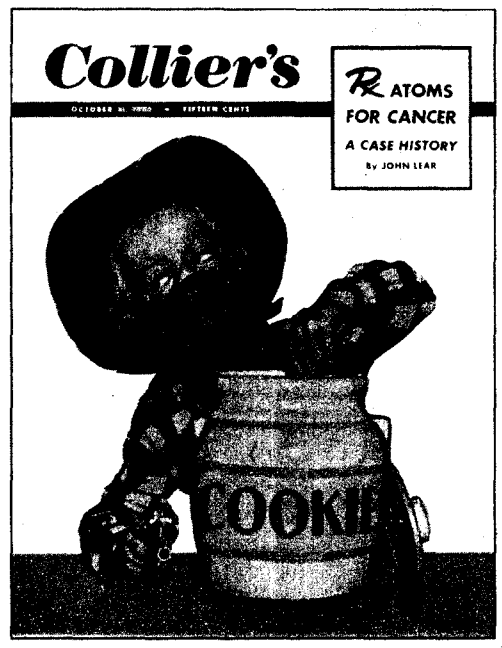
"No," I said. "I'm holding out for a rich heiress."

Her gaze jarred to a stop. "An—heiress?" she said faintly.

"Big joke," I said. "Are you engaged to Floyd?"

She got up. "Not officially. We have an understanding, I guess." She picked up her mop and pail. "Thanks for the

Next Week



℞ ATOMS FOR CANCER

A CASE HISTORY

By JOHN LEAR

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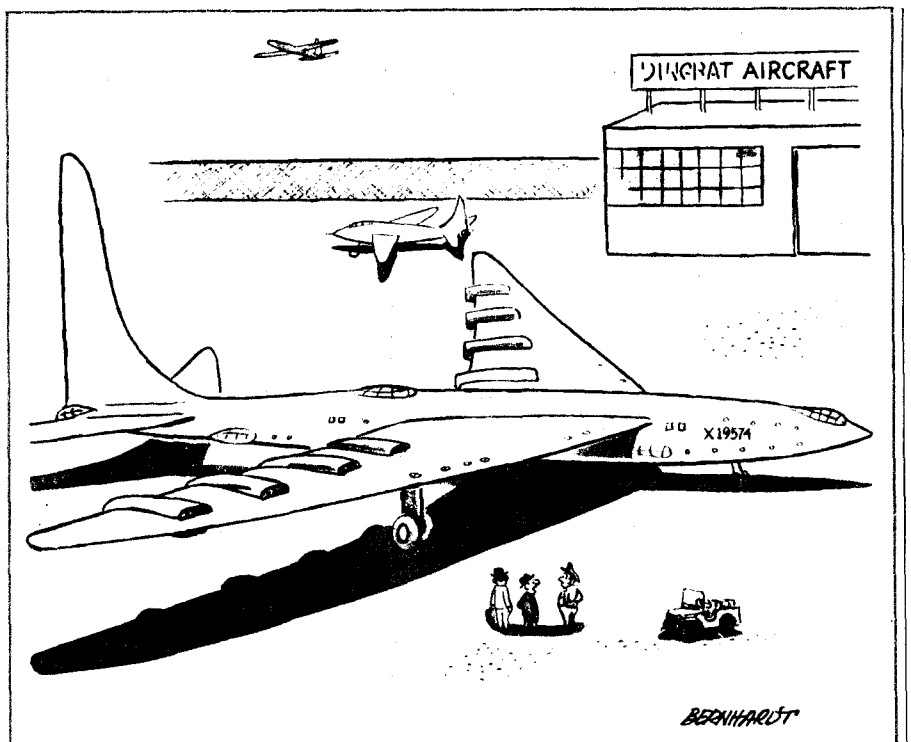

COLLIER'S **"It still has a few little bugs in it. For one thing, it won't leave the ground"** GLENN R. BERNHARDT

beer." She walked down the slope, waded the creek without taking off her sneakers and was lost among the trees. She never did look back.

I fished downstream that afternoon, catching a nice string of green perch, and when I got back to the cabin, Ardus was crouching over Number Thirteen's lair, enticing him with shiners. When it got dark, she lit the lantern. You'd have thought that fish had a fist-sized diamond in his abdominal cavity, the way she hounded him. I went to bed early, feeling grouchy about the whole business, and I woke up the next morning feeling out of sorts. What is this? I wondered. A stall? A run-around? I felt compelled to check the upstream view. The answer was yes. I was beginning to feel haunted by the thought of her eternal vigil on the ledge, her monumental patience, her perverse perseverance. After a sketchy breakfast, I got in my car and drove to Dogwood.

The old dragon saw me come in the door. "He ain't back yet," she said.

"I'll wait," I said grimly. I took a seat and gave her the evil eye, and she acted nervous. I lit my pipe and relaxed and watched her, and little beads of sweat popped out on her upper lip, and then all of a sudden the inner office door opened and an old hawk-faced codger stood framed in it, frowning at some papers. "Trudy—" he said.

"Hello, Jake," I said. If it *was* Jake, I was going to be browned off.

"Hello," he said absently. I was browned off. "Say, Trudy, that Jones litigation . . ." He looked at me again, his brow knitting. "Huh?"

"The name is Keats. I'm the guy you've been avoiding, Jake."

He began to sputter denials, saying he'd just returned from an extended trip, et cetera, but I smelled fraud like decomposing pork, and doubted if he'd been out of town at all.

I interrupted him. "Since I'm here, let's transact our business, Jake."

I had him there. He shrugged, and reluctantly invited me into his office, and closed the door behind us and sat primly in his swivel chair, making a tent of his fingers, peering at me. "Ah, hum," he said. "Yes. Your uncle's will. Yes indeed. Peculiar man, your uncle Henry."

I said I believed *that,* and he scowled and continued, "You're his only livin' kin—but Hank didn't much cotton to the notion of you inheritin' his estate. Never liked your daddy, figured you'd be a chip off the old block. Wanted to cut you off with nothin', but I reckon his conscience and his native caution voted agin' it. So he put you in his will in such a way you ain't likely to get a red penny, and it won't do you no good to contest the will, neither. It's airtight."

That was like finding a boar's corpse in the kitchen.

"Hank figured you'd be a dude, like your daddy." Jake opened his desk and took out some legal papers. "Hank's wife's niece, she lived with Hank the last three, four years. Kept house for him." He cleared his throat. "Her and her two brothers." I had a mental picture of four people jammed into the cabin, and it was crowded in there. Jake said, "The will provides that the niece inhabits the main dwelling and has full use of and receives all proceeds from the ranch until and *if* such time as you meet the conditions of the will, and so forth and so on."

"They can have the shack and welcome," I said. "I'll move out."

JAKE'S leathery face twitched. "Ain't necessary. That cabin is the *original* dwellin' and domicile. Hank moved outa there over ten years ago, used it for a tenant house until lately. The main dwellin' is on another part of the ranch, considerable bigger, and with a five-room tenant house close by."

"A light just flickered on and off in my mind," I said.

He ignored me. "Accordin' to the terms of the will, you got to live in the cabin until—and if—you fulfill the conditions." He cleared his throat noisily. "Which are as follows, in brief. I'll jist tell it—quicker than readin' the legal phraseology. Hank was a nut about fishin', and he figured people who liked fishin' were generally upright and honest citizens. Hank was rated the best bass fisherman in these parts. Held the record. But they was one big 'un he never could catch."

The light was blinking on and off rapidly in my mind now.

"Hank went and stocked his crick with bigmouth bass, two dozen of 'em, with tags. He let 'em go a couple years, so they'd reproduce and grow, and then he started fishin' for them original two dozen bass. He caught all but one."

"Number Thirteen!" I said, and something went ping! audibly.

"You got to catch that fish, or you don't inherit, boy."

Ping, ping! "Ardus McWhinney is

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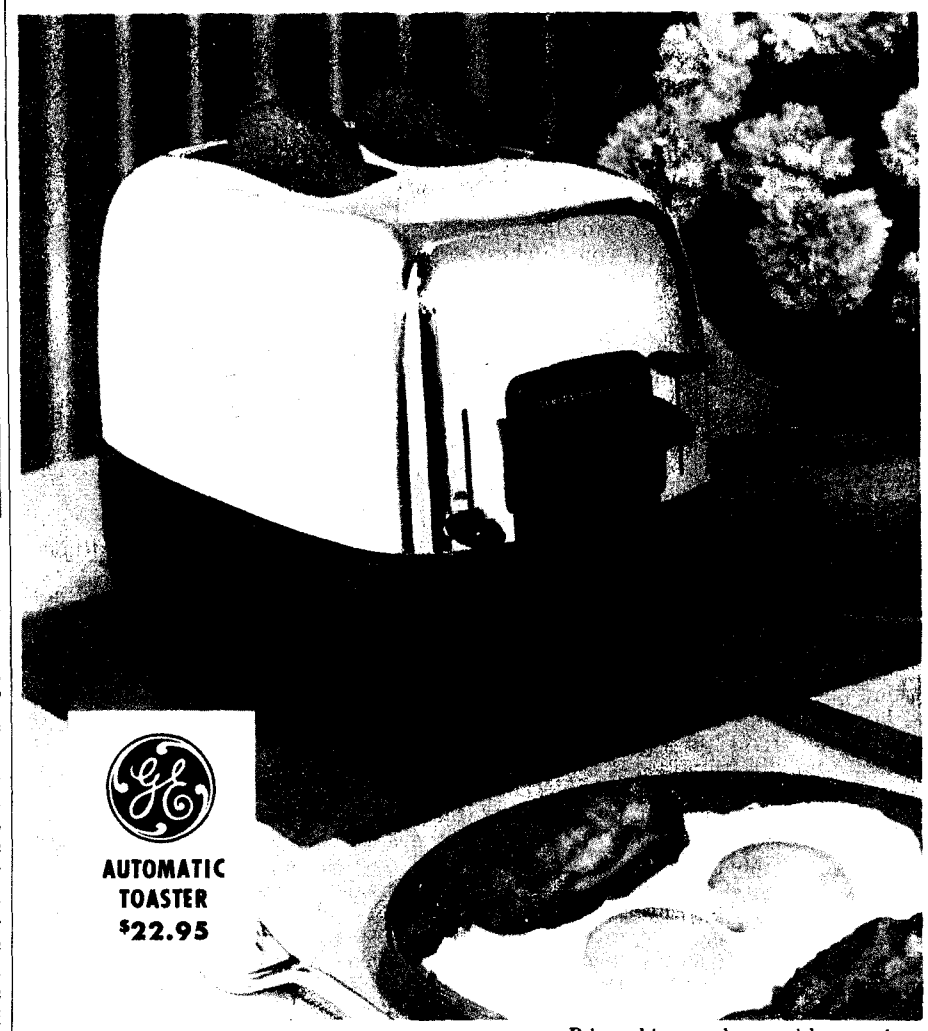

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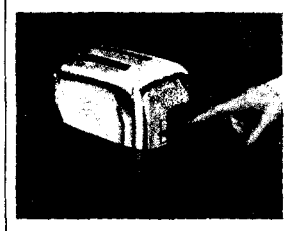

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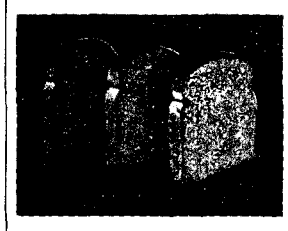

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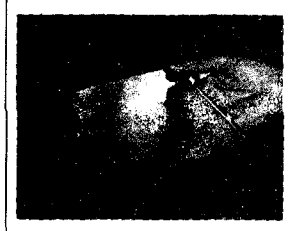

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the niece of Uncle Henry's dead wife," I said in a ghastly croak.

"Well, looks like you ain't exactly stupid," Jake said, nodding.

"Take it back; I'm stupid," I said. That conniving, underhanded, unscrupulous female! No wonder she was so anguished at the sight of me catching that bass. And now I smelled collusion stronger than ever. Ardus steering me to the cabin, Jake being unavailable—to give her a chance to catch the bass and disinherit me before I even heard the terms of the will. And I'd *caught* the bass, damn it!

"Catch the fish, you git everything, boy, except the five-room tenant house and five acres, which Ardus is to have whether you win or lose, and they also git a fourth of the net profits from the ranch. On the other hand, if *she* catches that tagged bass, you don't git nothin'; you're jist up the crick. I might add that as long as neither of you catches the fish, Ardus is nominal owner and manager of the ranch."

I HAD ugly thoughts. "Look, fish don't live forever. Supposing the bass died a natural death, or an accidental one. What then?"

Jake wiped something, probably a grin, off his face. "They's a clause takes care of that contingency. You come by the corpus delicti of that fish, and git a medical lab to give sworn evidence the fish didn't die as the result of foul play, and you come to a rider in the will which ain't to be disclosed unless sich contingency comes up."

"What if he died and nobody ever found out about it?" I asked.

Jake didn't try to wipe off this grin. "Why, boy, I reckon you'd spend the rest of your life fishin' for a ghost," he said, and erupted into laughter. "This will is a doozy," he gasped. "And plumb airtight."

"Is it?" I said. "Supposing I contested it. Would it stand up?"

"They's a—yhuh, yuh-haw!—special clause that if you go to court about it, the entire estate—hee, hee, hee!—automatically goes to Ardus McWhinney. Hooeee, lawdy, my belly hurts!"

"It's diabolical!" I said. "Preposterous!"

"Shore is," Jake said. "Oh-haw, ah, haw, choke!"

I insisted on reading the will, and he let me, and it was like he said, including the sealed envelopes containing the various secret contingency clauses. I read it, and then I stomped out of there, with the sound of Jake's snorts and snufflings following me to my car.

She was there, trying to hook a ranch with a minnow. I stalked up there and waded the shallows and to hell with my seventeen-dollar oxfords. I stood over her, examining her with utter contempt. She was all the avaricious, treacherous females in the world, including Gogo, Dolly, Nicky and Ginger, rolled into one. She wouldn't look at me.

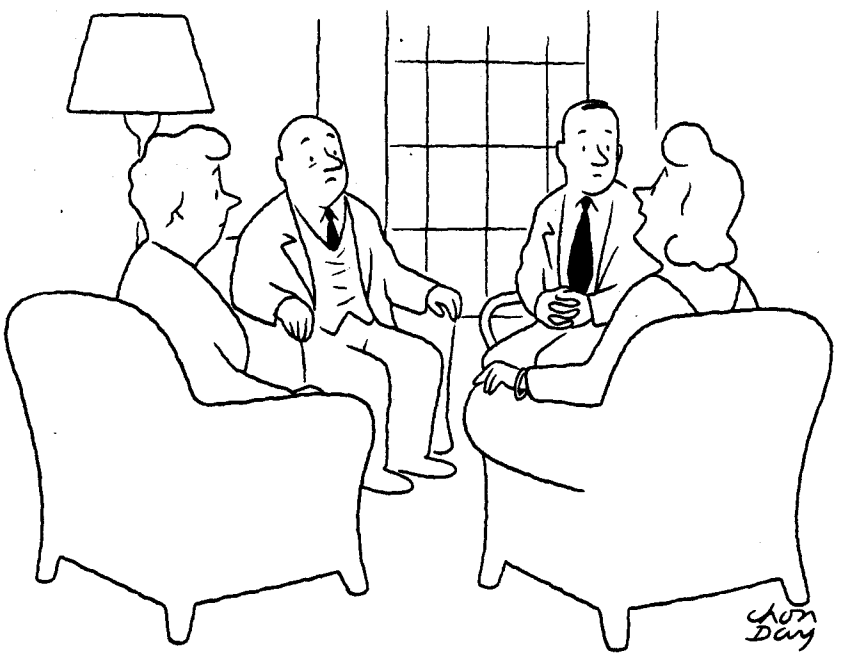
"I just had a long chat with a lawyer," I said.

"Oh," she said in a tiny voice. "He—told you?"

"You know damn' well he told me!"

For a while there was just the murmur of the creek and the sound of Jefferson Keats's stentorian breathing, and then she said defensively, "I threw him back. Floyd would have perjured for me and sworn I caught it, but I threw it back. It was fair."

I didn't want to argue with her. I wanted to devastate her with a few well-chosen words, but they wouldn't come. I groped, but I couldn't seem to come up with the right combination. "You are undoubtedly—" I said. "You're a—You have about as much—" Aw, the hell with it! I was shivering with a kind of futile and homicidal rage, and I kept wishing she was a man, and then I didn't much care what sex she was, I had to do some physical violence to her person. I took action.



COLLIER'S

"Tell them that one where the drunk falls down an elevator shaft and says, 'I said up'!"

CHON DAY

She lay quietly across my lap, not fighting, and I belabored her backside with my palm, and I tell you right now it hurt me much worse than it did her. She had a metal container in her hip pocket, and I was getting absolutely no revenge whatsoever; I was simply bruising my hand. Artists have sensitive hands anyhow. So then I guess I really blew a piston. I stood up and yanked her against my chest and bent her backward cruelly, and I kissed her, angrily and brutally, trying to put all of my contempt and loathing into it, wanting to outrage her and insult her. Then I shoved her away and sneered at her. "Take that," I said. "You scheming little— You—!"

Her eyes flashed. "You *artist!*" she yelled. And then she began to cry, damn it. "I deserve the ranch more than you duh-do," she wailed. "I *need* it worse than you do. I've got two little brothers to suh-support, and I can't make a living duh-drawing naked women."

I turned around and beat it out of there. I never could stand crying women. Gets under my skin. Makes me do foolish things, like giving Ardus a bass worth a fortune.

By the time I reached the cabin I had only one purpose in life—to catch that fish again. I wouldn't go about it haphazardly like she had been doing, fishing him at all hours, making a constant nuisance of herself. I would fish him briefly in the early morning and late evening hours, when bass are prone to feed. I got out my tackle box and began checking my casting gear, my plugs and spoons and stuff. Being more given to fly-casting, I didn't have many plugs—only about fifty. I didn't have any of the latest sure-fire fish-killers. I spread the plugs out on the porch and began a process of selection and rejection, putting the stuff into two piles. And I was filing the points of the treble-hooks forty-five minutes later when company came.

COLLIER'S

"... HUP! Two - t'ree - fo', HUP! Two - t'ree - fo' ..."

JOHN DEMPSEY

Floyd was not alone. His companion was a massive character with a flattened nose and little pig eyes, a battered Stetson and run-over cowboy boots, and a surplus of bulging muscles. The two of them came marching up to the porch like a pair of trained apes.

"Get up, you," Floyd said. "I wanta talk to you, feller."

I got up, like a dope, and Floyd's big fist slammed into my forehead, and I sprawled on the porch, shaking the tinsel out of my head and wondering what Floyd wanted to talk to me about.

"On your feet," he said. "It's encore time."

"Intermission," I said.

"Get up," he said. "Or I kick your brains out."

Dimly, I sensed that I needed my brains, although I had no idea what for. I would get up and preserve them. But the trouble was that artists and pianists and typists and others whose hands are their trade tools—excepting prize fighters, naturally—do not go around fist-fighting if there is any honorable way to avoid it. I hated to jeopardize my career, but the matter of honor was already rigidly established here; it would be more honorable to take it standing up. I began to see vermilion, and my mind tried to dredge from my memory all of the things I'd been taught about self-defense in the infantry.

"How you want it?" Floyd asked. "Standin' up or layin' down?"

"Vertical," I snarled, coming abruptly up off the canvas. I dodged his sloppy roundhouse right, letting it glance off my shoulder, pivoting under his arm and grabbing it with both hands. Bracing myself, getting leverage, I turned the arm so his elbow was down, set my shoulder against it, and heaved mightily. And it happened just like the sergeant always promised it would. Floyd sailed through the air and caromed off the edge of the porch, exhaling loudly.

It was pretty, but I shouldn't have wasted time admiring it, because I forgot about Floyd's muscular insurance policy—who now slugged me from behind.

ONE thing you got to give me: I didn't stay upright for either of them, but I stayed on the porch for both. I swam up slowly through murky gloom, and Floyd was standing over me, murder in his eyes. I decided to take the full count and closed my eyes.

"That'll learn you," he said hoarsely. "Ardus told me what you done. Don't do it no more, or I'll put you in the fracture ward, crumb."

He gave me a playful kick in the stomach, and after a while I heard the convertible leave. When I felt well enough to reconnoiter, the first thing I noticed was that Floyd had taken all of my fishing gear, except for the fly rod and one popping bug, which were inside the cabin. I staggered into the cabin and lay down on the bed with a wet compress on my head, thinking ugly things; and when I rose from my couch of pain, I was not so much interested in catching the bass myself as in just seeing to it that Ardus didn't. I looked upstream and she was there, so I walked up there on my side of the stream and began heaving stones into the pool, and after a while she gave me a look of loathing and started to leave.

"Listen, Mike Angelo," she said. "I ought to warn you, steer clear of Floyd. He's got blood in his eye. He's got a mad on. I don't know why I should bother to warn you, but anyhow I have."

"I saw him," I said. I took off my hat and allowed her to view my empurpled brow, and she gasped.

"Oh, golly. I'm sorry I told him, now. About you kissing me and all that other stuff." She wrung her hands. "Honest, I'm sorry."

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"I'm sorry I kissed you," I said. "I regret it very much. Floyd seemed to feel my attentions to you were unwelcome, McWhinney."

"That's what I told him," she replied, looking quite pugnacious.

"Okay," I said. "By the way, whenever I see you up here, I plan to throw rocks at Number Thirteen. Keep him on edge. You know."

"I despise you," she said, and stalked huffily into the woods, and I wandered back to the cabin and set up an observation post on the porch, watching the pool. I was going to make life miserable for her every time she showed up. Only she didn't show up any more that day, or that night either, up to the time I finally went to bed.

THE next morning I was fixing breakfast when a guy came knocking on the door—a cowboy type, with a genuine horse. "You Keats?" he asked. I said I was. "Jake Ethridge called out to my place, said tell you he's got to see you pronto. Said it was important. Well, so long."

"So long," I said. I watched him get on his horse and ride across the creek into the woods, and then I got in my car and headed for Dogwood. Why, I kept asking myself, would Jake Ethridge want to see me? But I was at the edge of town before my native suspicion caught up with me. Something went *poinng!* in my big thick skull. Maybe it was only McWhinney's way of having the pool to herself undisturbed, but I had a sudden intense urge to go back and see. Maybe they had found a nice dead horse and wanted me out of the way while they stuffed it into the cabin. I turned around and headed back.

Nothing seemed amiss in the clearing. Birds sang; a breeze stirred the grass and the trees. Inside the cabin nothing had been disturbed, and I couldn't see anybody at the pool. Well, hell, I thought. Maybe Jake does want to see me, after all. I took one last look up toward the pool as I climbed into the car, and this time I saw the barest hint of movement there, low on the water. I closed the car door and walked up that way, and after fifty yards or so I could identify the objects in the water as human heads, and I started running. A seine, most likely, I figured.

There were three of them: Floyd, the ape who had slugged me, and the cowboy who had delivered the phony message from Jake. And it wasn't a seine they had; it was much worse. A trammel net! They already had it set and were poking around under the ledge to run Number Thirteen out into the net's meshes, where he would be inextricably caught. I started yelling. Don't ask me what I yelled. It was probably something corny like: "Hey, you can't do that!" I felt pretty raunchy, I'll tell you.

They were surprised to see me, but far from dismayed. Floyd gave me a triumphant leer and jerked his head in silent command, and the three of them came wading toward me, converging on me. I was badly outnumbered, but I had one insignificant advantage—I had rocks to throw, and I began throwing them. I got Floyd in the side of the head and he submerged, but he came up roaring and splashing. I also scored a splendid bull's-eye on the simian who had slugged me. I got him right in his big fat teeth. But it merely slowed him down a little, and ultimately they got where I was and the fighting became hand to hand. I hope I acquitted myself honorably, but it didn't last long. All I know for sure is that I didn't win, and that when I came to on the gravel bar they were gone, the trammel net was gone and the odds were a thousand to one that Number Thirteen was also gone.

I was a mess—bloody, thoroughly whipped, a mass of aches and bruises, groggy, and bereft of a ranch. I managed to get on my feet, and when I looked toward the clearing, I saw that the cabin was on fire. It didn't seem to matter much—I wouldn't need it any longer—but people react instinctively to fires, and I started running—or staggering, let's call it—thinking to save whatever I could of my belongings.

When I got to the porch, flames were devouring the inside of the shack and stabbing through the roof. I got to the door, but no farther, and I started to turn back when I saw the painting, leaning against the wall just inside. Grabbing it, I headed for my car, which needed to be moved. I didn't quite make it. Maybe it was the heat, or smoke, or just the beating I'd taken, but as I reached for the car door I fainted and fell sprawling on the square of pebble board. And just before I blanked out, I thought: You win, McWhinney.

I wasn't out long; the cabin was still burning merrily when I opened my eyes and saw Ardus there, looking worried and unhappy.

"Are you all right?" she inquired anxiously.

"Oh, sure!" I said sarcastically. "Never better." She had moved both me and my car out of range of the intense heat, but I can't say I felt especially grateful. "You just happened along, huh?" I said.

"I was coming from town and I saw the smoke," she explained. "I saw Floyd, too. Throwing something in the river. Was it— Was it—?"

"It was," I said. "They used a trammel net, as if you didn't know. You win, McWhinney. Congratulations." I sat up, pushing her away.

"Darn him," she said. "I'll never speak to him again, the jerk. I didn't want to win *this* way, Gauguin, honest. Listen, I won't accept it like this. I'll give you half of the ranch or something."

I got up. "Don't do me any favors, baby," I said. I started toward my car. Maybe I was snatching defeat from the jaws of victory, but I've got pride. Who wants to be rich? I reached for the car door.

"Wait!" Ardus wailed. "Wait, Jeff."

Jeff? I thought. I turned around and looked at her, and ached. And it wasn't just from the lumps, either. I felt miserable otherwise.

"Jeff," she said softly. "Why don't you *say* it?"

"Say what?" I asked her.

She blushed. "Don't embarrass me. Just *admit* it, please."

"Admit what?" I said irritably. I didn't get it at all.

She hung her head. "That you love me," she said faintly.

I HAD to hang onto the car; all of a sudden my knees had hinges of putty. Why, damn it, she was right! I did love her. I said hoarsely, "How did you know?"

She wouldn't look at me. "Oh, intuition—and the way you kissed me when you were trying to be mad at me." She lifted her eyes to mine and I felt weak. "No, that's when I knew *I* was falling for *you*. I didn't know *you* cared until just a while ago, when I found you here—kissing my picture."

"Picture?" I said. "What picture?"

"The portrait you painted of me," she said shyly. "The other day when I scrubbed the cabin I saw it, and I thought then you—well, *liked* me, and then you talked to Mr. Ethridge and were mad at me, and I felt awful. But today, just now, you saved the painting instead of anything else, and when I found you, you had your arms around it and were k-k-kissing it. Gee, that was romantic, Picas—I mean Jeff. But I wouldn't care if you sort of wanted to kiss me in person."

I kissed her in person, and forgot about fish and ranches and all that unimportant stuff. This was it, you hear me! With her soft arms around my neck, Ardus murmured against my shoulder: "This way, we *both* can have the ranch, see. But, golly, just think if I hadn't seen the picture and everything, it would be *awful.*"

"It sure would, honey," I said, and I made a mental note to never, ever, let her find out that the painting she believed was a loving portrait of herself was, in reality, a composite—done from memory—of Gogo, Ginger, Dolly and Nicky. ▲▲▲

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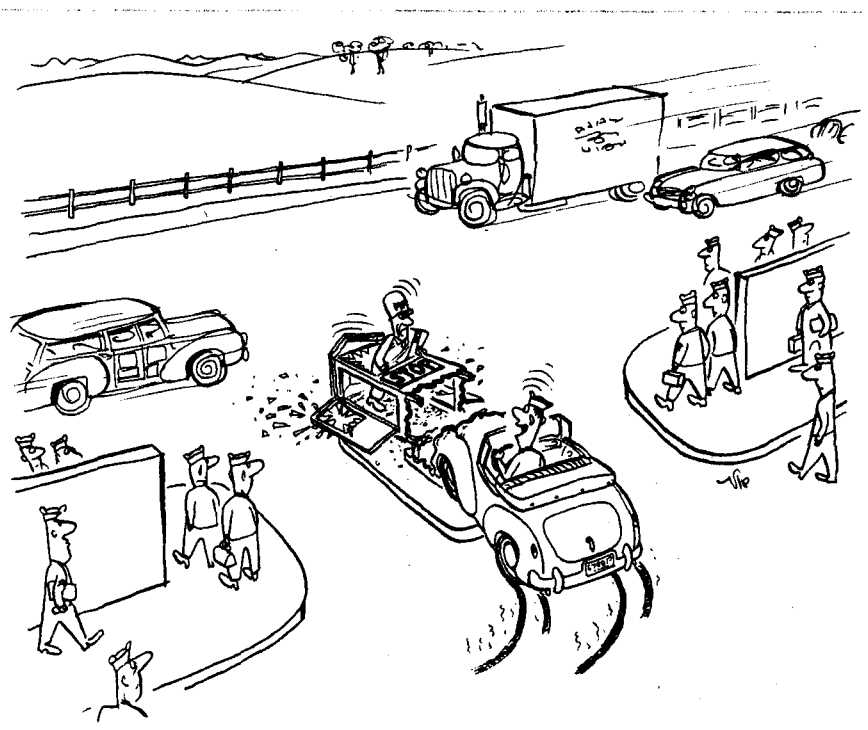
VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Well, there goes the old week-end pass" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Looks Easy on Sunday

By ELIZABETH COULSON

What does it take to keep things running smoothly for guests and tenants of a zoo on a busy week end? Ask Belle Benchley, the world's only woman director of a major zoo

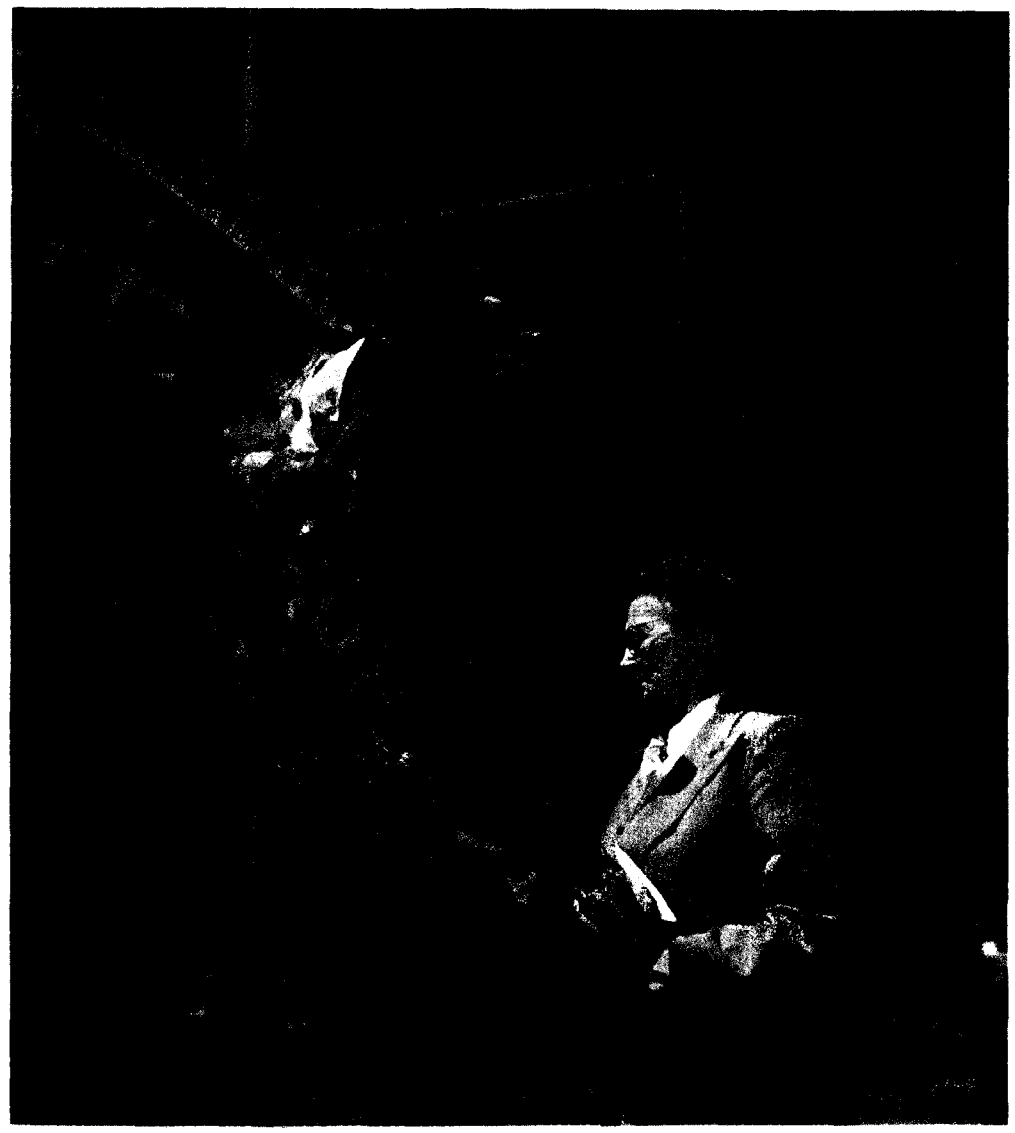
THE baby seal was having a hard time of it when the motorist found him. The normally sleek little animal was a bedraggled figure, humping down the highway far from the sea, his flippers sore, his whiskers drooping. The driver, a Texan headed inland, had picked up the seal. A short time later, he stopped beside a woman and asked what was, under the circumstances, a perfectly normal question:

"What would you do with a lost seal around here?"

"I'd call Belle Benchley at the zoo," the woman promptly replied. And that is just what she did.

A short time later, the infant seal was napping by the side of a friendly pool, his fur glistening as a seal's should, his whiskers twitching happily.

Wandering seals aren't a commonplace problem for Mrs. Benchley, but as director of one of the largest zoos in the world—she started there 27 years ago as a bookkeeper, and is now the only woman bossing a major zoo—she has learned not to expect the commonplace. Each of the 3,300 animals in her 200-acre domain has its own likes and dislikes, eating and sleeping peculiarities, personality traits and even allergies, and at various times Mrs. Benchley has functioned as a curator, manager, mother, dietitian, grocery clerk and family physician to her charges.



Director Benchley, who joined the San Diego Zoo staff as a bookkeeper in 1925, opens gate and feeds bread to friend Lofty, a Uganda giraffe

The animals aren't her only concern. She is, of course, an employer—and an employer with special problems. For example, many of the keepers she hires are former circus hands, used to a fairly rough life and unaccustomed at first to taking orders from a soft-spoken little woman of seventy, with lace at her throat and gray in her hair. They soon find that she knows what she wants and is determined to get it. As an illustration, she won't hire a man who says he's not afraid of animals. "Such a man," says Belle Benchley, "is a fool, and I won't have him around."

Then there are the visitors. Last year, 1,250,000 people came to the San Diego Zoo, an astonishing figure for a city of 334,000 population. The control of crowds averaging well over 3,000 a day (and considerably higher on week ends and holidays) is a full-time task in itself.

Yet Belle Benchley does not believe that a zoo justifies itself solely as a place of amusement. It affords a matchless opportunity for scientific work, and researchers from all over the world are visitors there. Even when an animal dies, it continues its contribution to science. Brains go to medical laboratories in Los Angeles, blood serum to the University of Wisconsin or Rutgers, mammal hair to the FBI for research, skeletons to the University of California.

Besides lending assistance to the world's scientists, the zoo has undertaken several research projects of its own. The first corneal grafts—which today are giving sight to many people afflicted with cataracts—were performed in the zoo's fine animal hospital. Two $2,500 scholarships are maintained for scientific study; under one of them, Dr. Arthur J. Kelly is on his second year of research on the biochemistry and physiology of seals. The University of Southern California has also conducted an extensive survey of parasites at the zoo.

But the most important scientific project at the zoo is being carried on by Dr. Arthur Kelly's wife, Dr. Joan Morton Kelly—who was hired in 1949 as a full-time psychologist!

Her special charges are Albert, Bata and Bouba, the zoo's three baby gorillas, whose physical and mental growth are expected to provide an insight into learning ability of animals in general.

During their infancy, the three simians had to be treated like human babies, with frequent feedings, special formulas and constant precautions against colds and stomach upsets. As they grew, they spent short periods in the gorilla cage, where they could get used to the public. At first, someone had to stay in the cage with them so they wouldn't become frightened or climb too high and fall. More than 10,000 San Diegans came to watch, on the first day they were exhibited.

Now, no longer babies, the 80-pound animals are still under constant observation through one-way mirrors like those used in many child-study laboratories. And every morning from eight to ten o'clock, they go to "school."

Their first schoolwork was a game played with a grape and three cans, colored gray, white and black. The grape was consistently put under one of the cans until the babies learned to recognize its color. Then the routine was varied; the key color changed, and more colors were added. Today, once the young gorillas have seen the grape in a can of any given color, they remember and go to that can afterward.

They have shown other signs of intelligence, too. A short time ago an eminent professor came to San Diego to observe Bata, Bouba and Albert. He ignored Mrs. Benchley's warning that the young gorillas feel their cage is their own. The first time he tried to enter alone, Albert snatched his shirt and—as the professor backed out hurriedly—Bata and Bouba went for his trousers. On his second try, the youngsters were ready for him. As he opened the door and stepped in, they dashed past, and slammed the door behind them. Then they scampered for freedom, leaving the professor inside the cage, secured by an automatic catch beyond his reach. Dr. Kelly came to the rescue and the gorillas, frightened by the vastness of the outside world, were glad to give it back to the professor for the security of their own cage.

The three little gorillas are the despair of newspaper photographers because they're so active. At Christmas, while a photographer tried desperately for a shot, they ate the popcorn and cranberries off their tree, used their new porridge bowls for drums and hats, then uprooted the tree and used it as a broom and finally climbed all over the photographer in an effort to kiss him.

The fact that they are obviously at ease in their

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ERNEST KLEINBERG

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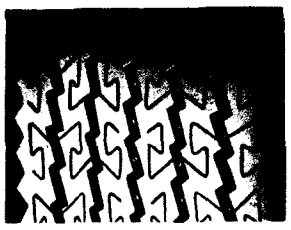

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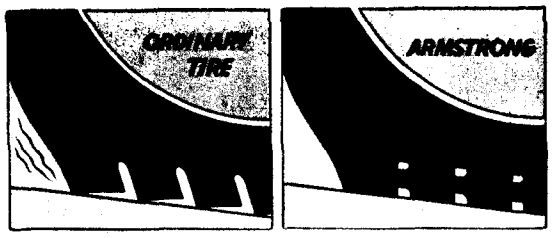

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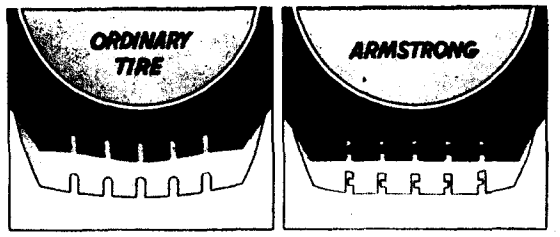

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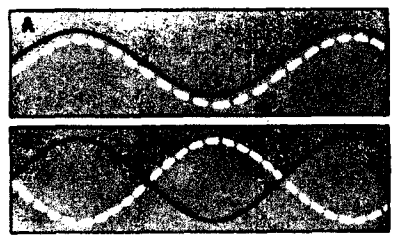

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Assistant reptile curator Charles Shaw is dinner-time waiter for big Galápagos tortoises. The largest ones are about a hundred years old

In another section hippopotamuses munch on food placed at the side of their pool. The 200-acre zoo has an animal population of 3,300

Mrs. Benchley caters to finicky diets to make her wards feel at home. Apes get cora

surroundings makes Mrs. Benchley hope that someday Albert may mate with one or both of the girls, and perhaps add to what is already one of the world's largest collections of apes, gorillas, orangutans and other primates. If such a fruitful mating occurred, it would add one more to the record list of births at the zoo among species previously considered impossible to breed in captivity.

Australia Banned Export of Koalas

Studying the habits of baby gorillas has been far easier than another of Belle Benchley's projects. Not long after her arrival at the zoo, its koala died. A short time before, Australia, the native home of the little animal from which the original Teddy bear was designed, had slapped an embargo on the export of koalas. Too many of them had died in foreign lands; it appeared that Australia was the only place where they could live.

But Mrs. Benchley wanted a couple of the animals and she patiently set about proving to the Australian government that koalas would be safe in the San Diego Zoo.

It appeared that the trouble experienced by koalas outside their own country was dietary: they could eat only certain kinds of eucalyptus leaves, and only those from trees at least five years old. So the zoo director grew her own eucalyptus trees and continued her campaign, doing favors for Australian zoos, entertaining Australian scientists and reminding the Australian government of her request.

Last January, the campaign finally paid off. Two pairs of shoe-button-eyed, gray, furry balls arrived by air—22 years after the death of the zoo's first koala!

The four new koalas are doing fine on their eucalyptus diet, but sometimes new arrivals at the zoo refuse to eat anything. One old bull seal almost starved to death before Mrs. Benchley and the keeper hit upon a novel solution.

For days the keeper had tried to hold the old fellow and push the fish down him. But holding a wet seal is almost the classic example of the impossible. Finally, the man and Mrs. Benchley went into a huddle; out of it came the answer: a strait jacket. Using a piece of tarpaulin with a hole in it, the attendant scooped the seal out of the water. The animal stuck his head through the hole, trying to escape, and like a flash he was swaddled. At first he had to be force-fed. Later he consented to take a fish from his keeper's hand, but he wouldn't catch it or pick it up. Eventually, he was persuaded to give up the struggle. Today he is the first seal to grab his supper.

Supplying food for her residents is one of Belle Benchley's biggest problems. Years ago she decided that one reason her captives did not mate was because they lacked the food they ate in their wild state. So she began importing plants from the far corners of the world; she holds one of the few Agriculture Department permits issued for importation of seed.

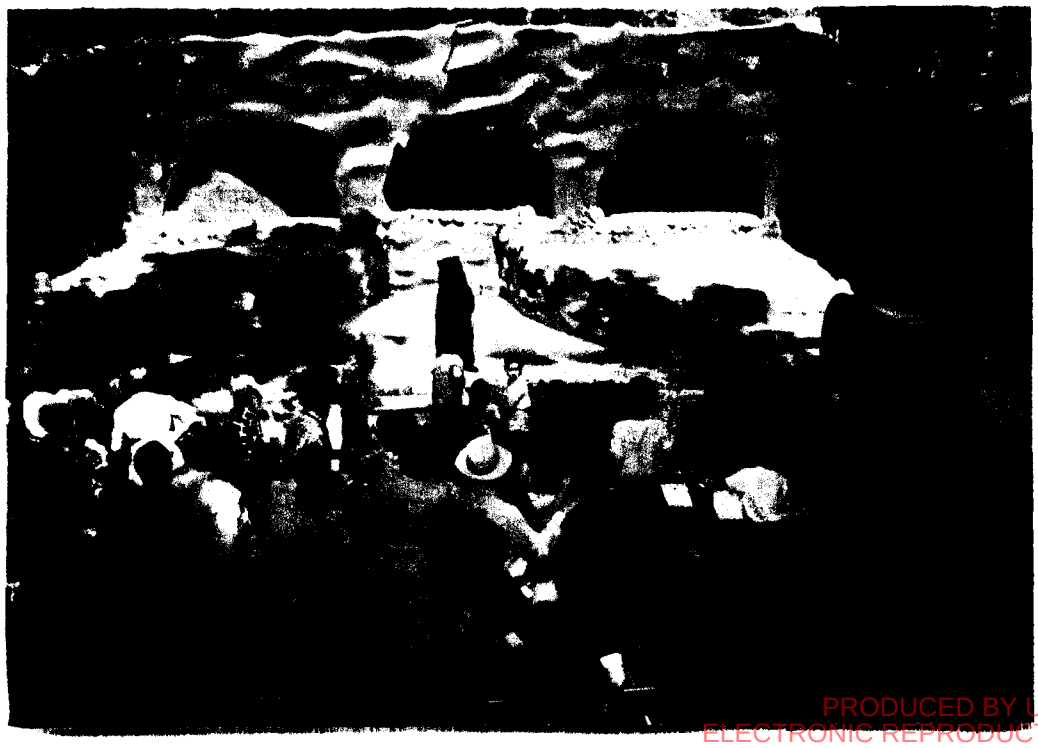
Today the monkeys get pindo-palm berries, acacia twigs and hibiscus flowers. The giraffes like acacia shoots, eating first the blossoms or the tender leaves, moving on to the greener limbs and saving the bark for dessert. Jasper, the zoo's moose, wants willow shoots; the bears, raw sweet potatoes; the great apes, eugenia berries and coral tree blossoms. The snakes are the most pampered. They are fed only those rodents which themselves have been fed a special diet of minerals and vitamins.

The feeding program is considered one of the main reasons why the San Diego Zoo has achieved its outstanding record of firsts born in captivity—including a pygmy buffalo, a rare silver gibbon, a Molucca cockatoo and a Finch's Amazon parrot. Also, 12 of the 14 rattlesnake litters known to have been born in captivity were bred there.

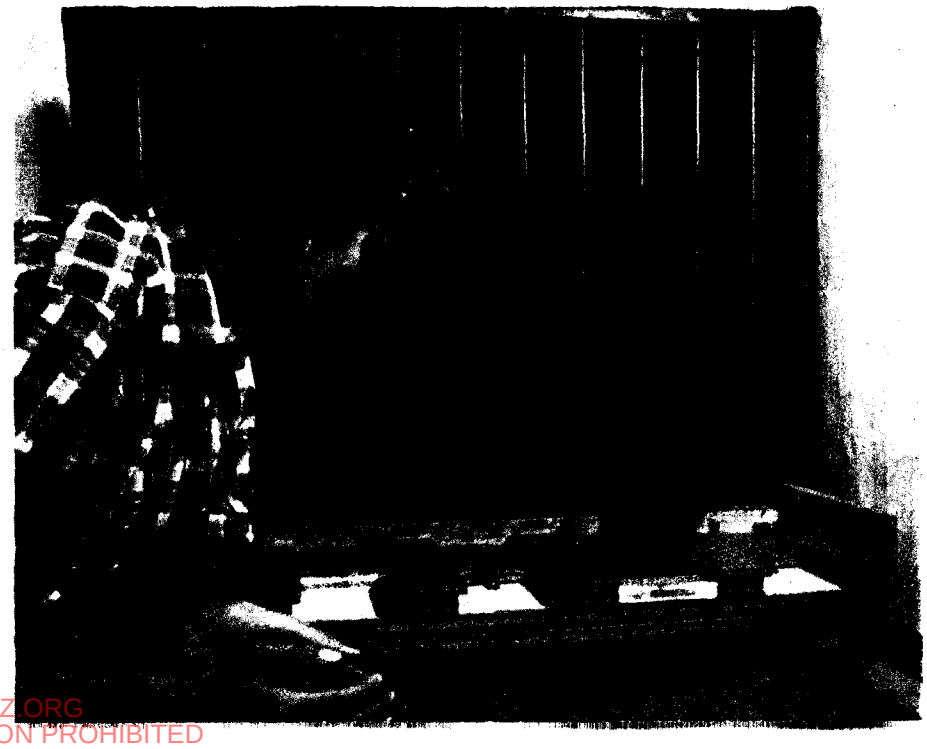
Hatching Condor Eggs by Incubation

Until two Andean condors had a couple of chicks at the San Diego Zoo, none had ever bred in captivity in the Western Hemisphere. After her success with the Andean birds, Mrs. Benchley tried hatching an Andean condor egg in an incubator, hoping for information which might help in the breeding of the fast-diminishing California condors. The chick hatched, but died after a few days. A year later, another was hatched. This time, con-

Many of the animals live in near-natural habitats. Jack, Jill and Peggy, three frolicking brown bears, have their own caves and pool



Staff psychologist Joan Kelly prepares to hide fruit under a block to test Bata, one of young gorillas whose development she's studying



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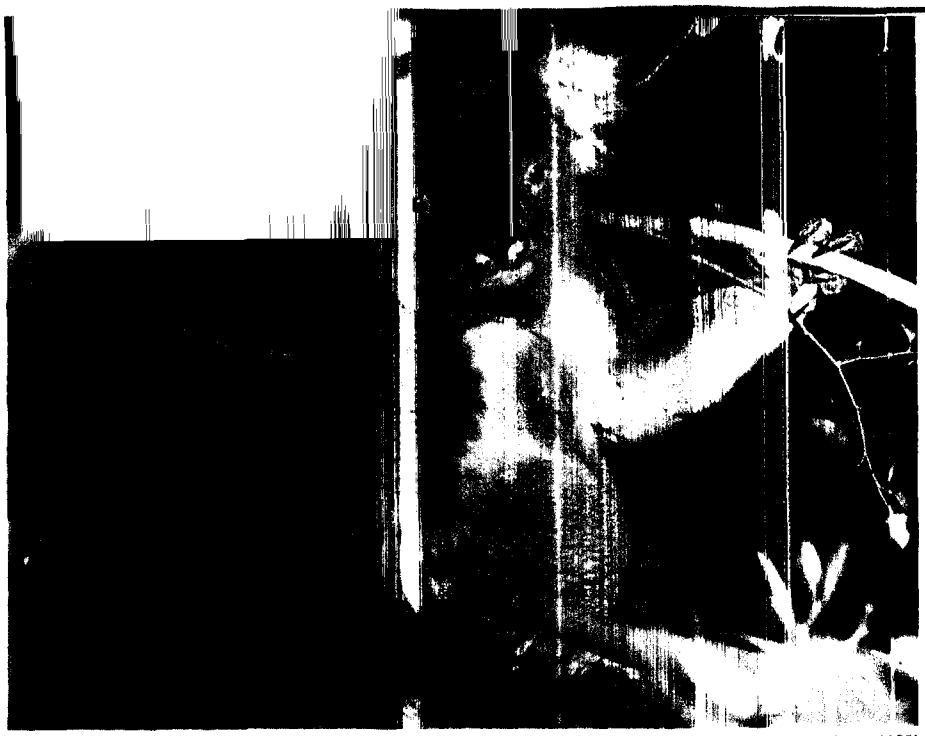
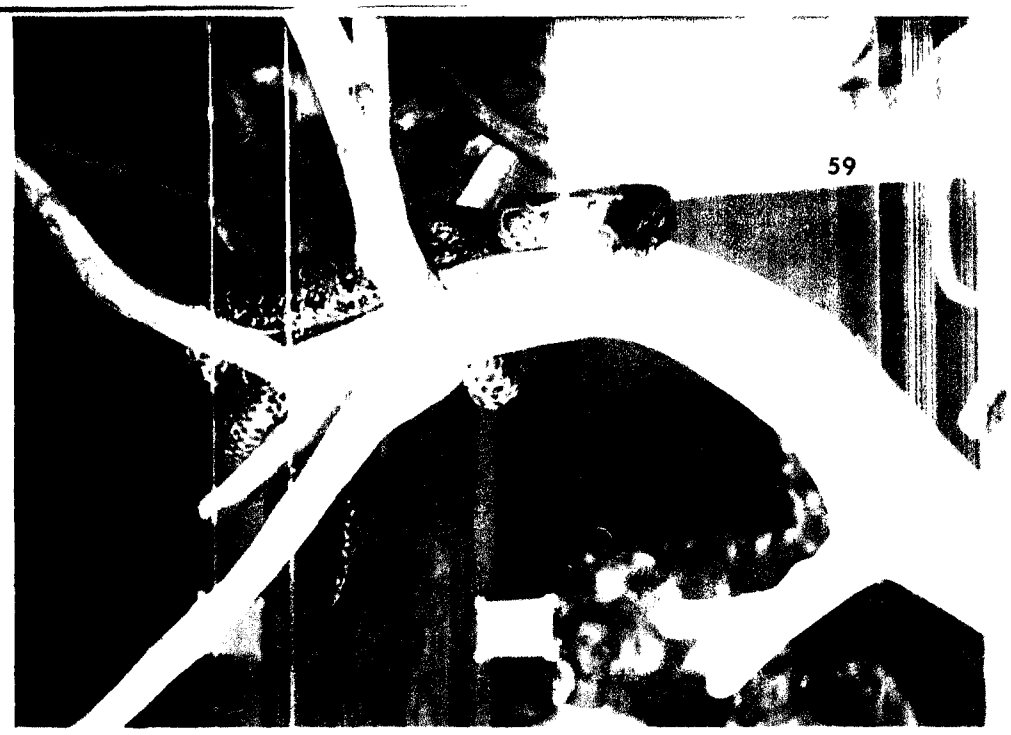


JOHN FLOREA

Well-fed koala's presence at zoo was the result of long campaign. Australia had stopped export because too many were dying overseas



Impressed visitors watch an African Rock Python slither along tree. Almost all rattlesnake litters born in captivity were bred in zoo

tree blossoms, moose eat willow shoots, and snakes dine on special vitamin-fed rodents

vinced that the young bird needed food more like the predigested stuff its parents would have provided, she tried tenderizing baby mice in papaya juice. It worked fine, and the young condor thrived.

This story of success after a somewhat uncertain beginning is not an unusual one at the zoo. In fact, it's the story of the zoo itself.

After the San Diego World's Fair of 1915, an animal-show entrepreneur, finding himself short of funds, deserted his menagerie—half a dozen mangy deer, a dancing bear and an old, moth-eaten bison—and left town. Five local physicians and a scientist, moved by the plight of the animals, took the ragged band into their care and installed the creatures in makeshift cages along San Diego's Park Avenue. To their surprise, there was a steady stream of visitors.

Zoological Society Hires Bookkeeper

As interest grew, the six men decided to found a Zoological Society of San Diego and open it to membership. Dr. Harry Wegeforth was elected first president, a post he held until his death in 1941. In 1925, soon after the society moved into the first of its permanent quarters, it called on the city for a bookkeeper. Belle Benchley, who had taken the city's civil-service examination, got the job.

At first, she stuck to her ledgers. But Dr. Wegeforth had to be away frequently, and he always found on his return that the new bookkeeper had solved all the problems that had cropped up while he was gone. The result was that in 1927 Mrs. Benchley became the zoo's director. She has been running the place ever since. Her chief aid is Ken Stott, Jr., thirty-one, who has been a fixture at the zoo since 1932, when, as a small boy, he struck up an acquaintance with Mrs. Benchley. He's now general curator.

Nowadays, Belle Benchley is rarely seen on the grounds during the daytime. The animals and birds scream and trumpet trying to attract her attention, and she doesn't like the fuss. After hours, though, she walks through her city, pulling an acacia twig for the giraffes, stopping at the hospital to check on new research going on there, playing with the baby monkeys, or sitting quietly on a bench in front of the gorilla cages until the big, hairy animals forget the presence of the wrenlike little woman who runs their world.

Mrs. Benchley wants to keep her animals wild and relatively unconfined. Except for the apes, few of them are caged. There are high peaks for the mountain goats to climb; a rock shelf for the big elephant seal to sun himself on; caves for the bears to hide in. Peacocks wander down the paths ahead of tourists, and wild chickens cluck to their broods around the peanut stands.

Little restraint is put on the public. There are, however, a few signs warning against feeding certain animals.

"Those signs are not to keep the animals from overeating," Mrs. Benchley explains, "but to prevent the spread of pulmonary and blood diseases, to which the manlike apes in particular have no resistance."

There also are signs asking the public not to tap on the glass of the reptile cages; the zoo has lost some valuable specimens, injured when they struck the glass while trying to get at tormentors.

The Pelican With a Split Bill

The zoo is constantly getting new animals; one of the "rarest" was contributed by tuna-fisherman Richard Strumpf. He was off the Todos Santos Islands when a pelican broke away from a group of birds fighting for fish scraps, and alighted upon the bow of the large fishing boat, making sad, hungry noises. Closer inspection showed his bill was split in two.

The crew had no trouble catching the famished, frustrated pelican. The men made a splint for his beak from a piece of bamboo fishing pole; and from that moment on, Pegnose Pete, as they called him, had an appetite that was a liability to the boat. Obviously, Strumpf could not keep the pelican and his profits, too. So he took Pegnose Pete up to the zoo and asked Belle Benchley if she would take care of him.

And that is how the San Diego Zoo came to exhibit the only pelican in the world with a bamboo beak. ▲▲▲

Kay Keith turns a much-traveled baby sea lion over to head keeper Howard Lee. A motorist found it on the highway north of San Diego

Infants in the zoo, as at home, receive extra care. Here, general curator Ken Stott, Jr., bottle-feeds week-old Chinese muntjac deer

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HARRY BECKHOFF

A Tough Game to Beat

By WILLIAM HOLDER

HOW long has it been since they closed up all the horse rooms?" Marge asked. She was examining a bankbook.

Harry Adams said, "This town has been as tight as a shrunken derby for over eight months." It was one of the sorrows of his life. He had been a confirmed horse player for most of his adult years, and right now he couldn't get a bet down that tomorrow would follow today.

His wife smiled in a pleasantly grim fashion. "Do you know what has happened in those eight months? We have become solvent, for the first time in years. It seems that now you also pay a little attention to your work and have had two raises. We have a new car and some new clothes. We are fairly well on the way to being normal, happy people."

"Don't include me in that happy business," Harry said. "Saturday is the only time I can get out to the track these days, and you always have something arranged for Saturday. And it's never a visit to the track. I've been reduced to making mind bets. I tell you frankly I have lost a fortune. Some of the long shots I've had to—"

Marge's smile was less grim. She said, almost tenderly, "Do you remember all the times we didn't have the rent? Do you recall that one splendid occasion when they had all the furniture out on the street before your brother arrived with the money? Remember how pleasantly the finance companies called? Fun!" She looked at him. "So you just keep all those bets in your head and don't take any of them out of your pocket."

"It's not the same at all." But his protest was weak, for he was not unaware of the rise of his fortunes since the district attorney had closed the books, nor was he unappreciative of his new estate. He would never bet again, he knew. He'd really had the fever—almost fatally. There'd never been a day when he hadn't called Petey and bet a couple of horses he had known positively could not lose. A fortune, Petey had taken from him. But he said, in defiance, "Right now I have a couple in my head for tomorrow. If I could just pick up the phone and call Petey—"

Marge said, "Call him up, Harry. But just in your head." . . .

On his way home from work, Harry usually stopped in Mulane's for a drink. He was sipping it contentedly when he became aware of the man next to him. Petey was a compact fellow with a mournful expression. "Petey! Good to see you," Harry said. "How are you doing?"

Petey's tones were heavy with disgust. "Hello, Adams. You see that?" He pointed to his glass. "That's beer. I hate beer. But now if I want to stop in a bar for five minutes, I got to drink beer." Petey had always been a man of means. Each year there had been a new car and a new blonde. And never beer.

Harry noticed that Petey was no longer the splendid dresser he had always been. "Well," he said, "I'm sorry, Petey. Anything I can do?"

Petey considered. He said, "Yeah. You can lend me twenty bucks and get me a job. In that order."

Harry put two tens on the bar. Petey had lent him many a twenty in the past. "About the job, I'm not sure. What can you do?"

"What can I do? Make book. Drive a car. I am unskilled except as to horses."

Harry thought about it. "Drive a truck?"

"A truck is a large car," Petey reasoned. "What do they pay?"

"I don't know. Why don't you give me a ring out at the plant tomorrow? You know the number?"

"Like I know my mother's name. I called it often enough. Now have a drink on me."

And Harry was not surprised to hear Petey's voice on the phone just before noon the next day. It sounded a bit like old times. Harry had spoken to the personnel manager, and there was a job for Petey. Petey was thankful.

But Harry was very surprised, a week later, to hear Petey's voice on the phone again, also just before noon. He said, "Yes, Petey, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me where I can get a bet down." Petey's voice held the urgency of desperation. "I figure a confirmed addict like you *must* know a book. I got something in the third race, and if I can't get ten on it I'll bust."

"Petey," Harry said, "I'll tell you the honest truth. I don't know a—" Then a great idea came to him. He said, his voice gentle, "Petey, I'll take your bet."

He heard the gasp on the other end of the wire. "*You'll* book me?"

Harry said, with pride, "I will be glad to book you."

There was a moment's silence; then Petey said, "I never thought I'd see the day. Okay. Ten to win on Petey S. in the third. It's a hunch bet."

"I know," Harry said sweetly. "I've made them myself." He hung up happily.

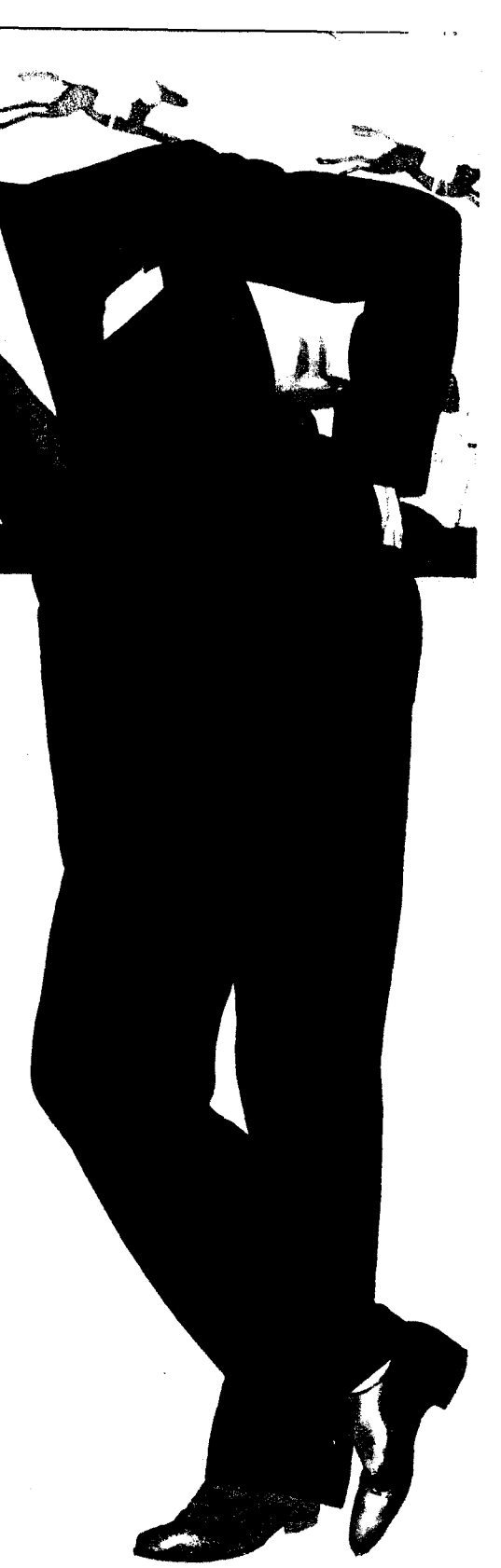
MARGE said, "Harry Adams, I think I'm a little ashamed of you. How long has Petey been working at the plant?"

"Just about seven months."

"And how much has he lost to you on bets?"

"Approximately three hundred dollars." He consulted a small book which he took from his pocket. "Three hundred and twenty-eight dollars." He leaned back and sighed. "Petey is the worst handicapper in the world. In seven months he's had exactly six winners. The top horse paid three eighty. Petey had him for two dollars."

Marge shook her head. "It's a crime and a shame, taking advantage of the poor man like that."



"Anything I can do?" Harry asked. Petey considered. "Yeah. You can lend me twenty bucks and get me a job. In that order"

Harry looked at her. "Haven't you forgotten a few things?"

"I don't care. Think of his family."

"Petey doesn't have a family. He has a blonde who used to be a blonde."

"Never mind. The poor woman is probably as bad off as I used to be."

"Set your mind at rest. You don't have to worry about Petey. He's a smarter guy than I was. Learns a lot faster. He hasn't placed a bet in three weeks and swears he never will again. He's reformed, like me. Also, it seems he is very good at his work and has been given a better job. Petey has seen the light and it cost him only three hundred and twenty-eight bucks. He got off very cheap."

Marge said, "Well, that's good." She paused. "Tomorrow is Saturday," she said suddenly, "and I thought that just as a treat for you we might go out to the track. I've been looking at those racing forms you leave around, and there's a horse in the fourth race . . ."

He stared at her. "No!"

Her eyes had a slightly mad expression. "Harry, a horse named Margaret A.! I think you call it a hunch bet. If we—"

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62

The Draw at

Mowbray had told many men where they coul

By HARRY SYLVESTER

WORD reached the sheriff on his *ranchito* outside the town. An Indian brought it, and while the sheriff did not quite believe the message, he saddled his horse immediately. As he rode, his mind was troubled. A youngster, John Ransom, a former Confederate soldier, had quarreled with a killer from Texas and was waiting outside a saloon for the man, whose name was Ed Mowbray. What troubled the sheriff was a problem in belief. He could not believe that Ransom had the hardihood or the anger to go after Mowbray.

Neither man had been long in the New Mexican village of Arroyo Blanco, although Mowbray was known throughout the territory. The sheriff had allowed him to remain in town on the promise he would make no trouble. The sheriff knew Ransom somewhat better than the Mowbray man. During the year Ransom had been in town, the sheriff had found it difficult to believe that the youngster, with his narrow face and long, slanted, almost feminine eyes peering from under the enormous brim of his hat, could be other than lost and uncertain. Yet Ransom had occasionally served as guard for the stage and twice had behaved well when it was attacked.

Ransom and Mowbray had had trouble once before, shortly after the second occasion on which Ransom had helped beat off an attack on the stage. Mowbray had drawn a gun on the boy as he lounged against a hitching rail, and had forced him to walk across the street to a bar, his hands in the air. This Mowbray had done under the pretext of instructing Ransom to be always on his guard. Diffident as the boy might be, the sheriff knew Ransom could not have cared much for the laughter at the bar.

Now the sheriff decided that what troubled him was not the thought that Ransom might be killed. He thought his warnings might prevail if Mowbray were sober, and the man would avoid Ransom. What concerned the sheriff was the possibility that Ransom might be goaded by Mowbray into shooting the older man in the back. If Ransom did, he would hang. Still, the sheriff thought, he is too romantic about his lost cause back East; he is too young to kill a man that way. The sheriff felt relieved at having won this argument with himself, and he decided to go first to his office rather than to the Imperial, where Ransom was supposed to be waiting.

As he dismounted, he saw two men running toward him. They ran awkwardly on high heels. One was Billy Benton, like Ransom an occasional guard of the stage; the other was a Spaniard. They kept running, shouting with open mouths. "The *joven*," the Spaniard said, "the young one of the stage, the Juanito Ransom of your own country—he has killed Eddie Mowbray!"

In the silence, after a moment of disbelief, the sheriff felt dismay. He saw again the lean, boy face, the large eyes, the nervous diffidence that was sometimes courtesy and sometimes itself, as though Ransom were in doubt over being entitled to live and share this particular part of the earth.

"In the back?"

"Where else?" Benton said hoarsely.

"I think so, *jefe*," the Spaniard said.

The sheriff was remounting. That boy, he thought, has come a long way to be hung. He felt sick.

SOMEONE—Ransom remembered only the hands—had pulled him into the shade after he had fallen. He still lay in its narrow domain—the hour being close to noon—and watched a boot that was not his own. It had taken a while to decide that—whether twenty seconds or as many minutes, he did not know, for time had changed.

He had been placed against a saddle. His head was propped forward by it, his eyes cast down. He found that he did not care to make the effort to roll his head up. At times, he lapsed into brief periods of unconsciousness. After one, he saw that the boot that was not his had disappeared.

"Then he seemed to realize I'd seen him, and he moved out of the shade of the porch and down those three steps and into the street. I could see him reaching"

Collier's for October 4, 1952

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Arroyo Blanco

nd him. But only this boy dared accept the challenge

A voice drawled, "It had to happen sometime. I'd always thought it would be in the back, though."

"Did anyone get a look before they took Mowbray away?"

"It was in the front." The voice was flat.

The voices of two women approached, rose, and quickly died away. More legs gathered. Ransom looked among them for the sheriff's black trousers. The pain went away for increasingly shorter periods of time, then became solid. He could smell burned powder. Ransom sighed and made a token effort to hitch up on his good elbow; he wanted to look for his gun. "Oh, no," a woman's voice said. "Can't anyone help him? He may be thirsty." Ransom felt unreasonably heartened. Another woman's voice said, "I wouldn't care much if he was."

THE feet stirred, and a troubled and inarticulate murmur hummed over Ransom. He grew fretful, and fear at what he had done returned. After a moment of unconsciousness, he saw the black trousers. All would be well now, Ransom felt. Someone removed the saddle, so that in the instant before he was picked up and carried Ransom could see the face and flat hat on the other end of the figure in black. It was a long face, lightly seamed. It was stern and speculative. "Is it only the shoulder, Ransom?"

The younger man nodded once. A dismay touched him. He had hoped for understanding from the sheriff. Then Ransom was lifted into a buckboard with no cover and driven a short distance.

Appropriately enough for the year, 1871, and the place, the town's infirmary was a low adobe building next to the sheriff's office and the jail.

The sheriff was there, and another figure. A twilight filled the place. "I wonder if I could have a drink of water?" Ransom's voice sounded boyish.

A figure moved and the sheriff said, "I guess it can't hurt him."

"If the doctor—" Ransom said.

"He'll get here," the sheriff said. "I won't say he'll be sober." He paused and said, "How old are you?"

It was more of a question than the sheriff knew. Ransom nodded, his eyes closed. "Twenty."

"Maybe that would be it, then."

"What?" Ransom said.

Instead of answering, the sheriff asked another question. "Where did you do your fighting back East?"

"I was with Jubal Early." That was part lie. "It was toward the end, though. The fighting was done. We were on our way—a kind of raid—when we heard about Appomattox."

"You must have been powerful young when you rode with Jubal Early." When Ransom made no answer, the sheriff added: "Either that or lying now."

"I lied then," Ransom said. He wished the doctor would arrive. The pain had changed, crystallizing into a stiffness that made his shoulder seem calcified.

A figure returned with a cup of water and held it to Ransom's lips, supporting him with the free hand. Ransom gulped the water in great sobs, spilling some on his half-bare chest. After he'd drunk, he looked at the figure who had brought the water—the town's mayor, Raimundo Vasquez. Ransom sighed again, in a kind of relief. He had danced with the mayor's daughter.

"Is that why you came after Mowbray?" the sheriff said.

"What do you mean?"

"Because you never fired a gun with Jubal Early?"

Ransom turned an unnaturally bright eye on the sheriff. The two men looked at each other. The mayor spoke in his precise, nervous English. "Even if that were so, Sheriff, what has it to do with this—well, interrogation?"

"I'd heard Mowbray was shot in the back." The sheriff didn't turn to the mayor as he spoke.

"This concern of yours for Mowbray is very touching, Sheriff," the mayor said. "I did happen to look before he was carried away. It was the front."

The sheriff might have sighed. "Mowbray was behaving."

"Today, I would have said not," the mayor replied.

"Whether it was the back or not, I have the law to consider. If you want me to ask him questions later, I will."

"Get it over with," Ransom said.

"How long have you been here?" the sheriff said.

"On and off, a year. You know. I filled in as guard on the stage."

The sheriff detected a certain innocence in the youngster's incredulous look—the innocence that might have deceived Mowbray. "Before here?" the sheriff said.

RANSOM tried to shrug, as the mayor had, and he moaned with the return of pain. The mayor said, "You might choose a better time for your questioning, Sheriff."

The sheriff's face was bland as he turned. "If I was following the law real close, I'd be asking my questions next door."

Ransom said, "I was at Dodge City. Then north of here, near Cimarron and Raton."

"Doing what, mostly?"

Ransom almost shrugged again. The sheriff should know better. What was there for the men of a defeated army to do? They could prospect, or, for money, they might help enforce the precarious order of the region; with luck they might become artisans or tradesmen; a few had been accepted into the army that had conquered them and put to fighting Indians. A few more, in despair or grief, had become outlaws. He himself had hunted buffalo for the market, guarded the stage, joined the search for silver. He told the sheriff this. When he had finished, Ransom said, "But none of it helped much . . . I wish that doctor would get here."

"What brought you West in the first place?" the sheriff said.

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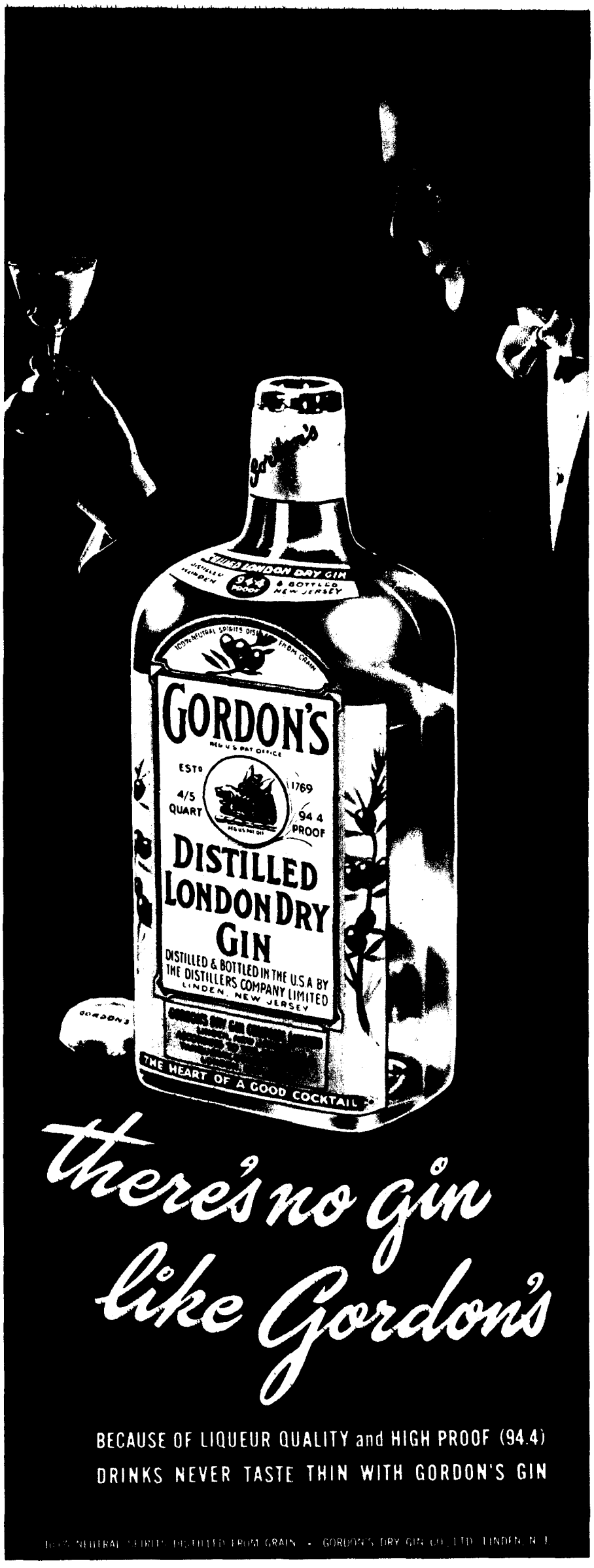
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"Oh, I tried staying on at home. But there wasn't much left. We'd lost a good deal—my family. I had a girl. She couldn't make up her mind. Actually, she was older than I, seventeen or so. Maybe what she did was the right thing. I mean, it wasn't just a question of her wanting to be on the winning side in some way. Maybe my age had something to do with it." Ransom paused. "But I didn't think so then. There was a Yankee troop quartered in town. Under a captain." Once more he paused. "Food wasn't any too plentiful. I suppose when she married him she figured she was doing better than some of the other girls."

ONCE more Ransom waited. "I thought of shooting him, not because of him and Sarah but because he was a Yankee. Leastways, that's how it seemed then. And when I had come up to his quarters once in the night—a kind of stalk; they still posted guards—I could see him against the light. But when I lifted the rifle I couldn't shoot."

"Why couldn't you?"

"I didn't know then. I thought maybe because I was a coward. Later, it seemed because I'd never fired a shot at a man before, nor any man at me, even with Jubal Early. I'd hunted, of course. Turkey, squirrel, deer; once a bobcat when I was out for deer. But never at a man. I didn't want the first time to be that way, with me seeing him and him not me."

"Why did there have to be a first time at all?"

While Ransom lay there, unanswering, thinking how the sheriff knew so much about some things and so little about others, the mayor answered for him. "The times, Sheriff. The times and the place in which he grew up."

Turning to the mayor, the sheriff had a look that was wintry and querulous. "More rebs than this one have passed through here without killing."

"Just what are you trying to prove?" Ransom opened his eyes.

"Why you killed Mowbray."

"You ought to know. He drew."

"I'll believe he did. What did you do to make him draw?"

Ransom closed his eyes again. "I came to a place he'd told me to stay away from. I had to. I wish I hadn't."

The sheriff realized that he accepted the need Ransom had had to come to the Imperial. "What I mean," the sheriff said, "is what happened before?"

"There was a kind of private fiesta, over near the loma. I'd been asked to it. Some Spaniard's private feast day. In the morning. There was the usual dancing and a little of the new wine, not a great deal." He paused. "Someone must have told Mowbray that it was a big fiesta, political—with plenty to drink. He showed up."

"What did he do there?"

"Acted like always. Talked big. Wouldn't take no from a girl he wanted to dance with. No one liked it."

"I'm not interested in what wasn't liked. Why didn't it happen there?"

"I hadn't brought a gun. Most people don't to a fiesta."

"Did he?"

"Yes."

"What happened there?"

"This I happened to see myself, Sheriff," the mayor interrupted. "I had just arrived, to stay a few minutes, to put in an appearance at the fiesta. There was this girl. It was not so much that she objected to Mowbray as that she did not like his trying to dance when other couples were trying to perform the hat dance. Mowbray kept forcing her to dance so that those doing the hat dance were troubled. Our young friend here—he was not the first—spoke to him. And since Mowbray was not accustomed to being opposed, he struck Ransom with the barrel of his gun."

"With what result?" the sheriff said.

"That Mowbray was evicted by the others. But the fiesta did not continue," the mayor went on in his precise, careful English. "I suppose there was a thought that he might return."

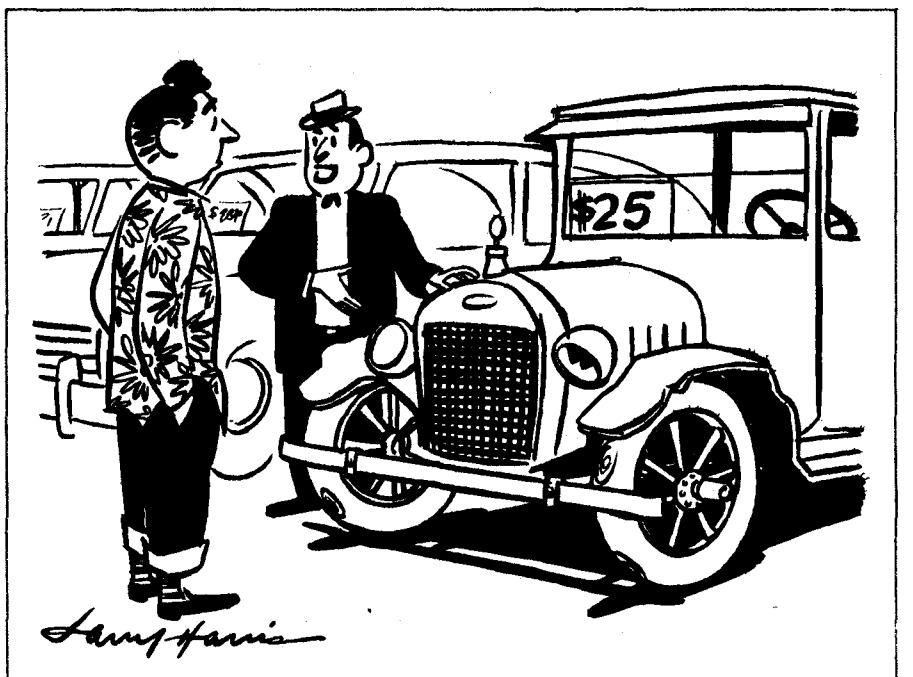
"And he told you he'd be at the Imperial?" The sheriff continued to question Ransom. It was, he knew, what Mowbray had said to other men. No one had ever followed him there. He went on. "What did you seek by following him?"

"What do you seek, Sheriff?" Ransom's voice took on a bitter note. "You remind me of someone who has all the parts of a gun or a piece of machinery and then doesn't know how to put them together."

"But he has come close," the mayor said nervously. "It is important to know these things, for no one wants to hang you."

"Now that you've come this far alive," the sheriff said, "do you remember why you aren't dead?"

"I think so." Ransom's eyes closed again, his voice grew distant, its words careful though not cautious. "I'd fanned a gun a good deal but never at a man. The once or twice I had to shoot when I was riding the stage, it wasn't fanning,



COLLIER'S **"Perhaps it isn't so hot mechanically, but there's a lot of good parking left in it"** LARRY HARRIS

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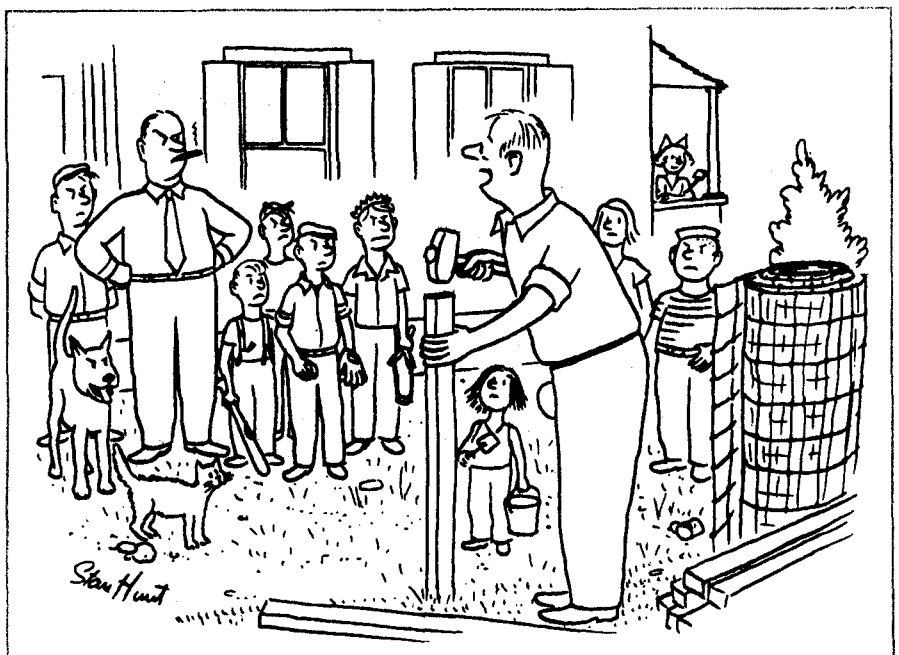

COLLIER'S **"Just putting up a little fence, Bill, to keep my wife from walking all over your lawn"** STAN HUNT

but aim and shoot. After the fiesta broke up, I rode back into town. I guess I knew what I was looking for. There was so much I had to find out about myself. Besides the rest, there was a time with Early—when I ran away. It was at night in a raid when the shooting started. No one ever knew because of the dark. Maybe it wouldn't have lain so heavy on me if someone besides myself had known it. So you see, after what happened this morning, I couldn't have stayed away from Mowbray even if I wanted to. There was this proof I had to make—to myself, or if not to me, then to some others, perhaps the men I rode with."

"Wasn't what you did on the stage enough?"

Ransom went on as though the sheriff had not spoken. "I came to that corner the Imperial stands on, and I waited. I knew he was inside but I waited outside. It had to be outdoors. I don't know why. Maybe because the inside light would be in his favor, me walking in from outside and the sun. I waited. I was afraid. I figured someone would tell him I was there. Someone did. I don't know who."

"Benton," the sheriff said. "Considering Mowbray was a man Benton admired, he sure raised hell today with his hero." It occurred to the sheriff, late, that perhaps this was why Benton had said Mowbray was shot in the back.

"While I waited, I thought of what would be fair to him. Outside, for that little time after he came out, it would be my light, just as inside the light would have been his. I wondered if he'd let me draw as he was supposed to let anyone draw who came against him—those that did. I wondered if I would know when to draw, not too soon and not too late."

The sheriff started to say that the timing could scarcely have been more exact, but he decided not to.

"I stood in the light," Ransom continued. "I thought that maybe I should stand more against it, to give him back the advantage I had by the outside light being mine. But the light was falling straight down. I had come there alone and I noticed, with the edge of my eyes, how the people who were in the street went away suddenly, as if they knew.

"Then he was standing on the porch of the Imperial, still in the shade. I don't know how long he'd been there. I felt a sudden shame. There I had stood, vigilant, and then, thinking of some way to meet him fairly, I had ceased to be vigilant. And now he stood in the shade, watching me. The space between us was long for a pistol shot. Maybe it was I who should have gone to him. I don't rightly know. Then he seemed to realize I'd seen him and he moved out of the shade of the porch and down those three steps—I'd never known until then there were three—and through that white light —slowly, as if it were water—and into the street. No word was spoken and I don't remember anything but him moving. There was a rut in the street that I hadn't known was there until then. I think probably he didn't see it as he moved toward me. It made for a little break in his walk. I could see him reaching, and all the while I seemed to be maybe a tenth of a second ahead of him.

"I won't say that I saw his bullet in the air, but I did know the instant it was on its path. Then all that sharp, special sight and hearing that had never been mine before left me and I felt only the joy of not having run, of having done what I set out to do. Then that, too, was lost in the tremendous shock as his slug hit my shoulder. Falling, I thought he could not have missed my heart as he, falling, must never have known that my bullet had not missed his. And then there were the hands on me, pulling me into the shade. And the indignant voices of some of the women."

SO HE feels troubled and betrayed that some of the women did not like to see a man, even Mowbray, die, the sheriff thought. And he wondered if that sense of betrayal might not have given Ransom this new and painful insight. But the sheriff did not speak, only nodded slightly. A clatter on the two outside steps told them that the doctor had arrived. He stood in the doorway, a portly man with a potato nose and florid cheeks, his ear-length gray hair stringing out under his wide hat.

Ransom thought his feeling of release might be due to the doctor's arrival, then remembered it had been there before the man's figure showed. Ransom knew that he had learned more than he had thought it possible for him to know. Yet, at the time, that pleased him less and seemed unimportant compared to something else that emerged more clearly, first as a rhythm in his blood, then as words in his mind. Today, he thought, like the thousands before him, today I have done what it was necessary for me to do.

The thought sustained him through the doctor's rough care. In the complete haze that pain and relief cast over him, Ransom heard the doctor say, "I have to look at this feller again tonight. Where's he likely to be, Sheriff—here or next door?"

"Here," the sheriff said. "He'll be right here." ▲▲▲

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America Stops for THE

From bookkeepers to brass, all Washington quits working when the java

By ANDREW TULLY

THERE is a story current in high Washington circles concerning one of those crises which beset the nation's capital every hour on the hour. Brass of all descriptions were being summoned to the White House for some mass thinking, and a secretary had picked up a phone to contact Admiral William M. Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations, when a hand fell lightly on his shoulder.

"Maybe you'd better not, just yet," said the amiable voice of Harry Truman. "He'll be having his coffee just now."

The President, of course, was kidding. It would be hard to find a more dedicated, harder-working public servant than Admiral Fechteler. But, kidding or no, legend or no, the story illustrates the obeisance paid by Washington's great and small to a national tradition—the American Coffee Hour.

Compared to it, the English teatime is a casual thing, the French *apéritif* hour a matter of concern only to the dilettante.

For the Coffee Hour in Washington is an institution at whose shrine zealots worship fanatically. From 10 to 11 A.M., men and women—whether heavy-eyed or clear of head—take a sacred breather, to wake up, to steel themselves against life's chores, or merely to alleviate boredom. Hell and high water may come; Washington will have its coffee at the appointed hour.

It is a fond belief that the American Coffee Hour is the refuge only of the nation's stenographers, secretaries, bookkeepers and newspaper copyreaders. This is a fallacy. In Washington it is as piously observed by the big shot as it is by the common man. The brass like coffee, too, and the brass also have to relax—or start shrieking incoherencies.

In the Pentagon, Admiral Fechteler is unique only because his coffee is of such highly corrosive quality. It is said in the Navy that coffee is drinkable only if a nail will float in it. Admiral Fechteler, perhaps because of his high rank, has leaned over backward to observe this regulation. A nail tossed into his coffee, according to reports, would bounce.

The admiral has the stuff available all day, although his own coffee hour is from 1 to 2 P.M. He drinks it black and hot, from a silver carafe, in standard Navy officers' china decorated with fouled anchor and blue border. The admiral considers it only Naval courtesy to ask of each visitor, "Had your coffee yet?" and is miffed when his hospitality is refused—as it sometimes is by one who has sampled the admiral's brew before and barely salvaged the roof of his mouth.

Down the hall, the coffee is a little less assertive, but the fixings get fancier. When Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett sits down to coffee around 11 A.M., an aide pours from an elaborate sterling-silver service which is one of the prerogatives bestowed on Lovett's office by a generous public. To trap spillage, a pure-linen napkin rests lightly on the Secretary's lap.

Winston Churchill, a man who has had his share of life's elegancies, is among those who have been impressed by that silver service. When he took his coffee (laced with the finest brandy) in Lovett's office on his last visit here, his countenance took on a most wistful aspect.

"It is at times like these, Mr. Secretary," said Winnie piously, "that the austerity of British life seems particularly insupportable."

General Omar N. Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is a coffee-totaler, but General J. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff, sips the stuff whenever he's deep in a problem. Secretary of the Air Force Thomas K. Finletter drinks it all day long and, like Admiral Fechteler, presses it on every visitor who ventures into his sanctum.

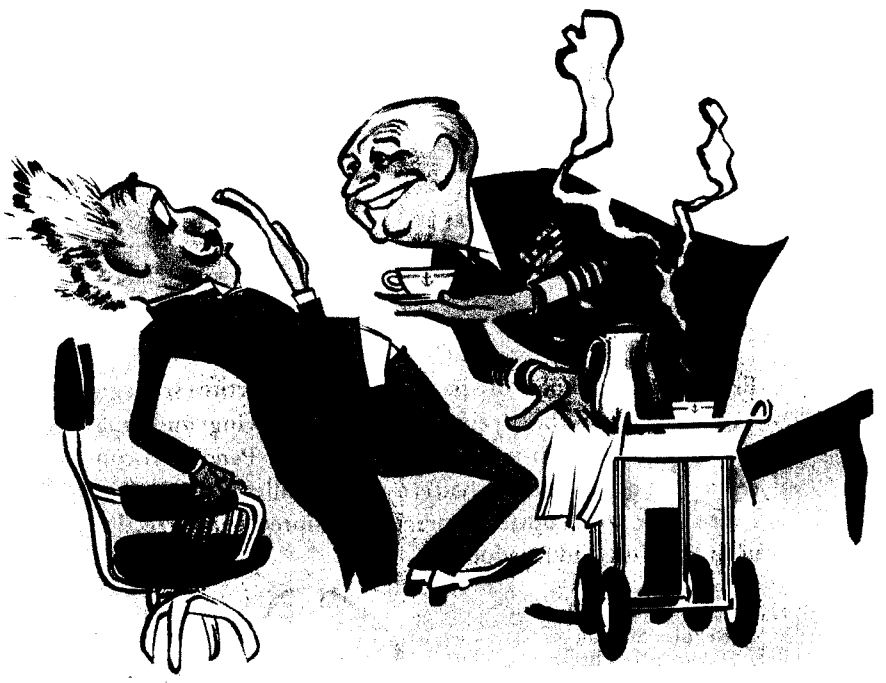
The Pentagon's run-of-the-mill workers—a category which includes everyone from brigadier generals down—are served by nine snack bars and six cafeterias which pour 30,000 cups of coffee a day, an average of one for every employee in the place.

Pentagon coffee, served in a plastic cup, is still a nickel. In a paper cup, to take out, it costs six cents. The coffee is brewed in glass coffee makers, which, sitting all day on electric plates, impart to the beverage the approximate temperature of fresh lava from Vesuvius. At each coffee shop, therefore, bowls of cracked ice are available free so the more timid topers may cool their bubbling broth.

At the White House, President Truman is one of the few who never resort to the stimulating bean. But people like the "assistant President," John Steelman, Secretary Matt Connelly and Presidential counsel Charles Murphy must have their sip between waking and noon.

The White House cafeteria doesn't open until lunchtime, but the maid in the ladies' room has been furnished a hot plate and a one-gallon urn, and for 10 cents a throw she provides the cup that revives. The White House coffee cups are huge mugs, cracked and chipped, and marked permanently with stains whose origin no one cares to delve into too deeply. One of them, inscribed "Mother" in flowery script, is a sentimental favorite among the lady secretaries, who take turns using it and musing nostalgically upon its past.

In the White House press room, coffee is brewed by anyone who happens to be free at the moment, on an antique hot plate which it is barely possible to operate without electrocution.



Admiral Fechteler's brew is so explosive that no one else will drink it

Russian Ambassador Panyushkin was coffee-happy

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COFFEE HOUR

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No one who rates gets his own coffee. That's a full-time job for the office minion

In view of the picture the public is supposed to hold of the decorous atmosphere surrounding the office of the Secretary of State, it would be fitting to report that Dean Gooderham Acheson drinks tea instead of coffee at the sacred hour. Fitting, but inaccurate.

For when the Secretary feels the need for a mid-morning stimulant, he downs a dram or two of coffee, even as you and you. He generally drinks from a paper cup procured from the department cafeteria, despite the fully equipped kitchen and dining room he has just across the hall from his office.

Actually Acheson much prefers the soothing effects of hard liquor. Aides, who are delighted by this rough side of the smooth Acheson character, love to tell the tale of the stuffy diplomat who was ushered in to see the Secretary at the end of a trying day.

"I say," murmured this elegant fellow, "I would like a cup of tea, if you could manage it."

Acheson's mustache bristled and he heaved a throaty sigh.

"And you shall have one," he replied wearily, buzzing for his secretary. "But"—and here Acheson's patrician features took on what seemed to his associates like a full-dress leer—"what I want is a damn' good drink." Whereupon the Secretary rose, darted to a sideboard and concocted, so the story goes, one of the driest Martinis since the invention of vermouth.

For all its cosmopolitan airs, the State Department is, after all, American, and it probably was inevitable that it should have succumbed to the pleasures of the Coffee Hour. A more startling development is the conversion of practically the entire staff of the British Embassy.

George III must stir restlessly in his underground chamber, but the Empire's representatives in Washington now drink more coffee than tea. Like their American contemporaries, embassy staffers have their Coffee Hour in the canteen from 10 to 11 A.M. daily—consuming, in that time, more than 100 cups of the brew. The brass, of course, make a great point of observing teatime in the afternoon, but they are not above slinking furtively into the canteen when the coffeepot is on. Even Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks has been seen to take a surreptitious sip of the stuff, although he has had the grace always to appear ill at ease when surprised in the act.

Other embassies have become just as Americanized, although it is questionable whether the midmorning interlude at the French Embassy can be linked with anything remotely resembling coffee. There, the staff imbibes a potion apparently brewed from dusty whisk brooms and old socks. It is, of course, officially described as *café*.

Even the Russian Embassy indulges. Precisely at 11 A.M. every day, the staff converges in the ground-floor kitchen for coffee and hard rolls. The coffee is always a good, capitalistic American brand. In fact, former Ambassador Alexander Panyushkin liked American coffee so well he once startled a reporter by saying: "When I drink your coffee, all Americans are my friends."

One thing Mr. Panyushkin might have reported to Joe Stalin when he returned to Moscow, however, was that the Coffee Hour was creating a whole new caste system in America. It is considered both impractical and unseemly in government offices for everybody to get his own coffee. Obviously, an entire office force cannot be permitted to rush out, en masse, at the witching hour. And anyone with any rank at all considers it beneath his dignity to be seen carrying his own paper container of coffee back to his office.

Thus, in offices where the makings are not available, one person generally is designated to go out for coffee. In most offices, it is the very juniorest of juniors. But there is a consolation. Coffee-getting has become almost a career in itself; the coffee-getter for a large office staff is an important minion whom the boss hesitates to fire. He knows how hard it is to break in a new coffee-getter.

Besides, the assignment constitutes practically a full-time chore. Consider, for instance, the young lady just out of high school who works in a government department which shall be nameless. Bessie doesn't do much else, but she sure gets coffee.

Bessie's day begins at 9 A.M., when she begins collecting "Out" baskets to carry the coffee containers in. She goes to the cafeteria at 9:15—15 minutes before it opens—to make sure she'll get a place near the head of the line. Generally, she has accumulated all her coffee orders by 9:40. It then takes her 15 minutes to:

(1) Put sugar in the cups of those who want it.

(2) Put tops on all the paper cups, and mark them "regular," "sugar, no cream," "cream, no sugar," and "black."

(3) Get a sufficient number of napkins.

(4) Buy cookies, doughnuts or rolls for those who missed breakfast.

Bessie gets back to the office about 10, and finishes serving everybody by 10:30. At noon, she goes out to lunch, returning at 12:45. At 1:45, she repeats the coffee routine.

If you want to get mad at all this coffee drinking, you may be able to do so by reducing it to a dollars-and-cents basis.

There are 250,578 federal employees in Washington. It is estimated that roughly three quarters of these—or 187,933—participate in the daily coffee klatsches, consuming some 200,000 cups of coffee daily.

Since the average federal salary is $3,733 a year and it takes an average of 15 minutes a day for a government worker to absorb his quota, the cost to the taxpayers runs to 45 cents per worker per day, or a neat $84,700 per day for the whole crowd. That figures out to a total of $422,850 for a five-day week and to a grand total of $20,719,650 for a 49-week year.

But stave off that apoplectic fit. For better or for worse, under Democrat or Republican, the Coffee Hour in Washington is here to stay. Just work a little harder, you taxpayers, and you'll have it paid for in no time.

Gen. Collins sips without pausing or looking

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Mountainless

Hardy Iowans prove that you can't keep a good ma

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

John Ebert, Mountaineers' prexy, receives gift from club members

IT WOULD seem logical to believe that mountains and people must mix to produce mountain climbers, but an organization in Iowa is proving that the mountaineering spirit can thrive where the land seldom is higher than a cornstalk.

The fourth largest mountaineering club in North America is located in Iowa City, smack in the heart of the corn belt. Its president, John Ebert, chief engineer of the University of Iowa radio stations, admits that the nearest peak worth the attention of a real mountain climber is about 1,000 miles west. Yet the great distance to the mountains fails to subdue the enthusiasm of more than 1,300 men and women, mostly students, staff members and alumni of the University of Iowa, who have joined Ebert in a club with the paradoxical title "Iowa Mountaineers."

The mountainless mountain club is far from the armchair variety. To the contrary, it stands, like a rugged Pikes Peak, among the top-ranking mountain clubs of America. It is a prime example of what can be done by prairie- or city-bound mountain lovers who constantly have their spirits leveled by lack of altitudes.

Ebert, the man who supplies the necessary avalanche of enthusiasm, claims that the secret of building a mountain-climbing club is "participation." This admittedly is not easy without an occasional steep slope. The Iowa club remedies the situation by simulating climbing conditions. The members take advantage of most anything with a side that points up. For instance, they use the sides of the university's buildings to practice climbing with ropes. Once a mountaineer learns to scale a three-story building, a real mountain cliff seems much less formidable. The limestone abutments on a local railroad bridge and the larger stone retaining walls on the Iowa campus also furnish a chance for climbers to limber up.

As with most level lands, especially near rivers and lakes, there are several small but useful rock formations within a 200-mile radius of Iowa City. On week ends, as many as 100 Iowa Mountaineers travel in their automobiles, or in the fancy, club-owned bus to such spots where they take advantage of the Midwest's meager but natural offerings. Ebert and other members who have real mountaineering experience behind them are always on hand to teach those who may never even have seen a mountain peak.

But, as Ebert points out, rock-climbing technique, while needed, is only a small part of actual mountain climbing. The majority of time spent in the hills is devoted to hiking and camping.

The level Hawkeye State, or any other flatland, furnishes an adequate setting for this phase of mountaineering. By organizing long hikes across the Iowa farm lands, and by camping outdoors, where the members sleep under the sky and do their own cooking, the club gets all-important "participation" from some of the members who don't particularly care to bounce on the side of a three-story building. At the same time, Ebert has the opportunity to teach his mountaineers how to enjoy the outdoors, and to live safely in mountains and forests.

Besides outdoor activities, the Iowa club carries on an extensive visual education program. "This is one of our major techniques to create mountain-climbing interest among Iowans," says Ebert. Seasoned adventurers from all over the world go to Iowa City to appear before the club. They tell of their mountain adventures, and they show movies to overflow audiences in one of

Crevice between buildings makes an ideal place to practice scaling

Climbing takes teamwork, be it on a mountain or up a building

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Mountaineers

own even if the nearest peak is 1,000 miles away

the university's largest auditoriums. Twenty-five such lectures have been scheduled during the last 12 months.

In addition to hearing speakers, a student at the University of Iowa can, in mountaineering, even accumulate points toward graduation. The subject has become so well thought of at Iowa that the university recently placed a mountaineering course on its academic curriculum.

The climax of the Iowa Mountaineers' year is found in what the club calls its "summer expedition." From 50 to 100 of the more experienced club members will leave the corn country, usually for a visit to the Rocky Mountains, either in the U.S. or Canada. There have been a total of 12 such expeditions since the club was formed in 1940. They usually last over three weeks, and are paid for by those participating—anywhere from $125 to $300 per person. From beginning to end, the mountaineers live outdoors and travel in their own bus. In the summer of 1951 the mountain climbers from the plains journeyed to Mount McKinley in Alaska by driving over the famous Alaska Highway.

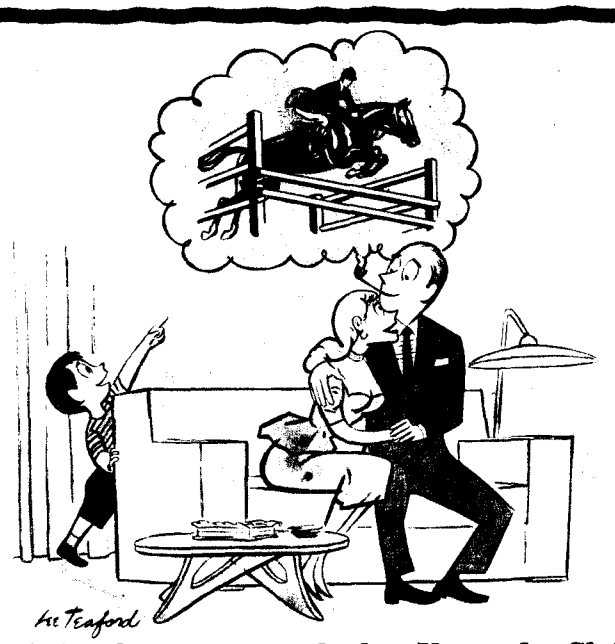
Proof that plainsmen or city folks can become real mountaineers by training at home is found in the records of these summer trips. In a recent summer for instance, the club chalked up 15 first-ascents on mountains from 9,000 to 12,000 feet high in Idaho's Sawtooth Range. Another time, the Iowa Mountaineers arrived at the dangerous Devils Tower, in Wyoming, knowing that only 21 persons before them had made it to the top using accepted mountain-climbing techniques. Before the day was over, Ebert had led 16 of his campus-trained climbers over the perpendicular sides to the summit 1,200 feet above. Scores of local ranchers who had brought their lunches to Devils Tower, and stayed to watch "the Iowa hill climbers" break their necks, left for home at day's end filled with admiration for them. Other such hazardous accomplishments are spotted throughout the club's history, yet the Iowans have a perfect safety record.

Further proof that the absence of high summits has little to do with building a successful mountain club is found in the following: Ebert's club has nearly three times the total membership of all other campus mountaineering clubs combined—even though the others are closer to mountains. Far behind the Iowa group in membership are clubs at such schools as Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Oregon State, Princeton, Rensselaer, Stanford, the University of Washington, and Norwich.

Possibly one of the most significant facts to come from the Iowa club's success is its record for romance. In the past four years there have been 21 marriages between members who didn't even know one another before they decided to seek the glory of mountains where there are only hills of corn. ▲▲▲

Ebert, experienced on bona fide mountains, gives instructions to a student climbing the radio tower on the University of Iowa campus

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON



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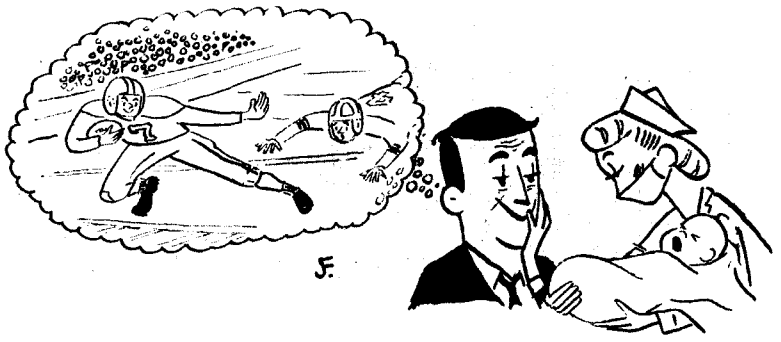

HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By JOHN MINNICH

THE FIRST time the nurse showed me my new son and I saw what a bright-looking kid he was, I made up my mind I was going to give that boy a college education. But putting a boy through college costs real dough, and how was I going to get that kind of money?

I must have smoked three packs of cigarettes waiting for Junior to arrive, and I was just about to light another cigarette when I had an idea. Supposing I gave up cigarettes and smoked a pipe, how much could I save? Well, I was an average smoker—say about a pack and a half a day—but when I saw how much less it costs to smoke a pipe, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Mister, the savings are well over 100 bucks a year!

Know what I'm doing with that extra money? I'm putting it in U. S. Savings Bonds. The fellow at the bank showed me that if I bought $112.50 worth of E Bonds every year for 18 years, they would be worth $2,724.30 by the time Junior was ready for college.

That was three years ago—and Junior's college fund is coming along fine. So's my pipe smoking—ever since I discovered Kentucky Club pipe tobacco. Kentucky Club is easy to keep lit, and it's mild and smooth and cool-burning. Know what my wife says about my smoking a pipe? That I look like a man of distinction. Women get the darndest ideas! Still, if I'm going to be the father of a famous halfback, I guess it's up to me to try and look the part.

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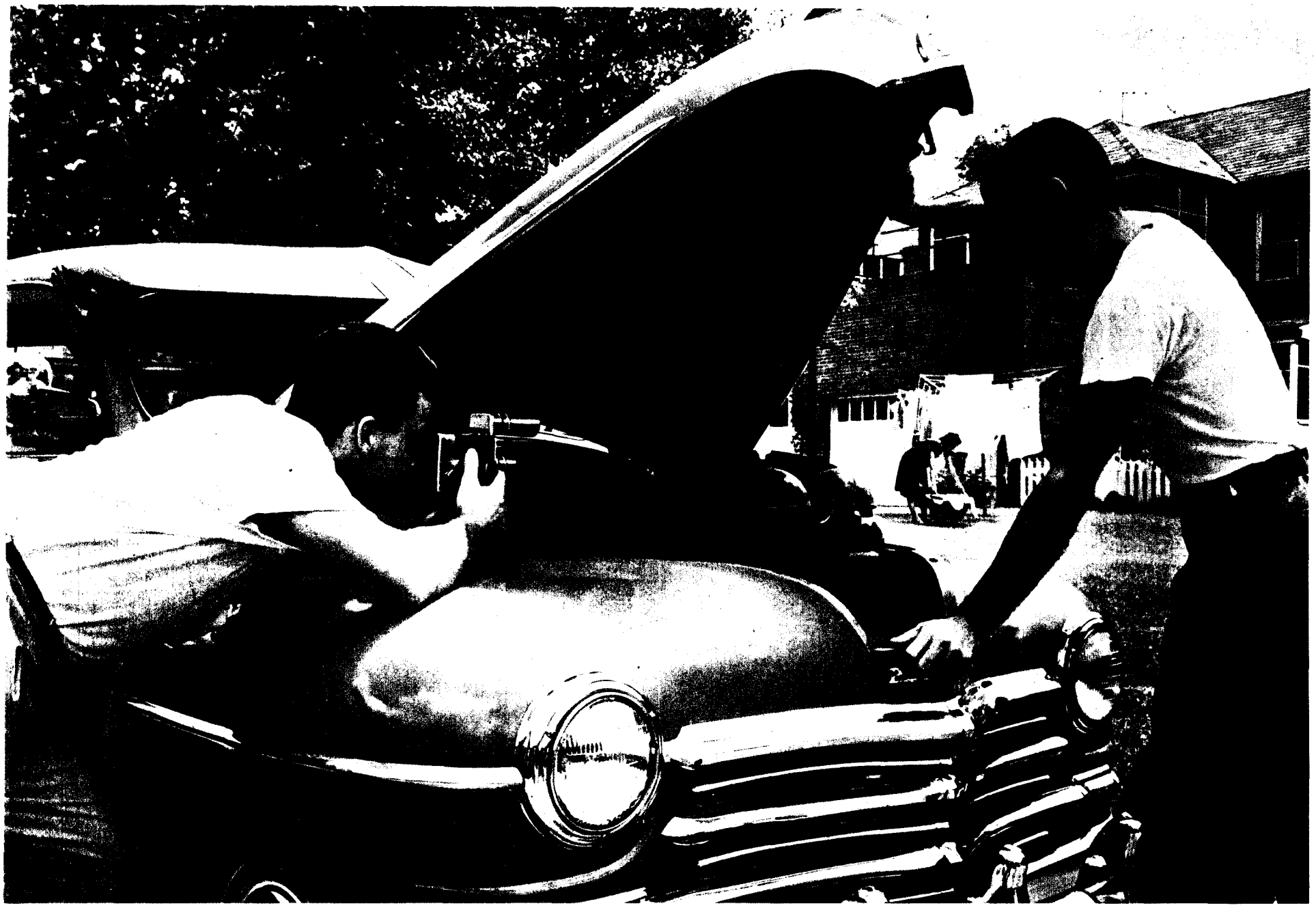
WHAT'S JUSTICE IN A



SAM STEINBERG

Transit company sleuths show how they're attacking the St. Louis damage-suit racket—by taking movies under cover to refute injury claims

It all depends on where you live. In some cities, you can win a handsome award on evidence that would be thrown out of court elsewhere. Equal justice for all? Not in accident claims

JUSTICE ROBERT JACKSON, of the U.S. Supreme Court, once expressed dismay at a situation which, in the opinion of many legal experts, makes a travesty of our judicial system's claim of "equal justice for all." Under the law, said Justice Jackson, a railroad worker who wanted to sue his employer for personal-injury damages might look around at a number of cities and, in effect, "go shopping for a judge or jury believed to be more favorable than he would find in his home forum."

Go shopping for justice? Isn't justice the same everywhere?

Not where damage suits are involved.

In some cities, lawyers feel that unless a damage suit plaintiff has an absolutely airtight case, he might just as well stay away from court. In others, large awards are made on such fragmentary evidence that the courts are overloaded with people trying to get in on the bonanza. It's actually possible to collect a large award in one city under conditions which wouldn't even permit the case to come to trial in another. As a result, some municipalities have become such centers of litigation that they have a nation-wide reputation among lawyers.

One of the foremost is St. Louis, which recently was characterized by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat as the "dubious mecca" of the damage-suit business. The St. Louis Public Service Company, which owns the city's public transit system, became so alarmed by the amount of money it was losing in damage suits that it hired a nationally known research organization, Alderson & Sessions of Philadelphia, to make a comparative study of awards in St. Louis and eight other cities with similar transit facilities: Chicago, Washington, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

The study produced shocking evidence that the total claims costs paid out by the St. Louis Public Service Company since 1945—amounting to $9,144,505—were *77 per cent higher* than the average of the other eight cities, although only three of these cities had better accident records!

"Such figures," Alderson & Sessions concluded, "point to the existence of an advanced form of racketeering and suggest the claims racket has reached the proportions of big business . . . perpetuated by many who have a vested interest in its continuance . . ."

Spurred by this exposé, the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce surveyed court records and uncovered even more startling figures on railroad accident claims: since 1945, a total of 675 personal-injury damage suits, totaling more than $800,000,000, had been filed in St. Louis courts against 27 railroads, *16 of which do not have a single mile of track in Missouri.* Of these 675 suits, 245 were "foreign" cases, filed by non-

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DAMAGE SUIT?

By BILL FAY

Missourians under a provision of the Federal Employers' Liability Act, which permits railroad workers injured in interstate transportation to bring suit—in either federal or state courts—at the site of the accident or in any city where the defendant railroad does business.

"It's high time," declared Chamber of Commerce president George C. Smith, "that we do something about breaking up this vicious racket. Our courts are clogged with claimants who go shopping all over the country for justice and finally bring their cases to St. Louis to cash in on our reputation for handing out the biggest jury verdicts in the United States."

The astonishing variance in legal procedures involving damage suits among the big U.S. cities is due largely to the difference in the way the courts interpret two doctrines of law, called the *humanitarian* (or *last clear chance*) and *res ipsa loquitur*.

The humanitarian doctrine covers situations where a plaintiff by his own negligence places himself in peril, but the defendant is under a duty to avoid injuring the negligent plaintiff.

Court Blamed Streetcar Driver

Several years ago, an automobile cut out of a line of traffic on an icy street and skidded into the path of a slow-moving streetcar. A passenger in the auto was killed in the ensuing collision, and his widow sued the streetcar company for damages. The court ruled that it had been the duty of the streetcar operator to avoid the accident, under the humanitarian doctrine, and the woman was awarded full damages. Although the driver of the death car didn't deny being on the wrong side of the street, he wasn't even a defendant in the case.

Had the case been tried in Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago or Philadelphia, the woman could not have recovered a judgment, because the humanitarian doctrine is not legally recognized in those cities. Had the accident occurred in Washington, Cleveland or Cincinnati, the other cities covered in the Alderson & Sessions report, the woman could have won her case under the humanitarian doctrine only by proving that the accident could have been avoided by the motorman.

The other doctrine, *res ipsa loquitur*, covers situations in which the defendant controls the instrument causing injury to the plaintiff. In St. Louis, where *res ipsa loquitur* is interpreted in its broadest sense, the plaintiff suing for damages need only prove that he was a passenger at a time when "something unusual" occurred. The transit company then is charged with the task of proving that it was not responsible for the "something unusual"—which isn't always easy in St. Louis. Thus, if a sniper were to shoot a hole in the front tire of a bus, and a passenger were injured in the crash that followed, he could sue the company under *res ipsa loquitur*. Here's an actual case:

Several winters ago, a boy riding on a sled popped out of a driveway and skidded directly into the path of a bus. The bus driver was able to stop in time to avoid hitting the youngster, but the emergency stop caused a woman standing in the aisle of the vehicle to fall to the floor. She sued the transit company for an alleged back injury. A jury awarded her a substantial amount on the ground that the operator was negligent for jarring her off her feet.

Among the nine cities surveyed in the Alderson & Sessions report, only St. Louis, Kansas City and Washington interpret *res ipsa loquitur* in such a broad sense. The doctrine does not exist in Detroit. In Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati, *res ipsa loquitur* is interpreted so strictly that very few cases are tried under its provisions.

Thus, the woman on the bus could have sued successfully in St. Louis, Washington and Kansas City, but probably not in Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati or Philadelphia. In Detroit, she could not even have taken her case into court!

Jury procedures in big U.S. cities also influence damage-suit verdicts. It is axiomatic among lawyers that the longer a juror serves, the more inclined he is to give proper weight to the defendant's side of a case. Nevertheless, there is an almost incredible lack of uniformity in the duration of jury terms in various cities. In St. Louis and Kansas City, the term is one week; in Washington, 30 days; in Detroit, Milwaukee and Cincinnati, it's three weeks; in Chicago, Cleveland and Philadelphia, 14 days.

The quality of big-city juries also is strongly affected by exemption policies. Here, St. Louis ranks second only to Kansas City in the ease with which exemption from jury duty can be obtained. During a recent 35-week period, 17,584 prospective jurors were excused in Kansas City in the process of selecting 5,723 qualified veniremen. In one year, some 5,000 businessmen in executive positions were called for jury duty in Kansas City. Only *20* served. The others were excused.

The inflationary effect of an easy exemption policy combined with short terms can be estimated by comparing the average St. Louis damage-suit settlement of $1,554 with Milwaukee's average of $914. Significantly, Milwaukee—besides having a three-week jury term—maintains a strict exemption policy which compels all segments of the community to share the burden of jury service.

Such widely divergent jury procedures, combined with varishaded interpretations of controversial doctrines of law, produce distinctly different legal climates among the big U.S. cities. According to the Alderson & Sessions survey, the legal climate in St. Louis, Kansas City and Washington strongly favors the plaintiff. In Detroit, Milwaukee and Cincinnati it favors the defendant. In Chicago, Philadelphia and Cleveland, a hodgepodge of conditions tend to cancel one another out and produce a neutral climate.

The effect of legal climate on the number of damage suits filed is obvious. In pro-plaintiff St. Louis, an average of 80 claims is filed in every 100 accidents involving transit company vehicles. In pro-defendant Cincinnati, the ratio of filed claims shrinks to 27 in every 100 accidents involving transit company vehicles.

With the cards thus stacked in favor of the St. Louis plaintiffs, ambulance chasing and other solicitation techniques in that city have been developed to a fine art.

A New Ambulance-Chasing Method

One enterprising, twenty-five-year-old ex-paratrooper reportedly cleared $15,000 last year simply by equipping his car with a short-wave radio tuned to police broadcasts. On hearing an accident report, the ex-paratrooper raced both ambulances and prowl cars to the scene. Once there, he made photographs, obtained a list of possible witnesses and gave any injured persons the telephone number of one of St. Louis's busiest damage-suit attorneys.

Next, the ex-paratrooper delivered a set of photographic prints (possible future evidence) and a detailed report on the accident to his lawyer contact. For these services, the ex-paratrooper subsequently received 10 per cent of the lawyer's fee.

Besides using "cruisers" like the ex-paratrooper, a small but efficient bloc of shysters who operate St. Louis's thriving damage-suit racket secure valuable leads from an undercover army of tipsters in St. Louis hospitals. Recently, a police sergeant declared: "There's at least one tipster on every floor of every hospital in this town."

Lucrative damage suits also funnel directly into the shysters from a handful of unethical doctors. The following case history is typical. The facts are based on a sworn affidavit signed by a disgruntled

Film sequence used as evidence by transit firm. Man was in streetcar accident, claimed a hurt back (most common damage-suit plaint), yet pushed car, unaware it was sleuth's

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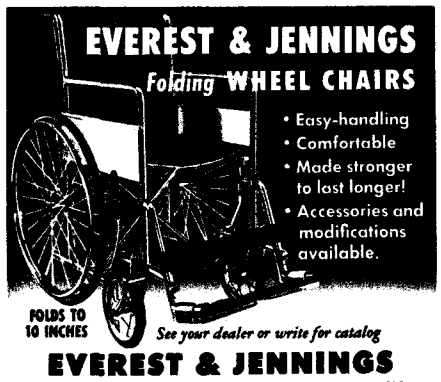

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woman who claimed that she had been cheated by the lawyer who solicited her case:

In 1948, Mrs. Z fell and allegedly suffered a painful back injury when the streetcar in which she was riding collided with a truck. Mrs. Z was immediately taken to a hospital for examination. Physicians found no evidence of injury, but next day Mrs. Z decided to have the diagnosis confirmed by her own doctor.

Doctor Recommended a Lawyer

"When I reached Dr. X's office," the woman said in her affidavit, "instead of examining me immediately, he asked me if I had retained an attorney. I told him there was no need to think about that until I knew whether anything was wrong with me.

"But Dr. X insisted that I should talk to his attorney. Finally, he brought an attorney, Mr. Y, into the examining room. Dr. X and Mr. Y insisted that I should sign an agreement permitting Mr. Y to handle any claim which I might have against the streetcar company . . .

"Finally, I signed a typewritten form which Mr. Y advised me was an agreement for him to handle my claim for a fee of 50 per cent of whatever damages we were able to collect.

"I never saw or heard of Mr. Y before he came to Dr. X's office."

Subsequently, Mrs. Z was awarded $13,500 damages for alleged back injuries incurred in the accident. However, from this amount, the sum of $1,500 was deducted to pay the fees of three doctors who testified in her behalf. Mr. Y's attorney fee (and expenses) siphoned off another $7,000, leaving Mrs. Z a net of about $5,000.

Angered by what she considered the "gouging tactics" of her attorney, Mrs. Z reported her story to the transit company and to the Bar Association of St. Louis. But Mr. Y is still practicing law.

Despite St. Louis's steadily worsening legal reputation, there were two encouraging developments last year in the overall damage-suit racket situation. The more publicized development was the establishment of an Anti-Racketeering Bureau (not yet fully staffed) by the chamber of commerce. But the really effective development was the brilliant racket-busting job of four investigators for the St. Louis Public Service Company.

This team, headed by ex-FBI investigator Johnston Pearcy, saved the Public Service Company an estimated $150,000 during 1951 by exposing faked and/or exaggerated injury claims with motion-picture evidence.

On one occasion, one of Pearcy's investigators managed to get his sedan "stuck" in icy ruts near the house of a burly man who claimed he had suffered back injuries in a streetcar accident and was suing the transit company for $25,000. The investigator, hiding his identity, asked for help in getting his car out. The man obligingly hunched down behind the heavy automobile and shoved and grunted for almost five minutes—while Pearcy's operative sat behind the wheel with his foot on the brake, and another investigator filmed the whole act from a house across the street!

Over the last 14 months, Pearcy's ingenious cameramen have provided evidence for 78 big-money (over $15,000) damage suits. The sobering effect of this scientific investigative work was strikingly revealed by a recent courtroom episode which took place just a few minutes before a $22,000 damage suit was scheduled to go to trial against the Public Service Company. It was another back-injury case. Pearcy was positive the claim was grossly exaggerated, because his photographers had taken 400 feet of film showing the plaintiff loading scrap iron onto a truck. However, the film had been ruined, thus destroying the evidence.

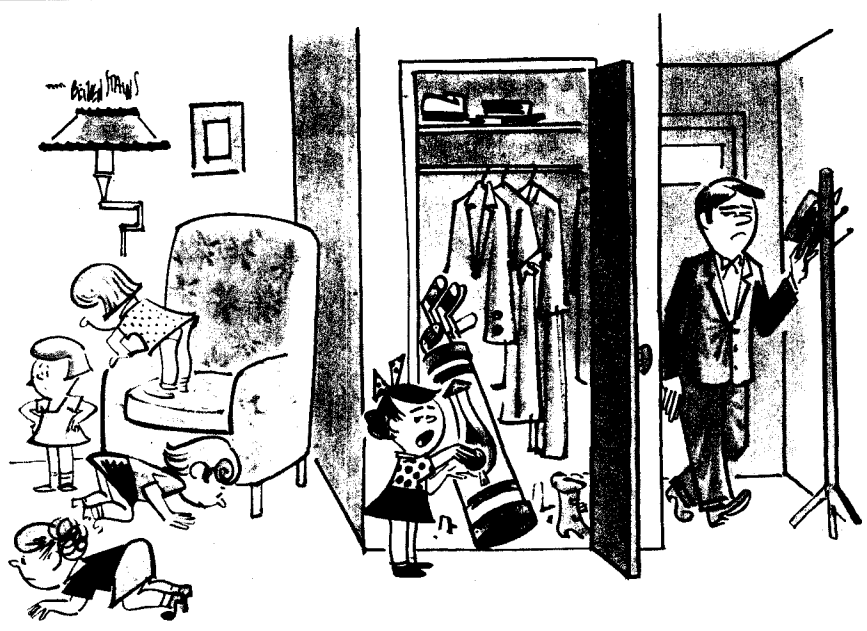
Nevertheless, Pearcy appeared in court with his projector and portable screen. When the plaintiff's lawyer saw the projector, he assumed the worst. He immediately walked over to Pearcy and suggested a $7,000 out-of-court settlement. Pearcy countered with $5,000. They settled for $6,000.

A sustained antiracketeering campaign may eventually rout St. Louis's ambulance-chasing shysters, but there still will remain the problem of high-priced (usually more than $100,000 each) suits against railroads. The rail lines get more than their share of damage litigation; one road has 15,000 claims against it each year, about half of them involving employees.

Suits against railroads have been filed in St. Louis courts at the rate of one per day since 1945.

Slightly more than one third of these actions are "foreign" cases, moved into Missouri from out of state under a law originally intended to safeguard an injured worker from having to bring suit in a city dominated by railroad com-

SISTER



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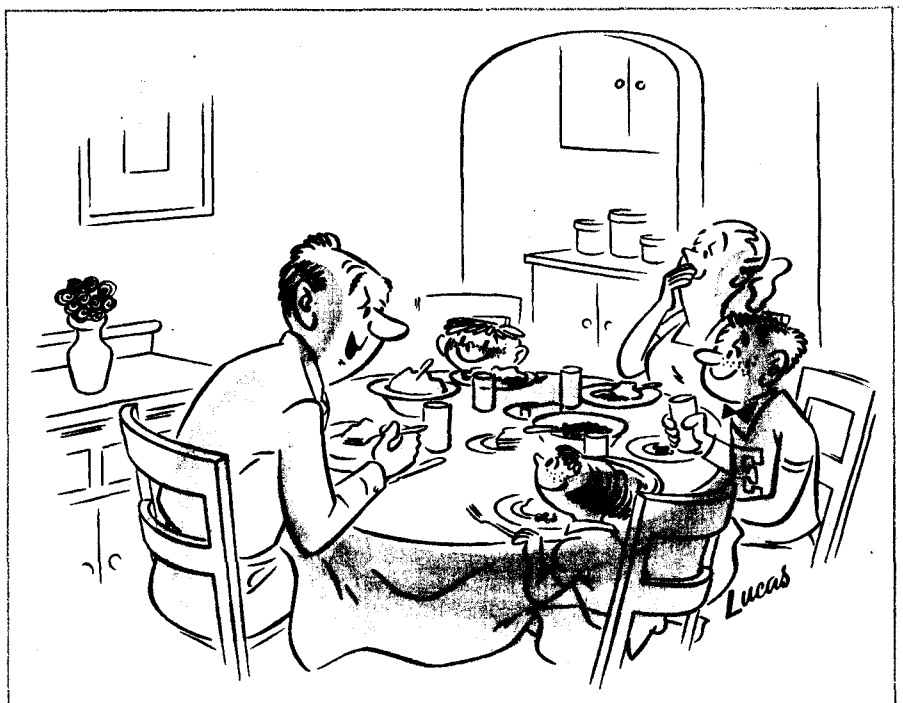

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"As a matter of fact, Ike and I served overseas together"

DAVID LUCAS

panies. Commendable as this intent may have been when the law was written in 1905, the long-range effect of the legislation was to encourage claims-chasing on a nation-wide scale. For example, in 1945, a Chicago lawyer (subsequently disbarred for employing chasers in six Western states) filed 87 damage-suit cases totaling $4,915,000 against two railroads in Superior Court of Chicago.

Not one of these cases originated in Illinois. The average distance from Chicago to the site of the accidents was 1,886 miles.

During the last 20 years, a high percentage of all damage-suit cases filed against railroads have been tried in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles and St. Louis, and during the last 10 years there has been a pronounced trend toward St. Louis.

Long Journey for Witnesses

A case in point was the recent one in which a Minneapolis attorney filed a $300,000 claim in St. Louis on behalf of a railroad worker who lives, works and was injured in Shreveport, Louisiana, 500 miles away. The Cotton Belt Railroad, which offered a $100,000 settlement, but was turned down, had to transport 52 witnesses to St. Louis from Louisiana and Texas for the trial. The outcome was a $67,000 verdict for the injured worker.

Under the present law, the federal district judge in St. Louis had no authority to return the case to Shreveport, where, by traditional legal standards, it should have been tried. Among the other advantages offered by Shreveport, the jury would have had a chance to visit the site of the accident.

In 1948, Congress attempted to remedy the situation by giving federal judges the authority to transfer cases to another jurisdiction where the facts justified such action. The number of out-of-state damage suits filed in Missouri federal courts dropped sharply—but the claimants still had access to Missouri state courts, and that's where they went. And when the railroad defendants asked the trial courts to dismiss "imported" cases, the Supreme Court of Missouri ruled that the state's constitution forbade it.

The railroads have found that much the same situation exists in other states, too (although some states do give their courts the power to dismiss "foreign" cases). "In general," one Eastern railroad attorney says, "the federal rule has driven the plaintiff into state courts where there is no relief for the defendant."

The solution? "Common honesty would do," commented this lawyer. "But one long step toward a more reasonable state of affairs would be the passage by all states of laws forbidding the courts to take jurisdiction over personal injury cases imported from other states—or amendment of the Federal Employers' Liability Act to keep such cases out of state courts entirely."

Eventually, legal experts believe, railroad employers and employees also will have to work out some sort of compromise plan calling for an adequate federal compensation law for injured workers. Commenting on this possibility, Glenn R. Winters, editor of the Journal of the American Judicature Society, writes:

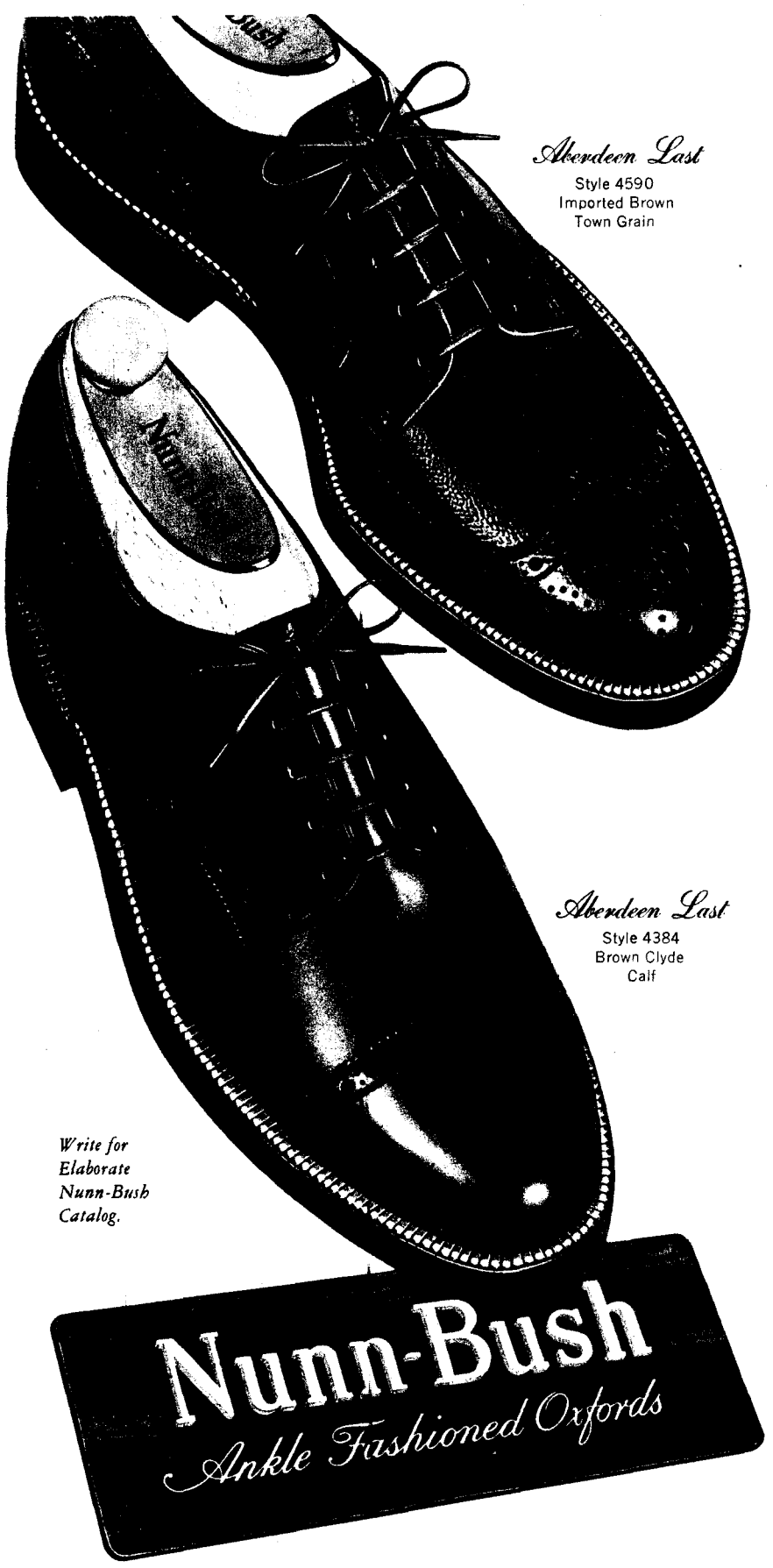
"It might be supposed that the employees as a group would be willing to forgo the remote chance, in case of a really bad injury due to negligence, of a whopping verdict (minus, of course, the lawyer's fee and what are often extravagant expenses involved in conducting a trial a thousand miles away) for the sake of definite assurance of modestly adequate care and compensation in case of any injury regardless of whose fault it may be."

But until workable laws end the present claims-chasing chaos, you can look for more strange legal doings in St. Louis—although it is doubtful that any future occurrence will top the case of the woman who said she suffered back injuries when the streetcar on which she was riding "jerked" violently. She was awarded $1,600, and the Public Service Company appealed the case.

While a decision was pending on the appeal, the woman was tried for attempting to obtain money under false pretenses. She pleaded guilty and admitted (in the same court where she had won the personal-injury award) that her claim against the streetcar company was false. She was sentenced to a year in the city workhouse.

Despite her admission, the court of appeals upheld the $1,600 verdict. The sum, it said, was a reasonable award on the basis of the facts presented when her suit was tried—and those facts, which contained no mention of the later confession, were the only evidence the court could consider!

So the Public Service Company sadly sent the woman a check for $1,600, plus interest. Her address: the city workhouse. ▲▲▲



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Why Disfranchise Patriotism?

A MILLION AMERICANS may be deprived of their vote in the November elections. They are members of the armed forces and their dependents, as well as certain civilians and Merchant Marine personnel who are stationed away from their official residences. That million figure is an estimate, or guess, and it might be too high. But certainly the disfranchised will run into the hundreds of thousands. And they add up to a national disgrace—or perhaps we should say a 30-state disgrace. For it is in that many states that laws and procedures for absentee voting are so inadequate or so fouled by red tape that the chances of these estimated million people to get a ballot and get it back in time to be counted range from impossible to unlikely.

This is a long backward step from 1944, when Congress authorized a post-card federal war ballot. But that authorization was strictly a wartime expedient. After the war ended, the control of voting regulations reverted quite traditionally and properly to the states. But a majority of the states have not made proper provision for the electoral rights of those of the men and women in uniform old enough to vote.

The Armed Forces Information and Education Office recently set up four requirements which it felt were needed to assure voting privileges for persons in military service. They were an absentee-voting law; acceptance of the federal post-card ballot application; automatic registration on receipt of the post card, rather than a requirement of personal registration; making ballots available at least 45 days before the deadline for accepting absentee votes.

Only 18 states' laws meet all four requirements. South Carolina and New Mexico flatly prohibit their absentee military personnel from voting. Eleven other states fall short of the requirements on at least two counts. The other 17 comply with all but one, usually the 45-day requirement to get a ballot to a voter so it can be returned in proper time.

We suppose that absentee-voting laws have been written in the commendable attempt to avoid abuses and dishonesty, but sometimes the lawmakers' reasoning is a little hard to follow. In New York—which, by the way, is one of the states meeting all the requirements listed above—the chronic invalid who is confined to his home or a civilian hospital can't get an absentee ballot. Neither can a person who will be away on vacation on Election Day. We presume that other states have rules that are equally capricious.

But what concerns us here is that the case of the military voter is a special case which isn't being treated with the realism and common sense that it deserves. There is no point in belaboring the obvious fact that it is unjust to ask a man to help defend his country's freedom and independence, and then deny him one of the major privileges of a free and independent citizen. The point is that the United States has been engaged in a pretty sizable war in Korea for more than two years, and that it has stationed troops at many other points throughout the world, and that its commitment to protect itself from an ever-present and continuing danger will require the service of many of its citizens for a long time. Those citizens are required to make considerable sacrifices. They should not, in addition, be made to sacrifice their right to vote.

The armed forces are doing what they can to expedite the voting of those who are permitted to vote. So are the major political parties and some nonpartisan political groups. But none of them can do anything about a lot of our state laws. Thus it is certain that when Election Day comes round, many thousands of interested, qualified Americans will find themselves onlookers instead of voters.

There has been a lot of griping in recent years about the encroachment of Big Government on states' and individuals' rights. Much of that griping is justified, and we've done our share of it. But that doesn't alter the fact that if the states want to maintain their rights, their governments must be intelligent, responsible and alert to the needs and realities of the times and of the moment. The confusion and injustice of the absentee-voting situation is a case in point.

Charity Can Be Overdone

WE DON'T WISH to seem inhospitable to a distinguished guest, but we must confess that the Most Reverend Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought us to a low boil with some remarks he made on his arrival in this country for a holiday.

The press asked Dr. Fisher to comment on the words and deeds of Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury. The archbishop replied that the sincerity of Dr. Johnson's motives was beyond question, and that anyone who undertook to judge him should be sure to judge him fairly. We shall try to do that although, on the basis of this professed Christian's ardent enthusiasm for atheistic Communism, we cannot believe his motives are sincere.

Recently Dr. Johnson made a Communist-sponsored trip to Red China. There he claimed to have found "proof" that the United Nations were conducting bacteriological warfare in Korea, and he told his congregations as much. The Communists, in spite of repeated invitations to do so, have been unable to produce a shred of believable evidence to support their vicious and ridiculous charges. If Dr. Johnson does not know this, then he is either a complete fool or a deliberate and consummate liar. In our considered judgment, he is the latter.

When the Communists charge the United Nations with using germ warfare you can, of course, translate United Nations to read United States. And when the eminent Archbishop of Canterbury comes here as a guest and asks the American people to trust the "Red Dean's" motives and judge him kindly, it seems to us that he is rather forgetting the considerable help that the allegedly germ-warring United States has given to his own country, and that he is also carrying the virtue of charity to ridiculous lengths.

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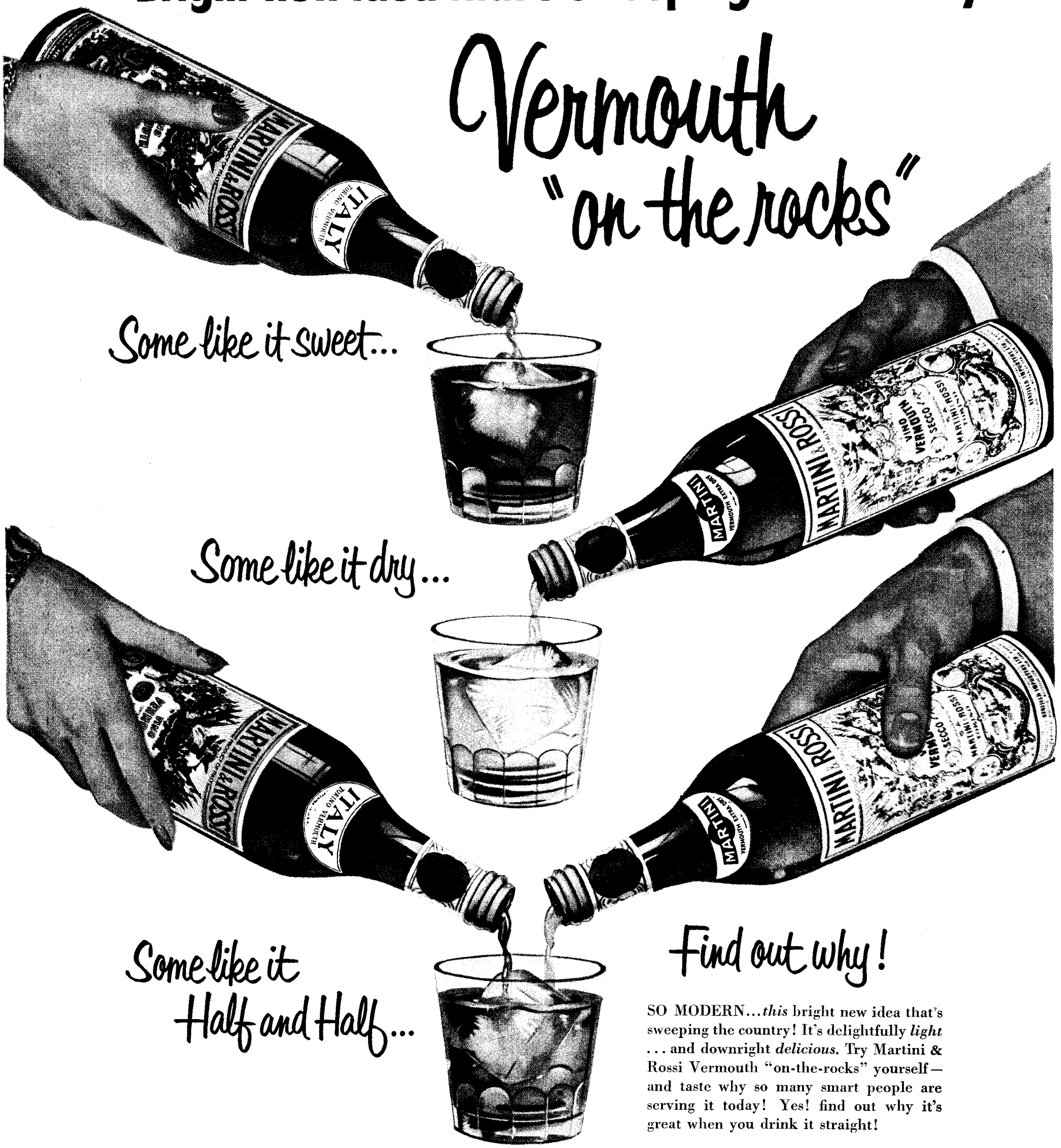

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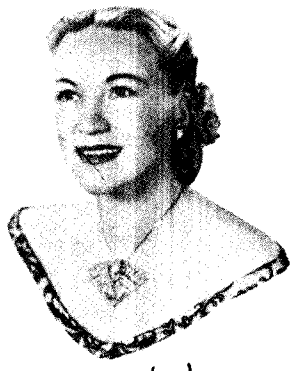

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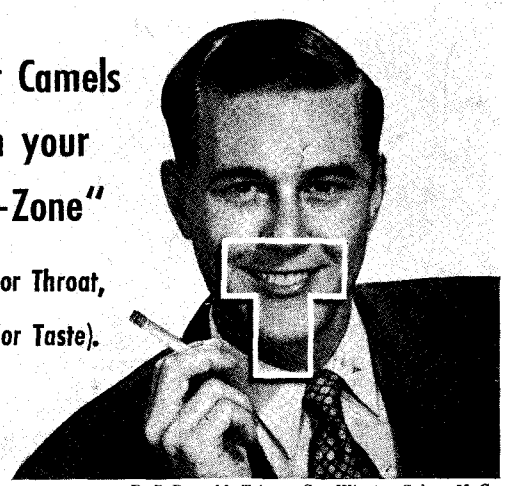

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